Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/irelandpreserved0000unse

WITHDRAWN FROM STOCK
LIBRARIES

DAVID CAIRNES.

ENGRAVED BY T. JENKINS. LONDON. FROM A PICTURE BY CATTERSON SMITH.
AFTER SIR. GODFREY KNELLER IN THE POSSESSION OF LIEU.T COL. CAIRNES.

D. C. A. Maxwell.
Barbers Paterson
May 21st
18 41.
Trew Mount
1964

IRELAND PRESERVED;

OR

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY

AND

BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

WITH

LYRICAL POETRY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BY THE

REV. JOHN GRAHAM, M.A.

RECTOR OF TAMLAGHT-ARD, IN THE DIOCESS OF DERRY.
AUTHOR OF "THE ANNALS AND HISTORY OF IRELAND FROM 1535 TO 1692."

"Now dying groans are heard—the fields are strew'd
With fallen bodies, and are drunk with blood;
Arms, horses, men on heaps together lie—
Confused the fight, and more confused the cry.
The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dy'ed,
And death with honour sought on every side."

VIRGIL.

DUBLIN:
HARDY & WALKER, LOWER SACKVILLE-STREET.
LONDON: R. GROOMBRIDGE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
1841.

439338

44714

IR822 GRA

PRINTED BY P. D. HARDY, CECILIA-STREET.

DEDICATION.

"Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis
Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
Vis: nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam."
HOR.

TO

THE DESCENDANTS

OF THE

NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN

WHO DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES

IN

THE WAR OF THE IRISH REVOLUTION,

THESE RECORDS OF

THEIR ANCESTORS

ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,

JOHN GRAHAM.

Magilligan Glebe,
March 5th, 1841.

PREFACE.

"Nomen in exemplum sero servabimus Ævo."—Milton.

The leading circumstances of the Siege of Derry and of the Battle of Aughrim, have been, for more than a century, handed down from father to son, principally among the yeomanry of Ulster, in a species of dramatic dialogue, by means of which so much of the appearance of real life, and such attractive delineation of its most remarkable and spirited details can be attached to narrative.

The whole has been now remodelled, and re-written from originals of the strangest mixture of noble sentiment and barbarous language. It has been observed by an eminent master of criticism, that the uncouth latin version usually accompanying the Greek text, has, in some instances, produced nobler ideas of the Homeric fire and majesty, than the most laboured elegance of polished versions; and it is very probable, that their wild un-

dress has contributed to the popularity long enjoyed by these dialogues, in the north of Ireland especially.

To rescue them from the utter oblivion into which they were about to sink, not only through primary defectiveness in matter and in style, but by reason of the accumulated errors of many editions, and to entitle them to a place among the more reputable accounts of the transactions of the eventful period to which they refer, they have been subjected to a process of excision and renewal, so unsparingly, that although it was the editor's first design to appear before the public on the present occasion, so far as a portion of the work is concerned, more as a reviser than with pretensions to originality, he has been imperceptibly led almost to change the authorship of these works.

The Siege of Derry is written in prose, and embraces a great variety of topics connected with the relative strength and prospects of the contending parties, and abounds in strong colourings of character. There is no information respecting its author.

The Battle of Aughrim is a poem of about two thousand lines, composed by William Ashton, of whom all that we know is, that he was but eighteen years old when it was written; and, that

when it first appeared, a complimentary letter, in verse, from Charles Usher, Esq., of Trinity College, Dublin, was prefixed to it.

In this extended series of poetical dialogue, in which a rich fund of information will be found, the greater number of those lines which are not new, have been retouched in correction of false concords and metaphors, or inharmonious rhymes, and considerable additions have been made to it.

To these is annexed a metrical catalogue of the besiegers and defenders of Derry in 1689, taken chiefly from a poem found about fifty years ago in a gentleman's library at Armagh; a document which, besides wanting eight pages, which had been torn out of the middle and most interesting part of it, had little other merit than that of preserving the memory of many names, and some important transactions, of which no record had been left by writers of a higher order.

These interesting records the editor has been long anxious to add to the scanty stock of standard works, written on the History of the Irish Revolution; and he has endeavoured to illustrate them by a series of biographical notes, including some valuable family documents, which might otherwise have been lost to the public. It has been observed by Sir Robert Atkins, in his History of Glouces-

tershire, that a genealogical history of families has its peculiar use; it stimulates and excites the brave to imitate the generous actions of their ancestors, and it shames the debauched and reprobate, both in the eyes of others and their own breasts, when they consider how they have degenerated. Lodge, who quotes this passage in the preface to his Peerage of Ireland, further observes on this subject, that the pedigrees of ancient houses, historically deduced, recal the memory of past ages, and afford a way, to all more immediately concerned, of conversing with their deceased ancestors, and becoming acquainted with the virtues and honorable transactions of their own families, which are thus preserved from oblivion, and transmitted to them and their posterity for imitation.

These notes, although the greater number of them have been necessarily brief, or condensed into small space, will be found substantially and even minutely accurate, the materials of them having been gathered from historical documents of unquestionable authority, or from details supplied by the representatives of those who are noticed. It was necessary in a work such as this, that mention should be made of conspicuous persons, as well of King James's party as of those who

devoted themselves to the cause of King William, and rallied round the throne and the altar, according to the ancient constitution of England's wisely limited monarchy.

In the case of information obtained from private families, there may be some room for conjecturing, that, however unintentionally, there might possibly exist that kind of partiality by which those who furnished it would be naturally induced to overrate the services, or to exaggerate the character of their ancestors, but so far as the author's judgment and severe scrutiny have enabled him to discern, this does not appear in any of the matter which he has admitted.

Of another kind of partiality, however, there was danger: the known political opinions of a writer are in most cases supposed, but not always on sufficient grounds, to exercise over him an influence so strong as, in a great degree, to deprive him of the power or the will to mete out a just measure of approbation to those who, upon that side of politics opposed to his own, have been highly distinguished for great and estimable qualities. There are many, therefore, who, acting under this impression, may very naturally be disposed to think, that the tribute of merit, if not wholly withheld from them in these notes,

is yet, perhaps, but sparingly bestowed, even where it is eminently due to the adherents of James the Second.

It is true, that we are seldom correct judges of our own power or will, to act or write with that stern disinterestedness which justice demands, for we are not always fully conscious of the extent to which our minds may, whether from political or less ostensible causes, be affected by predilections or antipathies; therefore this subject is, in the present instance, confidently dismissed, with an appeal to public opinion to decide whether the writer has exhibited in his book, in any unfair spirit of partizanship, an example of that species of historical injustice, of which he does not hesitate to say, that he thinks of it with deep aversion.

To the Catalogue are annexed some specimens of Lyrical Poetry, by the editor, on the shutting of the gates and the relief of Londonderry, which are so well known and have been so favourably received in Ulster, as to be included at almost every loyal fireside amongst the household words, a circumstance which induces him to believe that their insertion in his book will be, to those who are already acquainted with them, rather a recommendation of it than otherwise, while it will in-

troduce them to the notice of a wider class of readers, and if they are deserving of it, if possible, a more valuable meed of approval.

It is most gratifying, indeed, to be able to state, that the whole of the circumstances under which the present book is published, have been far more encouraging than could have been anticipated when it was first projected. The number of publications which now appear is so great, that a successful undertaking in this way can fall to the lot of few. The almost unexampled extent to which it has been ordered, while yet in the press, is, he trusts, no uncertain indication that the previous works in defence of our religion and liberties, in which the author has been engaged the last twenty-five years, have obtained the esteem of those for whose benefit they have been composed. It is, therefore, an act of considerable self-denial to withhold from the public a list of the patrons of this work, but the very circumstance which would secure to the author a high gratification in giving it a place is, at the same time, an urgent reason why it should be excluded, because appropriating to it the space which it should occupy, would call for the rejection of a large proportion of historical biography, for the purpose of introducing which it has been found

necessary to add upwards of sixty pages to the number of those promised in the original prospectus. Materials for the notes of this book have been received by the publisher of it on such a scale, since it was first advertised, that the admission of the whole of them was out of the question; he, however, considers them to be of considerable value in illustrating the genealogy of a great proportion of the families whose posterity form the present population of Ireland, and as such he may have occasion to use them hereafter.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

Persons Represented.

BESIEGERS.

Conrade De Rosen, General of the Irish Army.
Hamilton, his Lieutenant-General.
Sheldon, a Brigadier-General.
Dorrington, Colonel of the Foot Guards, and a Brigadier.
Duncan, a Brigadier-General.
Waucop, a Brigadier-General.
The Earl of Buchan, the same.
The Earl of Clancarty, a Colonel.
Gordon O'Neill, a Colonel.
Sir Bryan O'Neill, a Judge.
Teague, an Executioner.

Rapparees, Servants, and Private Soldiers.

DEFENDERS.

Lundy, a Colonel in King William's Army, and Governor of Londonderry.
Baker, the First Governor after Lundy's expulsion.
Michelburne, Second Governor after that event, a Colonel in William's Army.

WALKER, Third Governor, and acting as Commissary of Stores and Colonel of a Regiment.

MURRAY, a Colonel of a Regiment of Horse, raised at his own expense, at Cumber Clady.

CAIRNES, Lieutenant-Colonel of Murray's Dragoons.

FREEMAN, the Town Major.

TWO ALDERMEN OF THE CITY, Captains of Foot.

LETITIA,
GERTRUDE,
FELICIA,
DEBORAH,
} Female Warriors.

BLACK JACK, an Executioner.

CARTEL AGREED UPON:

NO EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS—NO QUARTER ON EITHER SIDE.

THE

SIEGE OF DERRY.

ACT. I.

Scene I.—*The suburbs on fire.*

Scene—Castle-street, at Governor Lundy's door.

MICHELBURNE.

Oh, how we are betrayed, ruined, and undone. What will become of those thousands that must now perish, by the wicked designs and treachery of some men? It distracts me to think of the misery and destruction that awaits this dismal place. Let patience guide me, nor let my thoughts and spirits sink under this intolerable burthen. Oh, England, think of this distressed city, and send us timely succour. Oh, THOU DIVINE POWER, let our arms be strong to fight; judge if we contend for any more than our own, or our country's liberty, and to defend ourselves from those who would destroy us. (*He raps at the door.*)

Enter a Servant.

Is the governor stirring yet?

SERVANT.

My master was up late last night, with some friends, but will be stirring in a short time.

MICHELBURNE.

Pray tell him who I am, and that I have brought up the rear of our flying army. (*Exit servant.*) Oh, with what ease and quiet some men sleep when safe and secure, and in no danger of an enemy's approach; those who are coming against us are friends to them, not to us. We, under this governor's protection and command, are accounted enemies to him and them, and shall be so dealt with; but there is an over-ruling power that knows the secrets of this man's designs.

Enter Governor Lundy, in a morning gown—he salutes Michelburne.

MICHELBURNE.

I am come to this place, sir, from my retreat: the town of Coleraine being lost, and the river Bann having been crossed by the enemy, this is our last place of refuge. We must now apply ourselves to you, for in your conduct and guidance are all our hopes. It is on you we must have all our dependance. Your assistant, the commanding officer at Coleraine, has fled, and left us in the condition of "sheep without a shepherd."

LUNDY.

You may be assured that I will take all possible care of you and all others concerned, as far as the circumstances of our case require. Pray, when did

you see that worthy officer, who you say left you, and quitted his post?

MICHELBURNE.

Some say he came unto Derry, to consult with you; some say he has gone to Castledoe, and several other persons with him, to take shipping for Scotland; but, for my part, I never saw him since he commanded me to guard the river Bann, which indeed required a greater force: but that which was hardest was his taking two of the best companies of foot from me, when he put me on the service, and I fear they are now in Derry; I hope you will order them to be restored me.

LUNDY.

Do you not think that Derry requires as good a garrison as Coleraine? The men who were under his command, understand best what is in agitation, and I will part with none of them. Three thousand choice men are all I will admit into this city, the rest must be quartered in the country. I have ordered you to march to-night to Castlefin; you are to take along with you some ammunition, a barrel of gunpowder, and some balls. I will send more troops after you to guard Lifford, which place I leave under your care to defend it, so that the enemy may gain no advantage.

MICHELBURNE.

A barrel of gunpowder is soon spent when enemies attack us, and that will be in four days at farthest. But what must we do for provisions?

LUNDY.

What did you do for them when you were posted on the Bann? The same you shall have from me.

MICHELBURNE.

That was the loss and ruin of our cause. The river was gained for want of provisions, and a suitable reinforcement; and I find I am to be just so served now: and this will be ten times worse, for at Castlefin they can pass over the ford with horse and foot, and over the Bann they could no otherwise get than with boats, so that I then had time to make my retreat; and what can foot do against a body of horse, when we have eleven miles to march to Derry, and no horse to sustain us?

LUNDY.

It cannot be helped. I cannot supply you at this time, and tell you plainly, I have not provisions for a fortnight for this garrison, although but for three thousand men.

MICHELBURNE.

The neglect is yours, you might have had enough, if you would let the country bring it in, and that was the least you should do; but there is still a help of five thousand head of cattle round the city; their owners have left them, and why should they not be provisions for us, instead of being left to the enemy?

LUNDY.

'Tis all carrion meat, and not worth eating; the garrison will not eat it. Besides, do you think I will force and seize other men's property?

MICHELBURNE.

'Tis true, at present those cattle may be lean meat, but when a close siege comes, we shall be glad to eat the worst bit—and it is well if we do not find it so; and as for property, if any of the owners choose to do so, let them take their share. I am sure the enemy will not regard property, and I think we have as good a right to those cattle as they have. But, sir, I think you have no inclination to stay and run the risk of a siege.

LUNDY.

I must stay and give an account to King William, to whom I am sworn to be true, and whose commission I have accepted. Let them take care how they violate the authority which he has given to me.

MICHELBURNE.

But pray, sir, consider my circumstances, and those of some thousands more who are proclaimed rebels to the government, and must undergo the penalties thereof, if we come under the power of the enemy. Is it not better to fight it out manfully, than to be hanged like dogs? We are here ten or twelve thousand men, and a body of horse. Call ashore the two English regiments. Do you think we are not able to deal with six or seven thousand Irish? Let us come together and join in a body—you will then see what work we will make with them; but now we can do nothing, when you keep our regiments five, ten, nay, fifteen miles from one another, and will not let us come together. If you have no provisions, we have the greater

cause to fight them; you wrought night and day to get the powder, ball, and arms, and other materials into the city; and do you think we can live on powder, or on a lighted match, and not suffer provisions to be brought to us. This cannot be for King William's service. My life is at stake, and, therefore, I must be plain with you.

LUNDY.

You are not to tell me my business. If I do any thing amiss, I am to answer for it, and none else. So I pray, sir, go where I have commanded you, and let me have these passes well defended against the enemy.

MICHELBURNE.

I am not so young a soldier, but I know what it is to command, and what it is to obey; and I wish so great a concern as we have in hand, were better managed.

Enter Captain Freeman, the Town Major.

LUNDY.

Is the regiment ready to march? Have you got ammunition?

FREEMAN.

All is ready.

(*Exit Lundy.*)

Enter an officer, who speaks to Michelburne.

OFFICER.

Sir, three of your officers went on board at the break of day this morning, with bag and baggage, and took two of your colours with them: they had the governor's pass.

MICHELBURNE.

Well, it cannot be helped—there is preferment for others; but to take my regimental colours with them, which cost ten pounds each, was somewhat unkind. We are in a miserable condition, betrayed on all hands. The governor, to weaken and ruin our cause, gives passes to all who come and go, when we are in the face of our enemy. Well, if we survive the miseries that are coming on us, King William ought to reward us well for the hazard, dangers, and cost, we are at in his cause.

FREEMAN.

This going away is encouraged by the governor, who allows all officers and others passes—so that it discourages the service, and makes way for the enemy to come and destroy us. Happy is the man that can get on ship-board first: I have observed, that, let a man be ever so zealous for the cause to-day, the next day he is off for Scotland. Officers of all sorts desert; husbands leave their wives, parents leave their children, clergymen desert their parishes. Then, hey for non-resistance.

Enter several officers.

MICHELBURNE.

Gentlemen, you see that I have stood by you on all occasions, and in every danger, so, I pray you, stand by me. I was first, by King William's commission, your major, and am now your colonel. I came out of England to do this country faithful service; and al-

though but a stranger, yet you shall see I shall do all things for your preservation and advantage.

ALL

You are our colonel, major, and captain. We will stand by you as long as we live.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

Sir, I came to acquaint you of a sad accident that has happened just now. Taking a walk on the strand, just upon a turn of the tide, I heard some shots go off. I hastened to understand the meaning of them: coming up to a boat that lay on the shore, I saw Captain Bell, of our regiment, lie gasping and speechless, rolling in his blood, and several soldiers plundering the boat. I asked how that gentleman came to be killed; they told me they had shot him, and that they had orders to do so. They also said, that Captain Bell and another officer had hired the boat, and were deserting the garrison, as other officers had done on the tide before, with an intent to get on ship-board, and go to Scotland, leaving their men to be destroyed by the Irish.

MICHELBURNE.

What a surprising thing this is; was it not only the other day that we took a solemn oath to stand by one another—that we would sacrifice our lives in the cause we had undertaken—and that before the whole regiment, with our swords in our hands? Did not we cause all the soldiers in the regiment to do the same—and this captain to show to all an example of his per-

fidiousness! It is a judgment—and I will say no more. Let our chaplain, Mr. Knox, stay and see that he gets Christian burial.

SCENE II.—*The Irish camp.*

Enter General Hamilton, with his Staff, Brigadier Generals Ramsay and Sheldon, Colonel O'Neill, Sir Bryan, an Irish Judge, and at some distance, Teague, the executioner.

HAMILTON.

How fortunate are our arms—how victorious since we marched from Dublin. What terror possesses these flying rebels—how like wild beasts in terror; they fly before us from town to town, from mountain to mountain—round through the counties of Down, Antrim, Derry and Tyrone; from Dromore to Coleraine—from Coleraine to Castlefin—how have they fled before us—like dust before the winds.

SHELDON.

If any thing saved their credit, it was the stand they made at Coleraine, which gave us a week's diversion.

HAMILTON.

But in what condition are they now? Where are those ragged rebels that skulk from us into every hole and corner they can find? We will soon, however, catch them, and make them a spectacle to the world

as the vilest traitors; as soon as I have taken a view of the army, we will prepare to march. Sheldon, advance your squadron of horse and dragoons towards Derry. Observe if the rebels are in motion there, and send me word. (*Exeunt Hamilton and Sheldon.*)

RAMSAY.

The navigable river that lies between us and Derry, is of great advantage to the rebels, for I am informed that it is twenty-two miles round, to take a circuit from the water-side opposite Derry, through Strabane, with this river to cross, either at Lifford or Castlefin, before troops can arrive at the city. These rebels must labour under some infatuation, to refuse to surrender, when their chief men are leaving them to their fate, and endeavouring to secure themselves by flight to Scotland or to England. Come, Teague, *(slapping the executioner on the shoulder)*—these fellows seem to have an itching desire to be hanged, to handsel the three-legged tree at Derry; your friend, Judge Bryan, will hand them over to you in four or five days, when you will have plenty of work on your hands. An Irish jury will make ready work for the judge, and a good strong gallows will despatch them rapidly. But will there be ropes enough?

JUDGE BRYAN.

We must hang them after the Irish fashion, with gads, which in England are called wittles, or willow twigs; two pence for a rope for each rebel, would amount to a large sum; it would be too expensive—but we can get a hundred gads for four pence. I

shall never forget Judge Jeffries, and hope to follow his example in Derry. The Prince of Orange's dupes, will fare as badly there as those of the Duke of Monmouth did in the west of England. Piercy Kirke is coming with a relief, it is said, to these rebels; but, if I am not much mistaken, he is as true at heart to King James, as Colonel Lundy is, and after pocketing his money, he will keep off as long as he can; and when we storm the city, he will act as promptly for me as he did for Jeffries; and then, Mr. Sassanagh, what will become of the estates you took from the rightful owners of them?—your act of settlement will be repealed—we shall all possess our own lands again, and be guaranteed in our properties by the power of France. Those who have run down to Derry, from the other provinces, will very soon have their terrors realized, and be made a signal example, to warn all men against rebellion; they shall make their exit from the scaffold, by the hands of the executioner. This must be the result of all their boasting—these are to be the returns to England for the lavish expenditure of blood and money, for two centuries, in the vain hope of succeeding in the conquest of this island—English dogs—Scotch rebels.

Enter Lord Buchan and Colonel Waucop.

RAMSAY.

Sir Bryan, you are very eloquent this morning; you have given a fine specimen of a speech to evidence, or a consolatory one to condemned rebels, who all deserve to be hanged without judge or jury, for their

appearance in the field against their lawful king, is testimony sufficient to convict them of high treason. Twice or thrice our number, it astonishes me to find that they uniformly fly from us, and that we never see any considerable body of them act together; but for this I suppose we have to thank our friends, whose fidelity to us could not be corrupted by the Prince of Orange. These fellows never showed their faces to us yet, except for a few days over the rampart of Coleraine. But in what condition are they now? Where are the succours they expected from England? Let us see now if the Derry rebels will again dare to tie Lord Tirconnel's proclamation to a dog's tail, and whip him through their streets.

WAUCOP.

We had an account yesterday of the enemy's burning all the houses on the Tyrone side of the Foyle, and that by the governor's commands they have burned all the houses in the suburbs.

BUCHAN.

Our last intelligence gives us an account that the Derry rebels are in great consternation. Their chief officers, discouraged by the mismanagement of the governor, have fled to Scotland or England—that they have not fifteen days' provisions in the town, and that all unnecessary mouths have been turned out, which will facilitate our enterprise, and make our approach easy.

JUDGE BRYAN.

I do not care how soon this may happen, though it

may give me some trouble—but few of the rebels can plead not guilty, and delay their sentence by a trial. Our juries will give us no trouble, and will have as little mercy on them as their juries had on our relations when in their power—they hanged many of our ancestors in the late wars, that they might the more readily rob us of our estates.

COLONEL O'NEILL.

Teague, Teague—hear me, Teague.

(*Calling to the Executioner, who stands at a distance.*)

TEAGUE.

Fat will you be after speaking to me?

O'NEILL.

What quantity of gads can you and your brother make in a day?

TEAGUE.

Sir, we can after be making, wid de help of de five —(*holding up his fingers*)—arrah, dear joy! fat do you call it in English?

O'NEILL.

Five score.

TEAGUE.

More—more.

O'NEILL.

Five hundred.

TEAGUE.

Aye, dat be de five hundred.

O'NEILL.

Shall they be good?

TEAGUE.

Aye, surely—hang twenty, one after de odder—and dat plases myself well to hang up de Sassanagh.

O'NEILL.

Teague, get all your gads, hatchets, and knives ready in a week's time, you will want them. Judge Bryan, we attend you.

The English customs shall no more prevail,
And gads instead of ropes can never fail;
Fire or the feet of bullocks serve for flail,
And horses plough again yoked by the tail—
Hey for the days of royal Shane O'Neill!

The scene changes to Londonderry—the suburbs on fire.

Enter Baker, Walker, and Cairnes.

BAKER.

And did you observe how the walls were filled by multitudes, when the Irish army, on the other side of the river, at the water's side, were marching on towards Strabane—in regular troops of horse and foot, trumpets and kettle-drums, menacing our destruction—their officers waving their swords, furiously threatening us.

CAIRNES.

I did, and never witnessed such a scene of terror—while Colonel Lundy saw it all with unconcern, looking very conplacently on the Irish army, from front to rear. There should have been an army of ours to meet them on their entrance to Tyrone. I am sure the men of Strabane and Lifford, not to mention those

of Dungannon, Omagh, and Fintona, could have overpowered them—they're ten times their number.

WALKER.

I am certain of that—my regiment would, I think, desire to be foremost. I saw the whole of the Irish army pass—but where is ours? where is Lord Kingston's? Oh! that we had them and the English regiments in the harbour at Lifford or Castlefin to-day—at either place should the defence be made. It is now high time to make a desperate effort to oppose the merciless enemy, for we are on the brink of ruin.

CAIRNES.

The reason there is no preparation, no drawing of our scattered forces together, is a great mystery, as our governor is looked upon as a man of great experience, conduct, and resolution—not inferior to General Hamilton or any other officer in the Irish army.

WALKER.

So much the worse for us if Colonel Lundy should not prove true to our cause; and I assure you there is much notice taken of his dilatory proceedings. In my first coming here to consult with him, I saw somewhat in his manner and looks which excited my suspicion of treachery; and nothing I have since observed in the man answers the high character which most people give him. But what forces have we at Lifford, Clady, and Castlefin to oppose the enemy? If not repulsed before they cross the Fin, or the Foyle—at some of these places—they will get between us and Lord Kingston's army, and be upon us

in a very short time. But as orders have been sent to that army to join the Protestants of the Lagan, between Raphoe and the Fin-water, this day, we may hope it has arrived there.

BAKER.

If aid be not sent to these places before the arrival of the Irish army at them, the enemy will be at our walls before Monday.

CAIRNES.

We have no forces at Lifford, Clady, or Castlefin, but those under our faithful Michelburne. Lundy talks of strong parties to be sent for his assistance, but I do not hear of any that have gone to him, except two ineffective regiments which marched last night, most of them pike-men, and quite unfit to engage an army. I fear he has drawn those under Lord Kingston from the posts in which they might be efficient, and contrived to keep them from proceeding to the place where it would be desirable to have them.

BAKER.

Michelburne is a man staunch to our cause, and one who best understands the management of it, and if he has a sufficient reinforcement we have nothing to fear, for in this rainy season these passes can be easily defended, and our great object is to obtain time for the arrival of the army from England, which I have reason to know has been embarked by this time at Chester, and may be expected in Belfast Lough in a few days.

CAIRNES.

But why is not the governor there himself, to rectify matters, and have all ready to resist the enemy's crossing the river? Why does he not promptly send men to support our forces there? The whole strength of Derry ought to be between Lifford and Castlefin before to-morrow morning. Why must our different regiments be scattered through the country, and not drawn together? As the enemy marches on the other side of the river, we ought to flank them on this side of it—throw up works, burn the forage, break down the bridges, and guard the fords. In one week's time their horses would die of hunger. Twelve thousand men on our side, and but half the number on theirs, are odds in our favour—not to mention the two English regiments in the Lough, and ready to land if they were permitted to do so. Oh! that we had a governor true to our cause—brisk and forward as such an emergency requires! If so, few of those coming against us would escape destruction.

WALKER.

Lundy and those about him do nothing but drink night and day, in as great security as if the enemy were a hundred miles off. He was talking of calling a council, and that is all the service we are likely to have from him. I, who am a clergyman, and an old one, would act more like a military man. I would not suffer the enemy to come upon us unprepared for them, to destroy us. I wish Michelburne may not suffer by this man, and we his councillors. He is the

only man of experience we have to trust to when besieged.

(*Enter a Messenger.*)

The governor has called a council: it is to meet this afternoon.

BAKER.

We will attend it. (*Exit Messenger.*)

CAIRNES.

I could wish to see Colonel Lundy and his drunken council, instead of meeting for deliberation, mount their horses, and appear at the head of our troops to encourage them.

SCENE III.—*The Town-Hall of Londonderry.*

Enter Governor Lundy, with an Officer.

LUNDY.

The readiest way in the world to appease the grumbling of the people is to call a council. It is not a week past since I held one, and I now must hold another. One council more is all I need, before the enemy, as they call them, but my friends, appear before Derry. Nothing is so convenient for me as these councils. This method we took for the counties of Down and Antrim. The commander of the Protestants was at council on the very morning that General Hamilton advanced against them, and within a mile of their council chamber in Dromore; and had

it not been for a cry of fire raised on his approach, he would have caught them there, and put them in irons —the fighting part was not thought of by them— they were surprised, and all the rebels they had collected were routed. The Prince of Orange is very kind—his sending me a present of five hundred pounds, and placing two thousand at my disposal, was very generous, and will do me good. Oh! how I am courted by both sides when I do not commit myself too deeply with either: this is an example to public men for future ages.

"Let them not seem to side with either party,
Now incline this way, and then make it up
By leaning gently to the other side;
Talk moderation, patience—with one foot
Step out, and with the other back again;
With one eye glance upon the rabble crowd,
And with the other crouch to the nobility.
At every public grievance raise their voice,
And like a harmless tempest calm away;
Idle, and only noted for their noise,
Such men are the wisest in the world."

King James, however, is my safest master; he gave me my first bread; he made me a colonel by the help of my wife's relations, who were domestics of the Duchess of Portsmouth; his affairs are flourishing in Scotland and the north of England. Dundee has a powerful army with him on his march to Edinburgh, and the Jacobites on the borders, will facilitate his triumphant entry into England, with King James at their head, after we shall have garrisoned this unruly

city. The king is now on his way to us from Dublin, and his passage to Scotland will be open to him and the powerful army he will bring with him; for Ireland is his own—he wants no army in it, while he has the priests and the people devoted to his interest. How will he be delighted at my delivering the keys of Londonderry, into his royal hand, and laugh while I tell how I have filled my purse with English money! That confounded fellow, Michelburne, has puzzled me about preparations and movements: if I had been influenced by him, we should have been ruined; but I packed him off. To-morrow, or next day, I shall hear that he is knocked in the head; he will be killed in battle, for he is more of a man than to give himself up to be hanged like a dog. Well, when King James comes to hear how this business was carried on for him, he will be astonished to hear that fifteen thousand men were baffled by five or six thousand Irishmen, indifferently armed, and without military stores. If we had let them to blows, these north-country fellows, hardy, and warlike, and used to fire-arms, as they are, would have beaten thrice their numbers. It was my contrivance to scatter them up and down the country, and not suffer them to come together. Sending away the commanding officer of Coleraine, and giving way for Hamilton's army to cross the Bann, was a good manœuvre, and one which we will put in operation again at Lifford and Castlefin, so that neither the Finn nor the Foyle, shall impede the progress of our king's army. I shall, I hope, be forgiven for continuing in

the command of this city, from the manner in which I have managed it. If Lord Mountjoy had been left here, he could not, would not have served his majesty so well as I have done; had he not been removed, he must have had the entire command, and no man but myself could have succeeded as I have done. I hope King James will not forget me—a coronet, and one of the estates that will be forfeited, would be a small remuneration for my services. But here comes the council.

Enter the council, with a clerk; they sit down—Governor Lundy takes the chair as president.

LUNDY.

I have no inclination to detain you long—here is a paper. Clerk, read it.

CLERK.

"We, the officers hereunto subscribed, in a council of war held this day at Londonderry, are resolved to stand by each other with our force against the enemy, and will not desert the service until affairs shall be settled in some secure posture; and whosoever shall desert without leave from the council, is deemed a coward and a disaffected person to the Protestant interest. April 10th, 1689."

COUNCIL.

We all sign. (*They sign.*)

LUNDY.

I hope this pleases ye all?

ALL.

Very well, noble governor! The best order ever was signed by a general. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Baker, Walker, and Cairnes.

WALKER.

Ha! What?—the governor and council gone? It is not fifteen minutes since I heard the bell toll. This is a mere formality, and nothing else.

BAKER.

This frequent summoning a council is all a trick, to shift off a sense of danger, and lull us to sleep, whilst the wolves are coming to devour us.

WALKER.

Here is no mounting of horses, or heading of regiments. Those colonels and cavalry officers ought to be with their men, and not drinking and carousing with the governor. They should be marching against the enemy. This is not the true method of soldiery.

BAKER.

Well, it is astonishing that men vested with such a trust as they are, should be so merry—so joyous over night; no more apprehensive of danger, than one going along the street is afraid of being drowned. Let us, however, call out the citizens; tell them that we are betrayed, and on the brink of ruin, while our governor and his council are acting like sots. Sots, did I say? No; knaves, not fools.

The secret part, this crafty Lundy rules,
Deceives the vulgar, and confounds our cause,
Betrays our city, and obtains applause. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene changes to the Diamond—a great noise and uproar.

The multitude exclaim—We are betrayed, sold, undone; let us pull down Lundy's castle.

Scene changes to Lundy's door—enter Lundy and his clerk, in haste.

LUNDY.

Clerk, go summon a council immediately; the mob will pull me out and kill me. (*Exit clerk.*)

LUNDY—(*solus.*)

This Hamilton is a provoking fellow—what a delay he has made; to take four days in marching twenty miles! Either his artillery has not come up, or something is the matter; he knows that nothing is wanted on my side, for I have taken effectual care that the regiments that would oppose him, shall not get together to do so: he cannot have met with any resistance, and it is unpardonable in him to loiter on the way. (*Exit Lundy.*)

Scene changes to the town-hall. Enter two men with large staves, crying, Make way for the governor and council. The council take their seats.

LUNDY.

Gentlemen, I have, with a great deal of deliberation, considered the matter, and was unwilling to put you to any more trouble, than the necessity of our affairs require; this being Saturday, I am informed the enemy will attack us to-morrow, or on Monday. I think it right that this order should be read, which, if you approve of, I desire that every one of you will sign it, for my vindication; and I think no man living can find fault with me in this matter. This is Saturday, on Monday at farthest we are to fight. Read it, clerk.

CLERK READS.

"At a council of war, held in Londonderry, on the 12th April, 1689—

"Resolved unanimously—That on Monday next, by ten o'clock, all officers, soldiers, dragoons and foot, listed or not listed, that can or will fight in defence of their country, shall appear at Cladyford, Lifford, and the Long Causeway, there to draw up in battalion, and to bring a week's provision with them, and as much forage as their horses will carry."

The members of the council sign it, viz.—

Lord Blaney, Sir Arthur Rawdon, Paulet Philips, Hugh M'Gill, Richard Crofton, John Hill, George Hamilton, Arthur Upton, James Hamilton, Nicholas Atchison, H. Montgomery, Thomas Whitney, William Ponsonby, Richard Johnston, Robert Lundy, Richard Whaley, Daniel M'Neill, William Shaw, John Forward, Gervais Squire, J. Blaney, and John Tubman.

Shouts of acclamation within the town-hall and around it.

ALL.

The best order that ever was given out; we all agree to fight. Huzza, huzza! (*Exeunt.*)

Huzzas outside.

Enter Baker, Walker, and Cairnes.

BAKER.

This last council of war was well enough to those who understood nothing of the duty of soldiers on such an emergency; but Lundy's designs are betrayed in

it. When the enemy are to make their attack upon Michelburne, and the few men with him, at six o'clock in the morning, our forces are ordered to be with him four hours afterwards, formed into battalions, when many of them, to my knowledge, have above twenty miles to march. And who are to go to them with these orders? Not as much as one officer has been ordered on that duty. And they are ordered to assemble at three different places—Lifford, Cladyford, and the Long Causeway; places four or five miles from each other—as if it were to give the enemy an advantage, that they might have but few to engage at each of these places: and again, I say, ten is the appointed hour for them to meet, when at six or seven o'clock in the morning the enemy will be at the fords, if not over the river: where, then, are they to meet? The fact is, that Lundy expects General Hamilton to dine with him on Monday. While our foot are ordered to take a week's provision with them, and the cavalry as much forage as their horses can carry, we do not hear one word of the two English regiments on ship-board, that are kept back from assisting us. In all of which this man stands upon the justification of himself, as if no body would find fault with his conduct. A rare general this, for a sham fight; such another could not be found in the British dominions. I fear Michelburne and his men will be sacrificed; and wish to heaven that they may come off safe.

WALKER.

I have the same wishes, with all my heart.

CAIRNES.

I do not question it in the least, he has a thousand or twelve hundred brave men with him. He will fight his way in spite of Hamilton, and come off with flying colours, without owing any obligation to Governor Lundy. It is not long since, with three hundred men, he defeated the best regiment of Irish infantry, supported by a strong body of dragoons, and took a strong pass from them. These Irish are nothing before us when we come to grapple with them. As soon as an account of that exploit came to Lundy, he endeavoured to ruin Michelburne, by writing to his correspondents, saying—that he was not a man to be trusted, and ought to be closely watched. Let us go and see if the drinking trade is going on with this great governer and his boon companions, including the peer and his two drunken colonels; they'll not do the enemy much hurt, I'll warrant them.

BAKER.

Let us encourage the soldiers, and increase our interest with them—they will stand us in the greatest stead at last. I have brought over several sergeants, corporals and drummers, with above one hundred of Lundy's regiment—they are all averse to a surrender. 'Tis pleasant, when we get together, and the health of King William, and Queen Mary, the Princess Anne, and Prince George, raises our hearts. Then, huzza! No surrender: half the garrison is presently about us, and answer us in the street, with—NO SURRENDER! NO SURRENDER!! (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—*Castlefin Village—the Castle in ruins, on the side of the river Finn.*
Enter Michelburne and Freeman.

MICHELBURNE.

What do you think, town-major; is this fair dealing or not? On Tuesday last I parted the governor, who promised that I should be reinforced with strong detachments of men and plenty of provisions and ammunition. Does he think I can defend these passes with only one regiment? It is now Sunday evening, without any appearance of troops, horse or foot, notwithstanding the Irish army marched by the water-side of Derry yesterday, and are but a few miles from us now. I expect they will attack us to-night.

FREEMAN.

It is astonishing that he does not take better care of those under his command—indeed that he is not at the head of us; for a good commander would not send his men farther than he would go himself. See how regularly and formidable General Hamilton, who has not half our number, advances, while Governor Lundy lies drinking and carousing in Derry, waiting there till the enemy arrives, to pull him out by the ears. He sends us twelve miles from Derry, as the commanding officer at Coleraine sent us twelve miles from that town, to be surrounded and cut off by the enemy's dragoons—twice we escaped being cut off, by retreating in good order. I wish we may be able to do so a third time.

MICHELBURNE.

Freeman, Lundy is safe, though we are in danger.

General Hamilton and he are in correspondence, combining against us; we have enemies before and behind us—we are betrayed, sold—our lives allotted and designed by treachery, to be sacrificed to the fury of the enemy. But Providence will protect us from them. It is a most deplorable case that Lord Kingston is within twenty miles of us, with three thousand foot and a thousand horse to join us, yet, by private designs and villany, this treacherous governor keeps him off, and holds back the aid he could send us from Derry, that the enemy should have little or no opposition in their approach to the city.

FREEMAN.

Just so was it at the breach of Dromore, and thus will it be at Cladyford; meanwhile the governor and council deliberate in close conclave for half an hour—drink all day afterwards, fearing the enemy no more than if they were five hundred miles off, and swallow claret as long as they can see, drinking confusion to Tyrconnel and his army.

MICHELBURNE.

You are in the right of it; they talk against Tyrconnel, but they are plotting against us. Who will be so great with General Hamilton, as they will be, while we shall be starved or put to death.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

About three miles from hence, I saw the enemy's horse and foot, and I posted away to give you notice of their approach.

MICHELBURNE.

I will send an express to the governor. If their coming on us so closely does not alarm him, this treachery will be manifest; but too late, for the mischief will be done. In the mean time, our men must be posted to the best advantage; we will maintain our ground to the last man, and die honorably. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor Lundy and two officers.

LUNDY.

I have an account that the enemy is advancing; they are now at Strabane or near it.

FIRST OFFICER.

It is impossible it should be otherwise, for you saw them pass yesterday at the other side of the river: we all saw them, and I wonder it did not occur to us to give them a peppering across the water; our musket balls would have reached them, and perhaps taken down some of their officers, if not Hamilton himself. The long guns of the Lough side, might have served us well.

LUNDY.

That might have been dangerous, the fire might be returned; but I have no fear. If the enemy had but staid back two days longer, our men would have been together at Clady or Lifford.

SECOND OFFICER.

But the two English regiments on board, sir?

LUNDY.

They would signify nothing. The Prince of Orange, I mean King William, will have more occasion for them in another place. It would be of no service to him to have them cut off here. They would find it hard to get back into the ships.

Enter an express, directed to Governor Lundy.

This from Castlefin.

"Sir—The enemy's army is advancing upon us; I fear before this reaches your hand, we shall be engaged. Pray, sir, hasten what forces you can—we are but a handful to the enemy; if you have regard to their majesties' interests, and your own preservation, speed what strength you can away. What preserves us to-night, is the flush in the river, occasioned by the great rains. JOHN MICHELBURNE.

'Six at night."

FIRST OFFICER.

It is a hard case that these brave men should be cut off for want of timely succour.

LUNDY.

I intend to march out to-morrow morning, with two thousand men, and five pieces of cannon; but I fear we will not be time enough, for we cannot get there before evening, having ten or twelve miles to march.

SECOND OFFICER.

That ought to have been done yesterday, and the rest of our scattered forces should have been there some days ago. It is a shame that such a number of brave men as you could command, should not have

been brought together to try their manhood. We would have less to fear if they were with us.

LUNDY.

It is too late now, to talk of that. I must take care to preserve the city. I will go now and answer this express. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish camp, on the side of the river Mourne, near Strabane.

Enter Generals Hamilton, Ramsay, Sheldon, Waucop, and Lord Buchan, and with them a minister.

HAMILTON.

Now, gentlemen, we are within eleven or twelve miles of Derry. (*Turning to the clergyman*)—You are an ancient dweller in these parts; what account can you give of the rebels?

MINISTER.

There are great numbers of them, several thousands, I believe; but I have seen no considerable body of them, except a regiment commanded by Colonel Crofton, who joined Hammil's regiment there last night, and have since broken down an arch of the bridge, and made some preparations to defend the ford.

HAMILTON.

And pray, sir, is not the river passable at Lifford for horse and dragoons?

MINISTER.

There are great numbers of them in these parts—those of Strabane have gone to Derry, in great num-

bers. Leslie, the rector of this parish, raised a company of foot, and a troop of dragoons for them, and has headed them himself, as Walker, the rector of Donoughmore, headed the regiment he raised about Dungannon, six months ago; and Sinclair, the rector of Leckpatrick, who has been in the habit of carrying pistols into the pulpit, signed the Derry Declaration against King James at council last week. I have not seen any considerable body of them these three or four days, only part of a regiment came to Lifford last night. The Finn and the Mourne rivers meet there, and form the Foyle.

HAMILTON.

And pray, sir, is not the river passable for horse and dragoons?

MINISTER.

Not at present, by reason of the wetness of the weather, but both will be passable to-morrow, if there be dry weather, and the tide out.

RAMSAY.

What advantage may be had if we should pass back across the Mourne at Strabane, and advance to the Foyle at Lifford?

MINISTER.

When you pass the Mourne, and advance to the Foyle, you may find three fords and a bridge, but one of the arches of the bridge was broken down last Tuesday, and none of the fords are passable, except when the tide is out. The best and easiest ford is at Castlefin.

HAMILTON.

The only place, you think, is Castlefin? But what guard of the enemy may be there?

MINISTER.

I presume it may be pretty well guarded, for a regiment arrived there on Wednesday last.

HAMILTON.

It matters not much; they will not stand two rounds of shot. I will attack these rebels to-morrow morning.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

Scene changes—Castlefin.

Enter Michelburne, Murray, and Freeman.

MICHELBURNE.

Murray, we must stand close to our business to-morrow morning: your troop will beat two troops of the enemy, if they should gain the pass upon us.

MURRAY.

I'll warrant you for my men; as good as ever drew a sword.

MICHELBURNE.

It is now twelve o'clock, and all in quietness; no alarm from any of our patrols. You must be sure to give orders, as soon as one comes in to send another out.

MURRAY.

I will take care of that.

Enter an Express.

MICHELBURNE.

From whence comest thou?

EXPRESS.

From the governor of Derry.

MICHELBURNE.

This is a favour. 'Tis more than I expected.

Reads.

" Notwithstanding the enemy has come to Strabane, I hope there will be no danger. I have given orders this night for all troops and regiments to join you to-morrow morning. Pray secure your post as well as you can.—R. LUNDY.

" Londonderry, eleven o'clock."

MICHELBURNE.

To-morrow we are to have a trial of skill, whether this letter had come or not, therefore it affords but little comfort. I wonder for what he roosts so closely in Derry; he ought to have been here three or four days ago, and thrown up some works at each pass, burned the forage on the other side of the river, and in a week's time the enemy's horses would have starved. He should have drawn his army together, with the two English regiments; the very sight of fifteen thousand red coats would have made the Irish army run. But that would be contrary to the methods which Governor Lundy is practising. It is certain that General Hamilton could do us no harm, had he not influence over this man, as well as the commander of our army at Coleraine, who by this time has got safe into Scotland. It was a most treacherous and villanous design to leave us in such a pinch. When a general approaches with his army against a town, and the

governor of that town and he juggle together, it must irretrievably be lost.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

I would have stayed somewhat longer at Lifford, but just as I was parting a young man came there, who had been in Derry about two hours before. I asked him what preparation had been made there for to-morrow's action. He replied, none at all; all he saw was poor country people drawing their cattle away, and carrying off their goods. He asked whither they were going? Men, women, and children cried out, that they knew not whither—that Governor Lundy and many others were at high drinking, carousing with full glasses.

MICHELBURNE.

Treachery of the deepest dye! A governor, a general, that has now under his command fifteen thousand men, two English regiments in the harbour, and three thousand men near enough to join him in two days, under the command of Lord Kingston, to betray all to five or six thousand foes, when on such a great concern depends the safety of the nation from ruin—our lives, liberties, and estates—and the saving of so many thousands of distressed people, who know not where to go, to secure themselves from a merciless enemy! Oh, intolerable and irreparable shame and disgrace! Had Lundy but done what the commanding officer in Coleraine did, which was bad enough—had he given over and fled on pretence of safety—we

would then have had the management of our concerns in our own hands; but this governor of Derry, by a plausible pretence in being under the command of King William, and having his commission as governor, and being in the English service, treads down and ruins the English interest under his feet.

FREEMAN.

Pray, be not so much dissatisfied; there are yet nine hours, and great advantage may be made of them; the governor, after all, may be here, and all turn out to our satisfaction.

MICHELBURNE.

It is past retrieving—there is no avoiding what must come. I would not willingly have a scandal thrown upon me, that I should quit my post before the face of an enemy, which I never did yet; but to be without relief or reinforcement, served as I am, would make another man seek a place of more safety, than to remain here four or five days, so exposed, with my gallant men, to hunger and cold, dishonour and ruin, while he, with other of our chief commanders, are carousing with full glasses, getting drunk in Derry. The two thousand pounds which King William sent to Lundy are well employed, as the result will prove.

To ruin, then, this Lundy leads the way,
Betrays us all, while we like fools obey;
But his designs already we suspect,
And will his treachery in time detect.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp, on the Tyrone side of the Finwater.

Enter Generals Hamilton, Sheldon, and Ramsay.

SHELDON.

I believe the enemy sets light upon this place, although, in my opinion, it is a very considerable post. If the governor of Derry had managed it, as he might have done, a small defence would hinder us from passing the river. Had he drawn away some of the forage on this side of it, and burned what could not be carried off, and maintained this pass for one week, our horses must have been lost for want of provender, and put us to such straits as to ruin our cause; but instead of that, here is provision for our army, hay and oats for our horses, were we to continue here for those ten days.

HAMILTON.

I always had a good opinion of Colonel Lundy, convinced that he would do all things for the king's interest. He not only accepted of the Prince of Orange's commission, but swore to be true to him, or else the City of Derry would never have been trusted to him, neither could he otherwise have brought to pass so great things as he has done. He has not only for the king a train of artillery consisting of twenty-four pieces of cannon, with five hundred barrels of gunpowder, and all other things proportionable, but he has hindered provisions from being brought into the city, and at this time there are not ten day's food for the garrison and the inhabitants, crowded as the

place is from the multitudes who have flocked to it from other places for safety. He carried on matters so artfully, that he has got five hundred pounds from the Prince of Orange, and has the command of two thousand pounds more: and when our two spies, Ensigns Twino and Blacker, were sent to Derry from Charlemont, he entertained them kindly. I assure you the king would have been at a very great loss, were it not for Governor Lundy. A hundred things more I could tell you of his wise management.

RAMSAY.

'Tis extraordinary service done. I hear Lundy is putting no stress on this important post, nor making any advantage of it, but is fortifying Derry, imposing on the ignorant people there by granting them passes to run to Scotland in boats.

SHELDON.

This will hardly serve their turn, for we may be in Scotland very soon after them. Lord Dundee, with a strong army which he has raised, has just got a reinforcement from Carrickfergus, and is waiting only for our promised arrival to him from Derry, to give battle to the Prince of Orange's army under General Mackay; and when we get to him it will be all over with the rebels on the other side of the Channel, for the whole of the north of England are ready to return to their allegiance. With such an army as will then be ours we may safely march to London.

HAMILTON.

Get ready. This pleasant morning, after all the

wet and gloomy weather we have had, gives life to this day's action. The rebels seem to be asleep—there is no appearance of horse or foot to meet us, and the whole road from Lifford, on the other side of the river, is in our view. Sure these great heroes will not do as they did at Dromore—wait till we caught them at council, and then send out dogs to bark at us. We will soon give them another surprise.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

May it please your Excellency, the detachment of horse and dragoons are all over the river that leads to Castlefin, and have carried over the foot. They wait your further orders.

HAMILTON.

Do you observe any movement of the rebels on the other side of the river?

OFFICER.

There are very few of them there—none worthy of being noticed. Some three or four troops, and about a battalion of foot.

HAMILTON.

Command those in advance to march on in good order: I will follow them. This river gained, the long-expected Derry will be ours.

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor Lundy with four officers.

LUNDY.

This is a fine morning for our men to fight. What time of day may it be?

FIRST OFFICER.

Between seven and eight o'clock. It is to be feared you will be much wanted this morning to give out some necessary orders, that our men may be in condition to engage the enemy, as you have not ordered any to act in your absence.

SECOND OFFICER.

It is eleven miles from this to Lifford, and three from that to Clady—so if you intend to fight the enemy this morning, it is time you were going. It will take you two hours hard riding. They expect you there, or one in your absence.

THIRD OFFICER.

I am afraid the enemy will not fail on their side. General Hamilton is a brisk, busy man, and it is expected that you will be as brisk and as busy there to-day as he or any other general with him. You are accounted to be as good an officer and as much experienced as he is, and what will the world say when they hear you never went into the field, or headed your brave army on the day of action? I assure you, it will be a heavy reflection upon your conduct.

LUNDY.

I am assured that our men will not fight, for if they had stood their ground we would not have been put to this trouble. They will run away, as they did at Dromore, Antrim, and Coleraine.

FOURTH OFFICER.

They did not run away at Coleraine. There, the

general, who acted as governor, ran from them, and they made a good retreat here from a superior force. At Dromore they had ignorant and inexperienced officers, and most of the men had families to take care of—all that was over when our men made their way here from the Bann. Now it is on you that the whole trust and confidence depend, and if anything miscarries on your side we will all be ruined, and sad will be our case to come under the mercy of the enemy.

FIRST OFFICER.

But, sir, we must go, else they will leave all the fault of our absence on us, and be incensed at our not heading our regiments and troops.

LUNDY.

Has my regiment marched?

SECOND OFFICER.

It has, above an hour since, but too late to be there. The action will be over before they get half way, for if the enemy engages our people, as they surely will, they are at hot work at this moment.

LUNDY.

I am resolved, however, not to set off with an empty stomach. I must take my breakfast and a bottle of wine, and then we will be going. It is only riding a little fast.

THIRD OFFICER.

I fear our poor men at Castlefin and Clady will will have a poor breakfast—there may be more blood than wine flowing there. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Generals Hamilton, Dorrington, and Sheldon, with Lord Galmoy, Lord Buchan, and Colonel Duncan.

HAMILTON.

You, Lord Galmoy, with your horse—you, Brigadier-General Dorrington, with your regiment of foot guards—and you, Colonel Duncan, with your dragoons—be in readiness. We will attack Castlefin Brigadier-General Sheldon, with your horse, and three regiments of foot, attack Clady. Brigadier-General Ramsay and Lord Buchan, push on and force your way to Lifford.

DUNCAN.

The river is impassible, by reason of the rain; if you do not give credit to me, ask the guides.

HAMILTON.

Then let them swim. The rebels have all ran away—none of them will be seen there; they have but their usual guards. It is wonderful—I know their leading men to be of good experience. When the signal is given, which will be the firing of three guns, then push on as hard as you can, (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to Castlefin.

Enter Michelburne, Murray, and Freeman, with some officers.

MICHELBURNE.

I call you together, desiring you will be careful. You see the enemy advances, but this is our advan-

tage, they cannot pass the river without swimming. Let no firing be until their horse is in the middle of the river, and take your firing from me. We'll send them back faster than they came, and since our general is not come, let the word be, "King William and Queen Mary."

Murray, if the enemy should swim over in spite of our shot, give but one fire, and then fall on sword in hand; I will soon join you.

OFFICER.

Sir, the enemy's horse and dragoons advance, and are now within pistol-shot of the river. (*Guns fire.*)

MICHELBURNE.

Hark! the guns fire—this is the enemy's signal for battle. Every one to his post. THE GREAT GOD BE OUR DEFENDER. (*Exeunt.*)

Several volleys of small shot go off, and are answered by others, with very brisk firing. Cries at intervals of "They run—they run!"

Enter Michelburne, Murray, Freeman, and others.

MICHELBURNE.

You are brave boys—our men behaved gallantly. The enemy will hardly make another attempt at this place—they thought we would have run at their entering the river. What number of them may have been killed?

FREEMAN.

About thirty.

MURRAY.

Many of them went down the river, horses and all.

MICHELBURNE.

They must have had a great many wounded. I could wish they met no better success at Cladyford and Lifford. Freeman, take horse immediately, find out the general, and give him an account of what has occurred. Bring me word if the two English regiments be come up yet, and what horse and foot have been brought into the field. (*Exit Freeman.*)

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

The enemy has gained Cladyford; for as soon as they entered the river with their horses and began to to swim, our horse and foot quitted their post and retreated. You may see them all marching towards Raphoe.

MICHELBURNE.

Well, it cannot be helped. We are betrayed on all hands.

Enter Freeman.

FREEMAN.

Governor Lundy came within three miles of this place, saw our men retreating, gave orders for every man to shift for himself, and made his way back to Derry through Raphoe.

MICHELBURNE.

Did he bring no troops with him? Where is his own regiment, and those quartered in and about Derry? Where are the two English regiments?

FREEMAN.

I heard nothing of them, but his regiment was on

their march, and when they heard our men were beaten they returned to Derry. Lundy does not answer what we expected from him, and he is strongly suspected of being in league with the enemy. Nothing could be more plain than his not suffering our army to come together, nor the two English regiments to land and join us. In short, all troops and companies, or as many of them as have been in the field, have fled—and if you do not march there promptly, the enemy will will get between you and the city.

MICHELBURNE.

It is but reasonable since all those have fled, that we should think of an honourable retreat, and a prompt one. This is the third time I had the honour of bringing up the rear of our flying army, the general and others having quitted the field. However, this credit we have, to be first in the field and last out of it.

We'll make a good retreat, that all may say,
We came to fight, but not to run away.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Irish Camp.*

Enter Sheldon, Dorrington, and Ramsay.

RAMSAY.

Major General Sheldon, I am glad to see you on the Derry side of the river.

SHELDON.

I observe the enemy's horse retreating; both they and their foot gave way when our men advanced, carrying deal boards with them to repair the bridge. I took advantage and swam over the river, the horse followed, and made the rebels turn tail and run.

DORRINGTON.

The river and the bridge were gained with very little loss, but Major Nangle, who first took the river, has been drowned. Our foot are now passing over the bridge with great steadiness.

Enter three Scouts.

FIRST SCOUT—*to Sheldon.*

Please your honour, we advanced as near the rebels as we could, and about a mile from hence we saw a regiment of foot, with flying colours and drums beating; we judge it to be their rear guard.

SHELDON.

Be they what they may, rear guard or van guard, I will charge them before they get a mile further. Let the trumpets sound to horse—I'll march immediately.

DORRINGTON.

I know whose guard it is; had they not orange colours?

SCOUT.

They had, and no less than twelve stand of them.

DORRINGTON.

Their commander is he that killed so many of your men in the County of Antrim;—you will find a sharp opposition from him.

SHELDON.

Let him be the arch-fiend himself I will charge him, and see what metal he is made of. (*Exit Sheldon.*)

Enter General Hamilton, with attendants—they salute him.

RAMSAY.

Your excellency must needs be well pleased with this day's action.

HAMILTON.

Nothing in the world could please me better, than to see the whole north of Ireland make no more opposition. Sure all their considerable officers must have fled to Scotland, and left none but a confused rabble behind them.

DORRINGTON.

It would have been time enough to have fled to Scotland when the contest was over.

RAMSAY.

It is probable they would not then have met with such conveyances as they have had, for now they will be thronging one upon another, and happy will he be who can first get into a ship or a boat. I have heard that two or three families in Derry crossed over to Scotland in small boats.

DORRINGTON.

I think all is ours to the walls of Derry.

HAMILTON.

And in the walls of Derry. Now, Governor Lundy, play your part with as great skill as you have hitherto done, and you will gain eternal honour;—one of the largest estates that the rebels have forfeited will be your reward. He acted his part so well with the deluded Prince of Orange, as to get a present of five hundred pounds, with two thousand more to be laid out for conveniencies. Some of this money went to unlade the ships of ammunition and stores for our army—no less than four hundred barrels of powder, with ball, &c.—otherwise we would have been forced to bring all from Kinsale, two hundred and twenty miles by land carriage, which would greatly have impeded our expedition to Scotland, where Lord Dundee is making great exertions to support us. The rebels must soon be weary of this sport, having such ill success, and they shall be severely handled for their insolence. To-morrow morning I will try how their pulses beat, and send to see if they will surrender this city to the king, when he appears before it.

DORRINGTON.

King James was startled when he heard that the Governor of Derry had taken possession from the Prince of Orange, with a solemn oath to be true to him and his princess, as king and queen of England; and he got a large present of English money. Well, he must be closetted with a confessor as soon as he puts Derry into our hands, and be absolved of that oath, by an absolution from the mother church, which he will find no difficulty in obtaining. What an army shall we have in two months time—fifty thousand out of Ireland, from the ports of Derry and Belfast; twenty thousand in Scotland, led on by Lord Dundee, ready and able to stand for the son, as the Marquis of Montrose did for the father; and an equal number of forces in the north of England will join the king's army on the borders, while a strong diversion will be made by the king of France on the south of England. The parliament of England are now busy in settling the successor to the crown, and little think of the overwhelming force that is approaching them, to settle it where it ought to be, on our lawful king and his family, to whom they and we have sworn allegiance. Did they think that King James's taking a journey from France to England, in a wintry spring, was for nothing? No; it is for what will make their hearts ache, their estates fly to worthier possessors of them, when we enter England and march to London with fire and sword.

RAMSAY.

This is very probable, and must shortly come to pass; I see nothing to hinder it. I must, however, in all this discourse, stand up for my countryman, old Edenburg, the commanding officer of Coleraine. I never saw a finer body of men in my life, than those he had with him there; when I saw them drawn up in a line at the other side of the river, about ten thousand men, I said to you, General Hamilton, that we were much out of our expectation in seeing such a body of rebels. He had five thousand in the town; I was afraid they would have sallied out of it—our men's arms were wet with the snow—but, as good luck would have it, the commanding officer took care to barricade them in it, by closing the gates with stones and rubbish, when they might have come out upon and routed us. He was for keeping peace on both sides, so we had no disturbance from them till we manœuvred them off. To-morrow, when the king rides to Derry, he will be very inquisitive to know how Colonel Lundy managed such a multitude of disorderly rebels, as he has had to deal with in Derry.

HAMILTON.

I will say this much for the Duke of Tyrconnel, who has now the star and garter most deservedly, that although he was much overseen, when the rebels shut the gates of Derry, in forcing none of the standing army into it, he has made ample amends by placing so true a man as Colonel Lundy as governor of it, who has secured a ship-load of ammunition, which above

all things we wanted, and at the same time kept provisions out of it, which would have encouraged the rebels to stand out. He has dispersed all their army, in regiments and troops, through the country, and kept the two English regiments in the harbour on board; and these regiments alone would have been able to rout all our foot. When the rebellious officers in the city began to grumble, he would assuage them by calling a council, which made all quiet again, while he was proceeding in his project for us, till at length he has made way for us this day to march to the walls of Derry. General Monks bringing Charles the Second back to England, at the Restoration, was not a greater service to the crown of the realm than that of the Governor of Derry, who has thus destroyed the hopes of the Prince of Orange and his rebels. This will bring us and the king to Scotland in a short time, and thence, triumphantly, through England to Whitehall.

DORRINGTON.

Where does your excellency intend to quarter this night?

HAMILTON.

At Raphoe, four miles from hence, where there is a strong castle—the bishop's palace.

Enter an Express—the messenger delivers a letter to General Hamilton, who reads it and puts it up.

HAMILTON.

Gentlemen, the king will be at Newtown-stewart

this night, and at Strabane to-morrow; from which he will cross the river at Lifford. His majesty is well pleased to hear of our forwardness in defence of his rights, and suppression of the rebels. And well he may be so: they with twelve or fifteen thousand men, and two English regiments, and we to put them to flight with only six thousand men, giving them a total overthrow. Nothing is left but the inconsiderable town of Derry.

Enter Sheldon.

HAMILTON.

What news do you bring? Are all the rebels fled to Derry?

SHELDON.

They are; our advance guards, by this time, are at Raphoe. We met with no stoppage; only about fifty horse faced us, but, as soon as we advanced, they turned tail and ran. In our eager pursuit of them, we were near falling in with a thousand of their foot, who were drawn up so advantageously as to put a stop to our advance, till they marched off in a very orderly manner.

HAMILTON.

Could you not have brushed up to their rear, which would have been the ready way to have broken them?

SHELDON.

I charged their rear three times, and at each time their commander drew them off, fired on us, and put our men in disorder. Whoever he is, he has not to learn the art of war.

DORRINGTON.

I told you that you would not do much good against him. This is the third time he brought up the rear of their flying army. He has his men in as good discipline as ours, marches with flying colours, and cares nothing for the government. He does not regard Lord Tyrconnel's proclamation a farthing.

HAMILTON.

The gallows take him and his rebels. I commend him, however, for the firmness with which he adheres to his principles and sticks to his engagement, which must cost him dearly ; only I am afraid of his escaping in the end. Let orders be given to the whole army to march at once to Raphoe and encamp there to night, and to-morrow at St. Johnstown, six miles from hence. I will send a summons to the rebels in the morning, when this is done, then for our friends in Scotland.

The Scene changes to Derry.
Enter the Governor, with three officers.

LUNDY.

You see, gentlemen, our men will not fight—besides the scantiness of provisions, which will not sustain us for more than nine or ten days, even if all unnecessary consumers of them were turned out of the town—so I think it most convenient for their majesties' service, that the principal officers who are left should withdraw and leave the kingdom, so that the inhabitants and them who have come here for safety, may make

the best conditions for themselves. For this purpose I will have passes prepared and signed for them; and as to the two English regiments on board in the harbour, I have satisfied them, and they are preparing to return to England, without landing here.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

Sir, here is one at the door who comes from the enemy's army.

LUNDY.

Let him in.

Enter Archdeacon Hamilton.

HAMILTON.

Sir, his excellency, General Hamilton, has sent me with a message, to know if you will deliver up his majesty's City of Derry on honourable conditions, and to inform you that the king will be at St. Johnstown, within five miles of Derry, to-morrow.

LUNDY.

Sir, that cannot be done without holding a council, for which I will give orders for your quick despatch, that we may come to a speedy resolution.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Michelburne, Baker, and Walker—they salute.

BAKER.

I am glad you are safely returned from Castlefin; we had heard that you and your regiment had been cut off by the enemy.

WALKER.

Two men brought us word that they saw you and

the enemy engaged, and they were afraid you would be overpowered.

MICHELBURNE.

There was no fear of that—they are as great cowards as ever breathed; if we had been duly supported, we would have cut them to pieces;—but it is hard to have our governor, this general of ours, on their side, palpably betraying us into their hands. It would detain us too long to tell you all that occurred; but I made a very good retreat, after some skirmishing with two or three squadrons of their horse. When they found us so resolute, and that we made some of them and their horses tumble, they would not charge us a second time, though they had some considerable officer at their head, which I knew by his two grooms in livery attending him on horseback. He beat them, and their officers beat them; I saw him fire his pistol; but nothing would make them charge us a second time. We then gave them two or three huzzas, and marched away, with drums beating and colours flying. I never met with such dastardly rascals in my life; I would engage with one hundred of our men to beat five hundred of them. Three or four of their horses threw their riders, and our men have brought them into the city.

BAKER.

Now that we are met again, we will hold together, and partake of each other's condition, whether good or bad, as Providence shall direct us.

MICHELBURNE.

We are not without hope, and are capable of defending this city, till hunger may force us to surrender.

WALKER.

The alarm about provisions is without foundation; I am well assured, by those who have surveyed the meal, beef, salmon, and pork, &c. that we have three months' provision for ten thousand men.

MICHELBURNE.

Is it so, old boy? (*Strikes him on the shoulder.*) We will be merry, boys, yet.

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER.

Gentlemen, you are desired, by the governor's order, to meet in council immediately.

Enter Governor Lundy and a Council, with Archdeacon Hamilton.

LUNDY.

We are obliged to send an answer to Lieutenant General Hamilton, by such persons as we may appoint, that they may enter upon a treaty of surrendering this place; the Archdeacon, Captain Kennedy, and Captain Neville are chosen, if ye agree to it.

COUNCIL.

We agree to it. Very good men; no better.

LUNDY.

You are to go with this gentleman, who will conduct you to General Hamilton, where you will make

this apology—that you would have waited on him sooner, only for delay occasioned by the town being in a disorderly state; but that you now wait on his excellency to know what terms will be given for surrender. Two things are desired before closing upon the articles—first, whether the king has arrived at the camp or not; the other is, that we may be assured that, until all is settled, the army shall not advance nearer the town than it is at present.

(*Exeunt Governor and Council.*)

Manent Michelburne, Baker, and Walker.

MICHELBURNE.

The city is not yet surrendered.

BAKER.

Nor shall it be, with my consent.

WALKER.

Whoever preaches non-resistance, I will be the first to lay hold on him, and turn him out of the city.

(*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to the Diamond.
Enter Michelburne, Baker, Cairnes, Murray, Walker, and some officers.

MICHELBURNE.

The city has been surveyed, and we find provisions for ten thousand men for three months, if well managed. Every house is a store, the inhabitants have barricaded the walls of their rooms with sacks of meal, for fear of the enemy's cannon; all but the governor's

house, where there is very little. We see we have been all along betrayed by him who, under the specious pretence of being governor, and having King William's commission, has held correspondence with the enemy; and endeavouring to ruin us all, has sent away the two English regiments, and would never let us come together and unite in a body.

BAKER.

We have here provisions enough, ammunition and men enough—let us not destroy ourselves, and all under our command, by a treacherous surrender. This town is of great consequence, and the Protestant interest in this kingdom will be lost, if it be not defended.

WALKER.

It was not for so small a business that King James came into Ireland, leaving the French court in the depth of winter; it was on the design against England, and the Protestant interest there, as well as here; and now he comes here from Dublin, to embark with his army for Scotland, and be on the English border joined by Dundee and his army, before King William can be ready to meet him.

MICHELBURNE.

I have sixty officers and twelve hundred men, who will stand by me as one man.

CAIRNES.

I can answer for as many.

MURRAY.

I believe I have about half the number.

MICHELBURNE.

No surrender!—No surrender!

ALL

No surrender! God bless King William and Queen Mary, and the Protestant religion. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to the town of Raphoe, and a magnificent Castle, the Bishop's Palace.

Enter Generals Hamilton, Dorrington, Sheldon, Ramsay, and Waucop, Lord Buchan, Archdeacon Hamilton, and Captain Macauseland.

ARCHDEACON.

Please your excellency, the gentlemen commissioners from Derry are without.

HAMILTON.

Conduct them in.

Enter three Commissioners.

HAMILTON.

Gentlemen, from whence came you?

ARCHDEACON.

From the governor of Derry and his council.

HAMILTON.

Who is your governor?

ARCHDEACON.

I presume your excellency knows him, Colonel Lundy. (*General Hamilton and the rest smile, and look upon one another.*)

HAMILTON.

Pray, what are your demands?

ARCHDEACON.

Good conditions for surrendering the city. They desire to be excused for not having answered you before, by reason of the disorders of the town; and they wish to know if the king has arrived? They desire likewise, that none of your troops may advance nearer to them than where they are, till all be concluded.

HAMILTON.

Truly, for conditions, I think they deserve none; however, to save his majesty any farther trouble, something or other will be done, but I am afraid not to their satisfaction; and as for marching the army before the town, if that can be any service to them, I promise they shall not. So come to-morrow, and take such conditions as we will give you. Delay not the time for coming, and despatch, for to-morrow night the king is to lodge in Derry. Let the bishop's palace be got ready for his majesty, and an hundred lodgments for his attendants. Then their curiosity will be satisfied.

(Exeunt the Archdeacon and Commissioners.)

Now for the conditions we are to give the rebels.

DORRINGTON.

I think there ought to be no conditions, but surrendering at discretion.

SHELDON.

I am much of the same opinion; why should the king give any conditions to such rebels—they have all along borne arms against him in open rebellion, and in contempt of his majesty's government. It is a

great undervaluing of the king's majesty, that we should condescend to any thing but his royal pleasure.

DORRINGTON.

They ought to be made an example to all notorious rebels, and to be served as the west of England traitors have been. What was the judge and the executioners sent down for, but to judge and hang them.

WAUCOP.

This condition I would grant, that they should deliver up all their officers, and every fifth man, to be sent to all the market-towns in Ireland, and there hanged and quartered.

RAMSAY.

But if they should not agree to those conditions, and defend the town?

HAMILTON.

That must be for a very short time; they have no provisions; besides such a confused number will never be brought to any method. An undisciplined rabble of people such as they are, can do nothing, and all the officers that had any considerable command, have been sent away by the governor. Therefore, for the honour of the king and the army, and for a quick despatch, we will march to-morrow morning with flying colours, drums beating, and the king at the head of us, and you will see that they will open the gates. The governor will, with the keys, deliver up the town when the army marches up to it; the magazine will be secured, and the king may do what he pleases.

ALL, EXCEPT GEN. RAMSAY AND CAPT. MACAUSELAND.

We agree to this method, and think it is the most honorable and expeditious way.

(They keep silent, and seem very uneasy.)

HAMILTON.

It is now but the tenth of April, we shall be early in Scotland for the summer's campaign, time enough to relieve Edinburgh Castle, and then with Lord Dundee's army and our own move through the English borders. Then, gentlemen, prepare to march to-morrow.

(*Exit.*)

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Michelburne, with two Spies.

MICHELBURNE.

Here are two crown-pieces for you; go out to-night, take two long sticks in your hands, and be spies in the enemy's camp; take some tobacco with you; you will soon know what news is stirring among the enemy. Can either of ye speak Irish?

FIRST SPY.

I can.

MICHELBURNE.

That will do very well. About the time they give out orders, you will be there. One of you must be sure to come in a little time; the other may stay till next morning.

FIRST SPY.

We will bring in all the news.

SECOND SPY.

Come, John, let us move—this Colonel is a brave man.

FIRST SPY.

Farewell, sir. Success to you.

SECOND SPY.

We will become the Colonel's soldiers when we come back. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Governor Lundy and four officers.

LUNDY.

The city is in such distraction and disorder, that there is nothing to be done. The rabble threaten to hang me, and all others that shall propose a surrender, though on the most honorable conditions. Those of my own regiment, that have been along with me in garrison, marched with me from Dublin, and whom I instructed in the methods I intend for their safety, are as mutinous as any—they are poisoned against me.

FIRST OFFICER.

Besides, sir, there are many mutinous officers that are worse than the soldiers, and give great encouragement to the rabble. I went last night, according to your orders, to lock the gates, and up came one of these officers, and forced the keys from me, saying they did so by order of Colonel Baker, Colonel Michelburne, and a clergyman called Walker.

LUNDY.

This is bold indeed. Then I am nobody. Well, for my part, since all command and all authority is taken from me, I will concern myself no farther, but let them take care how they violate the power King William has given to me.

Enter Commissioners.

FIRST COMMISSIONER.

We were at Raphoe, and with Lieutenant-General Hamilton. He seems very haughty, and tells us, the conditions we may expect will not be to our satisfaction. He told us some of them, and agrees not to march his army to Derry, until all shall be concluded. He wishes us to be with him early to-morrow, and has ordered the bishop's palace to be got ready, as the king intends to lie there to-morrow night; and he expects lodgings to be prepared for an hundred of his majesty's attendants. This is what the general declared to us—so, governor, use your methods accordingly.

LUNDY.

For my part, I would willingly do the best, but since they deny me to be their governor, I will concern myself no longer in their affairs. *(Exeunt.)*

Several huzzas within.

NO SURRENDER!—GOD BLESS KING WILLIAM AND THE PROTESTANT LINE!

Enter Michelburne, Baker, Walker, Murray, and Cairnes.

MICHELBURNE.

We have brought the business to our desired wishes. We have twenty to one on our side; and they that are for the governor dare not open their lips, to talk of conditions to surrender.

CAIRNES.

Conditions, says Hamilton, that will not be to our

satisfaction. Their conditions are to hang us all. Sweet conditions we may expect from them.

BAKER.

We have secured the gates—there can be no treachery with respect to them.

WALKER.

Let us see who will dare to go to-morrow for conditions to surrender.

MURRAY.

The gates will be my care to-night.

CAIRNES.

And the great guns shall be my charge.

MICHELBURNE.

And at the head of twelve hundred stout men—that shall be my charge.

BAKER.

To keep company with the governor, and make my observations, shall be my charge, and to find out what more roguery is hatching. (*Exeunt*)

Enter Michelburne and a spy.

SPY.

Sir, I staid in the Irish camp no longer than while I was drinking two quarts of ale, at one of the tents of the suttlers. I enquired of a sergeant for a brother of mine that is in one of the regiments, but I could not tell in what company. Pish! said he, that is looking for a needle in a bundle of straw. I asked him if he could smoke a pipe? He leaped at that, and I clubbed him for two quarts of ale. In discourse he told me that the army was to march to Derry at six o'clock

in the morning, the drums to beat at five. About eight we will have General Hamilton before the town.

MICHELBURNE.

General Hamilton promised not to advance until the conditions were perfected.

SPY.

They intend to give no conditions more than to lie at the king's mercy. That, the sergeant told me, was only to amuse you, that you might be taken at the greater disadvantage. They have great dependance on the governor, assured that he will do them great service.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Michelburne and Baker.

MICHELBURNE.

The business I have to acquaint you of is this—I sent out a spy in the evening; he was not three hours away, when he came back, and gave me this account; that General Hamilton and the Irish army intend to visit us this morning, and to be here at eight o'clock.

BAKER.

I thought he had more honour in him, than to break his word. This was the time our commissioners were to go to him, for conditions, which would be to hang half and spare half of us. What do you think they would do with you and me?

MICHELBURNE.

We, to be sure, are excepted persons, and could expect no mercy. I shall have another spy here presently.

Enter a second spy.

SPY.

The enemy are preparing to march to Derry, and will be with you in a short time. They march at the hill side, on the edge of the river, and expect to be very near before you discover them.

MICHELBURNE.

Keep silent. You have done your duty so well that you and your comrade shall have twenty shillings every time I send you abroad.

SPY.

I thank your honour. (*Exit spy.*)

BAKER.

This is pretty well contrived. We will send for Watson, captain of the gunners. (*Knocks with his foot.*)

Enter a boy.

Go call the captain of the gunners. (*Exit boy.*)

Enter Captain Watson.

BAKER.

Let all the guns be charged immediately, and the gunners at their posts. (*Exit captain.*)

Enter an officer.

The enemy's whole army are directly on their march to the town.

MICHELBURNE.

Let all the companies of foot march and line the walls; we will see who dare deny. (*Exit officer.*)

Enter another officer.

OFFICER.

Sir, the governor has sent orders by one Wilder,

to the gunners on the walls, not to fire upon pain of death.

MICHELBURNE.

Go, bid them mind their business; neither Lundy nor Wilder has any thing to do in this garrison—none can command here now but ourselves—they will find it so very shortly. This treacherous man wants to post every regiment in some corner of the city, while the enemy marches in to destroy us. He wishes to dispose of the regiments here as he did those in the country. What a fool I was to lie at Castlefin, when I knew my being sent there was only a trap for me? I might now take my revenge, but I scorn to do so. I have honour in me which the false governor had not. He has now his choice to go to General Hamilton or to England, though he ought to be hanged in the Diamond of Derry. He may not be welcome in either place, but he has now no business here, and the sooner he is off, the better for himself. (*Exit officer.*)

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

The keys of the magazine are not to be found, so that we cannot come at either powder or ball.

BAKER.

Cause the doors to be broken open with sledges.—This piece of treachery will not do.

Enter another officer.

OFFICER.

The enemy advances apace—they are almost upon the run.

MICHELBURNE.

Come, let us go to our station, to see with what confidence the enemy marches up to our walls, in downright breach of promise from their general. They think to have all things done by the treachery of Lundy, but they will find it will not do now.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

Great and small shot go off—several huzzas without, with cries, "They run—they run!"

Enter Baker, Walker, and Michelburne.

MICHELBURNE.

What pleasant sport it was when our guns fired. How the rogues ran. For half a mile they never looked back.

BAKER.

How our cannon-balls fell in the midst of them. It was hard to tell whether the officers or soldiers ran faster.

WALKER.

It was a pleasant sight for the abdicated king to see them run away, after one of their officers was killed near him by a shot from the cathedral-steeple—a signal warning to the enemy of our church. They are shamed for ever, and his ruin is consummated. He would have touched the Lord's anointed, and done his prophets harm, but the wind hath passed over him, and he is gone.

BAKER.

I do not think they will trouble us for ten days to come. They must find another port for their embark-

ation for Scotland, and that too in the teeth of the English army coming over to us. We may drink the bishop's March beer ourselves.

A trumpet sounds.

Enter an officer.

Here is a state-trumpet from King James, with conditions for surrender; and to acquaint you that he is in the field himself.

MICHELBURNE.

Let him remain there as long as he finds it not too hot from him. We know no king but William—no queen but Mary. They seem to be in great haste; three months hence will be time enough for them to propose conditions—to secure their retreat.

Another trumpet sounds.

Enter an officer.

MICHELBURNE.

Give entrance to the trumpeter

TRUMPETER.

The Lord Strabane is at the gate, and comes with conditions from the king.

MICHELBURNE.

We desire no conditions. Let this be his answer:—They are in great haste, but there are two words to a bargain. We want no safe conduct to King William, but what orders his majesty shall please to send, we will observe. Our nine days' provisions, as they were called, exceed ninety; and before these elapse, we shall hear from England. My service to Lord Strabane. We have wiser members of his noble family

here than his lordship or the general; and a strong body of the tenants of the Abercorn estate, which soon may change its owner. (*Exit trumpeter.*)

The trumpet sounds a third time.

BAKER.

Bring in the trumpeter.

Enter trumpeter.

What news, trumpeter.

TRUMPETER.

Lieutenant General Hamilton will, within this half hour, advance to the back of the Ravelin, where he desires to discourse the governor, or any other rational man, that shall be employed by the garrison, and he entreats you, for your own good, and the sake of so many thousands in the town, to take such proposals as are too great for a king to offer his subjects in rebellion. You have a blank sheet of paper, to set down what conditions you please.

BAKER.

Go tell him, for answer, that he may save himself that labour, for we have taken commissions from King William and Queen Mary, and we resolve to maintain their right; and will stand here for the liberties and honour of our country, against any rebels that are enemies to either. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.
Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, and Dorrington.

HAMILTON.

No proposals will do with these rebels. Nothing

can be done against this obstinate town but a formal siege. Did you observe how they fired their cannon. The balls fell in the midst of us, and one of them killed Captain Troy, who stood near the king.

DORRINGTON.

Abominable villains and traitors—how obstinate they are in their rebellion. It is intolerably provoking, that the king should receive this repulse after coming here from France, receiving an assurance on his majesty's way through Dublin, that this place would surrender, and facilitate our passing with him and his army into Scotland. To be thus baffled in the height of our expectation, it is dismal to think of it.

SHELDON.

The king intends to set out on his return to Dublin to-morrow, and it is thought he will call a Parliament.

HAMILTON.

His majesty is so baulked, that he has become careless of prosecuting his design in the quarter any farther. How miserably will our friends in Scotland and England be disappointed. Dundee's fine army, and our numerous friends in the north of England, will be distracted; and we must now stay in Ireland until the Prince of Orange's army arrives to drive us out of it, all on account of this cursed place that has spoiled all our measures. All that can be done now, is to draw off to some convenient place near this city, until our cannon-bombs and ammunition arrive to us, and until we are reinforced by more troops, which will take a considerable time. I will now go and ascertain what

further order the king may please to give, before his departure. His majesty is at Mongevlin Castle.

DORRINGTON.

Where does your excellency think will be the best place to encamp?

HAMILTON.

They tell me at Pennyburn Mill, a short mile from Derry.

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Baker, Walker, and Lundy.

LUNDY.

I am very much afraid the rabble will do me some mischief.

BAKER.

My life for yours—not a hair of your head shall be touched while you are with us; but we must censure your conduct, which has been very unfair in several things; in it, however, you have done yourself the greatest prejudice. You had the opportunity of making yourself a great man, but what obligations you were under, to serve the late king, is not my business to enquire. You see now, after all, how we have rescued ourselves from ruin, and I hope we shall continue so until relief comes to us from England. So now, propose to us how we can be serviceable to you, and we shall do it promptly, for truly I do not think your life is safe in this city.

LUNDY.

My request is that I may be immediately conveyed on ship-board, I shall disguise myself as well as I can.

BAKER.

That we will take care shall be done, and a boat will be provided on purpose. Walker, conduct the governor home to his house. (*Exit Walker with Lundy.*)

Enter Michelburne, Murray, and Cairnes.

CAIRNES.

Now that we have some spare time, and the enemy's designs are frustrated, the old governor turned out —the enemy will blockade us if they can—our first business is to settle the garrison; and it is the desire both of officers and soldiers, that a new governor shall be chosen.

Enter Walker.

WALKER.

Come, gentlemen, a new governor, the old one has gone off in disguise, with a bundle of sticks on his back. He would have staid if he dared to do so after his treachery; and has been fortunate in his escape from well-merited punishment. He witnessed the disappointment of the late king after all that had been promised to him. Such a disappointment is without a parallel in history; and how happy may we be, in the thought of its results to King William, Queen Mary, and the Protestant interest at this time, when so much depended on the transit of James and his army to Scotland.

Baker takes Michelburne aside.

BAKER.

A great part of the officers have desired that I

should take charge of the garrison, and be governor, because I have lived all my days among them, and never have been out of Ireland.

MICHELBURNE.

There is all the reason in the world, that they should have a governor of their own choosing; and I assure you, Colonel Baker, I am very glad of their choice, and what lies in my power, skill, or experience, shall not be wanted; for we must stand for the public good, and the preservation of this place, which is of so much consequence to the three kingdoms.

BAKER.

I assure you, that you shall have all the respect and all the freedom of opinion and action that can be given by me, and I may safely say, that what is devised or done by you in private or public, shall never be opposed by me. I know that my experience and ability in war are not to be compared with yours, so as to the military department you may manage it as you please.

MICHELBURNE.

I thank you, sir, you will find me always ready to do your service.

WALKER.

Come colonels; all this while at your private discourse? Let us proceed to the election of a governor, unless you wish to reinstate Colonel Lundy.

BAKER.

Well said, Walker, you will still be joking—light hearts are always young. I know you had an extra-

ordinary regard for the old governor: perhaps you would go on ship-board, and bring him back, to finish the negociation for surrender.

WALKER.

You found a wonderfully fit messenger for such an errand.

MICHELBURNE.

Lundy has gone to complain to King William, that we turned him out. It was, I acknowledge, rather harsh to do so, but much better than to leave him to finish his work of treachery, and have us all hanged. Self-love is not so great a crime as self-neglecting.

WALKER.

Now for a free and fair election—the most just and proper way.

ALL.

We agree to it.

WALKER.

These are the two men for our purpose; they bear away the bell, and can have no competitors. It is difficult to say which of them merits most, our beloved Baker or our faithful Michelburne. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp at Pennyburn Mill.

Enter Hamilton, Dorrington, Sheldon, Ramsay, and Lord Buchan.

SHELDON.

I understand, General Hamilton, that the king has left the whole concern of the campaign under your

care and conduct, and as you have been extremely fortunate hitherto, his majesty may be well assured that nothing will be wanted, to the reduction of these undisciplined rebels to obedience.

HAMILTON.

Alas! Sheldon, our cause is lost, notwithstanding all our successes between Dromore and Derry. The king might as well have staid in France, since we can effect nothing for him here, which was a point, from which we had reasonable expectation we could act on Scotland and the north of England. One day here is a month's loss. England will be alarmed—Scotland discouraged—Dundee may be defeated for want of our assistance—and the thousands who would join us on the English borders, where our interest is strong, will be dismayed, and many of them be tempted to throw their weight into the opposite scale. The Prince of Orange will soon understand our designs, and all our undertakings will be frustrated, which if this unlucky accident had not occurred, would have been successful. Were it not for the defence of this city, we would be soon in Scotland, and from that have proceeded triumphantly into England, while the king of France, all dominant as his fleets are at sea, would have made a powerful diversion in our favour on the southern coast. Alas! this obstinate town disappoints, daunts, and disgraces us. All the forces we have cannot reduce this inconsiderable place. It is a poor revenge to starve these people, and many would say, it is useless cruelty to do so, when we gain no advantage

by it; for while we are kept here, our friends in Scotland may be crushed, and an English army arrive in Belfast Lough to overwhelm us. In less than three months the English will land there, and beat us out of Ireland. Nothing grieves me more than the failure of this enterprise, promising as it was from the success we have had, and the interest we had secured in the city; for there were more Lundys than one in it; and our discomfiture has been in the presence of the king's most excellent majesty.

SHELDON.

I must regret that the cause of our disappointment has arisen from ourselves; we were so flushed with success, that we were sure of accomplishing our object; and this may be an example to future ages, not to despise an enemy, however despicable he may appear to be.

LORD BUCHAN.

This night the king sleeps at Strabane or Lifford. We hear his majesty has been invited to dine with Keys of Cavanacor; the next night he will be at the fort of Charlemont, and next day proceed on his way to Dublin. When it is thought he will call a parliament—make good all acts of settlement and explanation, so that the forfeited estates may return to their lawful owners—establish catholic corporations—and make such other laws as will secure the ascendancy of his own religion.

HAMILTON.

Calling a parliament is folly now—*Inter arma silent*

leges. He must conquer his enemies, before he can make laws to bind them. We have weighter matters in hand. The calling of a parliament was neither the king's business or intention, and whoever has reduced him to that measure, has not been judicious. The plan devised for his majesty with the cabinet council of the king of France, was to take fifty thousand catholic soldiers from Ireland and Scotland, and from that country where he has thousands of ardent loyal subjects, to proceed into England, where he has thrice the number. But this obstinate town ruins all—*(striking his breast)*—it stops our current—it is the destruction of our great designs—it makes little of us in the eyes of our friends, and lowers us in the estimation of our enemies—it will be our ruin. Thousands were favourable to our interest, until this appearance of the decrease of our power, and thereby we may judge from our knowledge of human nature, and the desire of self-preservation in every human being, will throw their weight in the opposite scale, and render the Prince of Orange completely successful.

RAMSAY.

If these people had been pardoned, and sent to their respective habitations, we might probably have had possession of this place at once, but you see how the contriving of mischief for others, falls, in its results, upon our own heads, spoils the king's affairs, and loses an opportunity of getting into Scotland, which we may never meet with again. All our ammunition, instead of coming safely and promptly by sea, must

now come by slow and hazardous land-carriage from Cork or Kinsale. In the mean time our cause is lost, otherwise we would have had here five hundred barrels of gunpowder and twenty pieces of cannon, without which we can effect nothing against the walls of Derry, and so many thousand desperate men within them. All our previous successes vain—here are we now in a wintry, rainy spring, without a sufficient supply of arms for those who may join us, and utterly without gun-smiths to preserve those we have in order. Delays of this kind cannot be retrieved in warfare—the king never, never will enjoy his crown again—he is ruined and so are we.

The Scene changes to the City.
Enter two Aldermen of Derry, both Captains of Companies of Foot.

FIRST ALDERMAN.

Talk of your honour! Nonsense! Nothing would serve you but come from behind your counter to be a captain; and I, who have also done the same, have been as great a fool as you have been—so now we are both likely to be hanged together, when we might, if content with our own station in life, have been living safely and making money by both parties.

SECOND ALDERMAN.

It is but too true. Little did I think when I was making high orange speeches at the Corporation Hall, where I said, "*I admired the spirit which induced the citizens to assemble there,*" unterrified by the Jacobites,

that I should become green as a leek before the termination of the approaching contest, and tell you now that I will be no more a captain in the Londonderry militia; I will this day throw up my commission to the new governor.

FIRST ALDERMAN.

But what does this signify? It is true we can say, when General Hamilton enters the city, that we refused to fight against King James, but he may have heard that I have been as pot-valiant as you have been, and rivalled you often times in "tearing a passion to rags" in the Corporation Hall; some body may tell him or the priests about him, that I bound myself by an oath there, "*to support the principles of the Apprentice Boys of Derry.*" How, then, can you suppose I could escape the halter and the hatchet?

SECOND ALDERMAN.

Why, we can both say that we were only humbuging the Derry men, to entrust us with commissions, which might enable us, like Lundy and Buchanan, to be the more serviceable to our lawful king and his religion,—that our commissions were irregularly granted from them, under a delusion practised upon them, that we have had them from the Prince of Orange,—and that, like many others, we—you and I, brother alderman—went upon our knees to prevent the apprentice boys from shutting Terry-quay gate against Lord Antrim's regiment last December, and that for our own wise purposes.

Hudibras says—

> " He that fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day,"
> But Lundy thinks 'tis very right,
> To run away before you fight.

This logic is very agreeable to me, brother captain. I can tell how that neither you nor I joined the Derry men on this occasion, but from downright fear of our throats being cut by the twelve hundred rapparees that came here with Lord Antrim, and that we observed Lord Tyrconnel's proclamation to a tittle, writing his excellency a respectful letter of apology for the rash refusal of our mob to admit the king's army into the city. I am still trembling for fear these explanations will not be regarded, and that I shall be hanged, quartered, and beheaded.

FIRST ALDERMAN.

And if you are trembling now, how will you feel before a popish jury, with a judge whose verdict will be dictated to him by a jesuit? I am apprehensive that you will be affected in your bowels, as those are whose perspiration is suddenly repelled by the frosty feelings of terror.

SECOND ALDERMAN.

There is one thing yet to be done: what think you of General Hamilton's protection?

FIRST ALDERMAN.

Well thought on: we must get it or we are ruined. I hear there is one George Hamilton who holds cor-

respondence with his namesake, and sells protections privately for half-a-guinea each.

SECOND ALDERMAN.

Does General Hamilton condescend to run snacks with him? I would give a whole guinea to have his excellency's seal to my protection; it would be then much more authentic. But let us first get rid of our swords and belts. (*They pull them off and throw them away.*) Go thy ways. Why was infernal gunpowder ever dug up from the peaceful bowels of the earth, to make men food for vultures? These swords ruin many a man—

"Ah me! what perils do environ,
The man who meddles with cold iron."

FIRST ALDERMAN.

But if the enemy should rush into the city by surprise, and get upon us by an escalade over the walls, what must we do then? They may cut me down or knock me on the head before I can get the protection out of my pocket. What must I say then?

SECOND ALDERMAN.

I have contrived to bolt the door with our kitchen-maid's pot-stick, if I cannot get a bar of iron. I am occupied an hour every night in barricading the lower windows with stones, so that they cannot get in, till I get out over the roof through a hole I have made in it; or if I should stay in my house, I will look out of one of the windows in the garret, and cry, break in if you dare, for I have General Hamilton's protection in

my pocket. Besides, I will get a green mark for the door from the Irish, and that may secure me.

FIRST ALDERMAN.

That's well thought on. And we will now go to our wives and acquaint them of our intentions.

SECOND ALDERMAN.

But hold, brother captain—pardon me, alderman, I mean—I am grievously troubled with the gout; do you see these rolls of flannel round my legs?

FIRST ALDERMAN.

It has attacked you very suddenly; you were never troubled with it before.

SECOND ALDERMAN.

You do not understand me; this may save my neck. I had some notion of swelling my head with a salivation for the purpose; but this mode is more convenient. I will let my beard grow long, and they will then say this poor old man is fitter for an hospital, than to be dangerous to us; so we may spare him. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter the first Alderman, with his wife.

WIFE.

Shame! shame! I little thought that after all your fine speeches, your resolution to die upon the wall rather than submit to a surrender, to see you dishonour yourself by giving up our glorious cause, and turning your back upon King William and Queen Mary. I took great delight in hearing your eloquence over night, and seeing you at the head of your company next morning. Put on your sword and belt again; go

out to your men who are on the wall—(*offers to put them on him.*) I would rather be widow of a brave man, than the wife of a coward.

FIRST ALDERMAN.

Widow!—you terrify me—I much fear you will soon be one; so I will wear no sword till we see peaceable times again, if I ever see them. I wash my hands now out of all this rash business; I shall be hanged—I shall be hanged, wife—if I proceed farther in it, and it will be well if I escape for what I have done already.

WIFE.

Never fear, man—there is no danger—put on your sword; you will be safer with it than without it; you have fifty stout fellows to follow you.

FIRST ALDERMAN.

I will not, wife—so take that for an answer; perhaps you are thinking of another husband, but I will disappoint you.

WIFE.

I could not get one more unworthy of a woman's love than you are—none but the brave deserve the fair; but you have not the heart of a chicken. Your brother, Stepstately, has persuaded you to this act of cowardice: he has rolled his legs in flannel, and pretends to have a fit of the gout. You are both arrant cowards;—on with your sword, man.

FIRST ALDERMAN.

Trouble me no farther wife; women are no judges of men's affairs.

WIFE.

Men's affairs!—when men become women, women must become men, to take their place, and I will take that of the wife of Aughtermuty. I will put on a pair of your inexpressibles, with your regimentals and your sword. So take charge of the hen-coop and the kitchen while I go to the head of your company on the walls.

FIRST ALDERMAN.

Away with you; the sooner you go the better for me, as I will then be in the way of living to meet with a more peaceable wife. Any thing but fighting, within doors or out of them for me. (*She ties her apron about the Alderman, and puts on his belt and sword.*)

WIFE.

Now you look like what you are, and I what I wish to be, an Amazonian warrior, and I could easily raise a regiment of my own sex in Derry. Come now give me your hand, farewell. If I die in battle you may marry a more dutiful wife. (*She takes his right hand in her left, and drawing the sword, strikes him a sound blow, with the flat of it, on his head, saying*)—I dub you, Sir Knight of the White Feather—away to the hen-coop—NO SURRENDER! (*Exeunt.*)

A noise and shouting without the scenes. Huzzas! Drums and Trumpets sounding.

Enter some soldiers, shouting—We have a new governor, one of our own choosing. Long live Major Baker, our worthy governor.

Enter Michelburne, Murray, Cairnes, and Walker.

CAIRNES.

Noble Baker is chosen to be our governor, and the true-hearted Walker his assistant. One for the conduct of the army, and the other for the care of the provisions, and the regulation of the civil affairs of the city. They are to have a council of five good men and true. We have now to regiment all the troops and companies within the walls; and will find some difficulty in doing so, from the number of officers who have gone from us. As soon as our companies are made up, we are to prepare muster rolls, and by the governor's orders you, Colonel Michelburne, are to muster the men.

Enter Governor Baker—they all salute him cordially.

BAKER.

Gentlemen, although I have had the honour to be entrusted with the care of all things within and without the city, in my absence or other occupation, you are all to observe and do whatever Colonel Michelburne commands you. He is in authority over the military department, next in command to myself, with great affection and kindness be it spoken. We will, I trust, under heaven, act together and manage all things well, for the preservation of this citadel of civil and religious liberty. But come, our time is precious, therefore let us to business. Do you agree to what we have long wished for—not to wait within the walls for an attack, but to sally out and fight the enemy; we

will do so with the great advantage of their not expecting us.

ALL.

We all agree to fight.

BAKER.

At six o'clock to-morrow morning?

ALL.

We do.

MICHELBURNE.

Quarter or no quarter?

ALL.

No quarter; they would give no quarter, although they should promise it, and we have no room here for prisoners—no food to spare for enemies.

MICHELBURNE.

I question not but that, by the blessing of heaven on a righteous cause, we shall make a glorious commencement of our operations. (*Exeunt.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE—*The Irish Camp, near Pennyburn Mill.*

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramsay, Waucop, Dorrington, and Lord Buchan.

HAMILTON.

I have had all those letters from the city, giving an account of the ringleaders of the rebels, and of their new governor; the old one, it seems, they have turned out, with a bundle of matches on his back, placed there to protect him in disguise from the mob, who would have torn him to pieces or hanged him if they caught him, in punishment for his fidelity to the king; and the return he made them, was a successful endeavour to persuade the officer commanding it to surrender the fort of Culmore—an important object for us, as if it remained in the hands of the rebels, we should be here between two fires. I hear he bribed an attorney, and two other persons, to sell the fort to him, and he had money enough to pay them handsomely.—The city is weak in its fortification, the wall being less than nine feet thick along the face of the ramparts, with a ditch and eight bastions, and some

new out-works hastily raised. Of all the guns upon the walls, placed there fifty years ago, scarcely twenty are fit for use. They have nearly twenty thousand women and children, and boys and men incapable of bearing arms, of which they have a scanty supply for their regiments, and Colonel Lundy has taken timely care that there should be a shortness of provisions in their stores.

RAMSAY.

But, sir, the private houses are well furnished with all they want in this way; and there is more meal and other provisions in some particular houses, than in the public stores. It is said that Walker's large house is full from top to bottom, though he does not wish it should be known that he has more than is necessary for his own family.

WAUCOP.

I had a letter last night from a very loyal man, who was deputy mayor to O'Neill, who was placed there when a quo warranto went against the charter of the corporation, and introduced loyal Catholics into the place of disaffected Protestants, as aldermen and burgesses—John Buchanan they called him; he always co-operated with Colonel Lundy, and I am surprised that he has not been sent of along with him. He, however, wishes to make his escape, with farther intelligence for us, and makes it his request, that your excellency will send him a protection for himself and his family, and many others.

HAMILTON.

My secretary is writing five hundred of them.

There is one of my name in the town, who makes great profit by selling them at half a guinea each.

LORD BUCHAN.

Your excellency may see that their cobweb government is already tottering.

HAMILTON.

If it be not tottering, I will soon make it totter, and tumble too; and then the rebels, like their host of English predecessors in high treason, shall totter and tumble from scaffolds in scores. We will make an example in Derry, like that which Cromwell made in Drogheda, after which every garrison town in Ireland yielded to him without opposition. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor Baker, with Colonels Michelburne and Cairnes, and Freeman the Town Major.

BAKER.

The enemy lies very secure this morning—partly, I think, from their opinion of our weakness, if not of our cowardice; they suppose we feel ourselves unequal to meet an army in the field, and dare not look at them except from over our walls.

MICHELBURNE.

I will try that, and we may happen to brush up their jackets for them.

CAIRNES.

They endeavoured to terrify us at sunrise this morning, by firing into the city from one of their culverins at the other side of the river; and I regretted to see

the effect it had upon some of the crowd in the Diamond: but it did little damage, except to the market-house.

MICHELBURNE.

They may happen to grow less nervous when they hear the first shot from Roaring Meg, followed by a heavy cannonading of the Irish camp from the rest of the large guns on the walls. Nothing like use in such matters; and the Irish may prove blundering marksmen, and so make more noise than mischief here. Colonel Murray, with his regiment of horse, and you as his lieutenant-colonel, will march on the right of us along the strand. Go to him, Cairnes, and tell him to be in readiness immediately; and desire him to take the two Blairs, Archibald Sanderson, and William Beatty, with their companies of foot, along with him. In all sudden attacks, an intermixture of infanty with cavalry has a powerful effect: Cæsar tried it at Pharsalia, and won the battle.

TOWN-MAJOR.

I saw Murray in his armour a few minutes ago, mounted at the head of his regiment; a noble fellow he is—six feet five in his stocking feet, and proportionably strong in his stature.

> "A scion worthy of his ancient line,
> Respecting laws both human and divine,
> Form'd, mind and body, for some great design."

MICHELBURNE.

He has proved this already. He was powerfully efficient in covering our retreat from Cladyford and

Castlefin, and may return the compliment of the murderous culverin before noon. It was meanness in Hamilton to attempt to make his venerable father influence him to abandon us.

> The old man then performed a Spartan deed,
> Which well became a Murray of the Tweed:
> From Philiphaugh these gallant heroes came,
> A line long known in Scottish rolls of fame.

It will be necessary that the garrison should be under arms until our return, and that a thousand men shall be ready to sally out, and support us, if there should be a necessity for their doing so—of which they shall be promptly informed.

BAKER.

All this shall be punctually observed.

MICHELBURNE.

Governor, adieu for a while. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Baker and Walker.

BAKER.

Our men march boldly on. The enemy seem to be in a violent hurry in their camp, as if they were expecting a sally. Our rere has been brought up by Captain Cochran, with his company of Armagh true blues, preceded by Major Ball and his Meath men, his gallant father accompanying them. This sabbath day will not be one of rest; but I hope the Lord's work may be lawfully done on his own holy day, in the case of sad necessity which imposes it as a duty on us.

WALKER.

We are now on equal terms with the enemy, who

never regarded the sabbath in their attacks upon those who regard it. I cannot resist the impulse I feel to be with our friends who have sallied out so gallantly, and am determined to go out with the thousand who are to support them, which I apprehend will be necessary. I should like to be near Murray on an emergency.

BAKER.

I think you are right in your resolution, and I will take care of all in the mean time.

Enter an Officer.

OFFICER.

The enemy has lined the ditches, and dare not engage us in the open field. (*Exit.*)

BAKER.

They may now send proposals to surrender themselves.

Enter another Officer.

OFFICER.

The fight has begun. (*Exit.*)

Enter a third Officer.

OFFICER.

The enemy gives way; our men have beaten them out of the ditch. I saw it from the walls, and heard the shout our men gave. (*Exit.*)

Enter a fourth Officer.

OFFICER.

The enemy fly, and are beaten over Pennyburn river, and our party have set two houses on fire.

BAKER.

Order Colonel Walker and a thousand men to march out as a reinforcement.

Enter a fifth Officer.

OFFICER.

Colonel Murray has done wonders, but is forced to give way, and he is pursued by the enemy's horse to the gates, the French Generals, Maumont and Pusignian, heading the pursuers.

Enter a sixth Officer from the fight.

OFFICER.

Colonel Murray, in his charge through the enemy, after his first repulse and the arrival of the reinforcement, had no less than three personal rencounters with the French General Maumont, in the last of which he killed him on the spot. A short time before this the Colonel was surrounded by a crowd of assailants, and likely to be overpowered by them, notwithstanding the prodigies of strength and valour which he exhibited; but Colonel Walker, who had come out on foot with the reinforcement, mounted a horse whose rider had been killed, rallied the retreating Derry men, and, at the imminent peril of his life, rescued his heroic brother soldier from impending death. General Pusignian has received a severe wound, General Porter another, and the Duke of Berwick has got so violent a contusion on the back-bone that at first it was thought he was killed; Major Taafe, brother of the Earl of Carlingford, has been killed, with six or seven

dragoons near him ; and it is thought that there is no one among the French engaged to-day, who has not been wounded or had his horse shot under him—they were much more forwrad in the fight than the Irish were, not one of whose officers, even Hamilton, distinguished himself.

BAKER.

I will go and welcome Michelburne and our gallant men of Derry back. Who talks of a surrender now ?

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene—General Hamilton's Quarters, near Pennyburn Mill.

HAMILTON.

A messenger came to me a few minutes ago, and told me that a swarm or two of the rebels came out of their hive to take the air ; they are so hot where they are that the old ones turn out the young ones to get rid of them. I will soon serve them as other bees are served—put brimstone under their hive and smother them all. I was, indeed, going to mount my horse and meet them ; but, on reflection, thought it not worth my while to do so. We shall have a hundred or two of them to hang presently, for I have given orders that they shall have no quarter. It is only three or four days' sport to tantalize them ; we may let them on till they play themselves, and get within our grasp, and then serve them as the cat does the mice—first amuse ourselves with them, and then devour them.

WAUCOP.

I like that very well, if it were no more than to make these traitors an example to others. While we have the king, and the whole weight of the population, on our side, we may make short work of it, with this fraction of the colonists, too weak to resist such a pressure.

Enter Sheldon.

HAMILTON.

What news, Sheldon? What prisoners have we for execution? The hangman is ready to do his duty; the judge need not interfere; every man taken is a convicted traitor, and shall receive the benefit of martial law.

SHELDON.

Prisoners!—your men are all beaten; they might have had prisoners enough of ours, if they would take the trouble of securing them. If Lord Galmoy had not come down with his horse, and Brigadier General Ramsay with his foot from Ballougry, we would have been utterly routed, and our whole army might fly for their lives. They, however, forced the rebels to retire; Ramsay himself had no mind to engage them. General Maumont has been killed, and Pusignian is mortally wounded.

HAMILTON.

Is it possible?

SHELDON.

It is very certain—too certain.

HAMILTON.

Oh, most miserable! These rebels begin to get heart, and this will double their number, while it increases their audacity. Let me have a fort built immediately, to cover Pennyburn Mill, and another at Ballougry, to preserve our infantry; and let the regiments of Sir Michael Creagh, Lord Slane, Sir Maurice Eustace, Lord Gormanstown, Colonel Nugent, Colonel O'Neill, Colonel Cavanagh, Colonel Butler, Lord Clancarty, Sir John Fitzgerald, and Sir John Bagnal, occupy the line from Ballougry mountain to Culmore fort, and so hermetically seal these rebels to the Foyle side, into which we will drive them, or bury them in the ruins of their devoted city. The king says, that if he had an army altogether English, they would bring him this miserable town, stone by stone, in three days: we will prove to his majesty that our Irish army is as willing and as able to do so. We can, when our heavy guns arrive, silence its batteries—for it is on all sides surrounded by high grounds; the walls are weak, and the old guns upon them honeysuckled.

(*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor Baker, Colonels Walker, Michelburne, Murray, and Cairnes, with the Town Major.

MICHELBURNE.

A blessed Sunday's work! This is now something to cheer us—some sport on our side, to raise our spirits and give us hope of ultimate success from so happy a beginning. Their carcases strewed the field; scarcely

a man of them got off without a wound, or having his horse shot under him. Noble Murray, you are covered with blooming laurels—how you laid about you; and Walker, light hearts are always young, you forgot you were a septuagenarian, when you rushed into the battle, to the relief of your gallant friend, when he was surrounded by the enemy. But here come some of of our men with their plunder; let us see what they have got—the more the better; they might have been content with their victory. I am always afraid of the consequences of stopping for plunder—many have been the sad results of it.

Enter six soldiers—they pass over the stage—one with a pair of jack-boots, a trooper's coat, and a case of pistols; the second with a fine laced saddle, crying, "Here's plunder;" *the third with a full-bottomed French wig, a silver-hilted sword, and gold-fringed gloves; the fifth with a green net purse, full of Spanish pistoles, crying,* "Plunder, boys, plunder—here's gold;" *the sixth saying,* "Here's a fine horse."

MICHELBURNE.

Why did you not bring him in?

SOLDIER.

He is too large to get in through the door; we took him from one of the field officers. (*Exeunt.*)

MICHELBURNE.

This success will greatly enliven our men; we now feel how the enemy's pulse beats; they propose no surrender of our indomitable city.

BAKER.

Aye, and their hearts, too. We have not yet done with them; they will rue the day that they came before the walls of Derry. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, Ramsay, and Dorrington.

HAMILTON.

This night there shall be an attack upon the Windmill; if we secure it, the city will be our own. Brigadier General Ramsay, you shall have the honour of this command; your long experience in the French service, tells me that no man can be fitter for it than you are. Remember, that the word is—NO QUARTER.

RAMSAY.

I thank your excellency for conferring so great an honour on me; all your orders shall be punctually observed. I will go and 'get all things in readiness.

(*Exeunt Ramsay.*)

DORRINGTON.

I fancy there will be but little opposition; their guards at the Windmill do not exceed one hundred men, nor are there any works of defence about it.

SHELDON.

They will not venture to make a sally when we are so near them; our patroles pass by the walls every night without disturbance.

HAMILTON.

Let us pursue it with vigour, undiminished by the check we have got; brave actions if not promptly followed up, were better to have been never begun.

DORRINGTON.

What number will your excellency order for the attack?

HAMILTON.

About three thousand; one battalion of the king's guards, Ramsay's whole regiment, Sir Maurice Eustace's fusileers, Colonel Butler's and Colonel Gordon O'Neill's regiments, and Lord Galmoy's horse to sustain them. I will now go and view them before they make ready to march. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to Derry.
Enter Michelburne with a Spy.

MICHELBURNE.

Well, my friend, what news from the enemy's camp?

SPY.

There is no less than four regiments of their foot, and one of horse, ordered to be ready. They are to march at ten o'clock to-night, but I could not learn their design. (*Exit spy.*)

MICHELBURNE.

Let them come—we shall soon find them. They must have more mettle than they had at Pennyburn Mill. They may come like thieves in the night, and find the reception of thieves from those who expect them. I, however, suspect what they are at, and will be on my post at the Windmill to meet the Quixottes. Our sentries will of course be set out, and at the approach of the enemy we will draw off to the Ravelin.

Enter Baker and the Town Major.

Freeman, give orders immediately for the garrison to get under arms, and repair to their several alarm posts; the enemy are on their march.

An alarm afar off, followed by another; a volley of small shot, succeeded by a second; an alarm nearer.

Re-enter the Town Major.

TOWN MAJOR.

Our men are beaten off the Windmill; Michelburne and his men have retreated to the Ravelin.

BAKER.

Go immediately and let him in, that we may consult what is most necessary to be done.

(*Exit Town Major.*)

We are beholden to General Hamilton for returning our visit to Pennyburn Mill.

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Hamilton, Sheldon, and Waucop.

HAMILTON.

You talked of trenches; what signified trenches when the enemy flanked us? Indeed had we trenches on the flanks, that would have been something, for when the rebels came upon us, with two bodies of men, and charged us right and left, we were then obliged to quit our trenches, and draw into a body, and then lay open to their guns from the walls, which made lanes through our men.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

The fight seems doubtful; great opposition and gallant fighting on both sides.

Enter another officer.

OFFICER.

Our men are falling very fast, for what the rebels want in skill they have in courage.

Enter a third officer.

OFFICER.

Our men give ground, and unless your excellency appears among them the victory will fall on the rebels' side.

HAMILTON.

That shall not be wanting. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor Baker, Colonel Cairnes, and the Town Major.

BAKER.

The day is ours, the enemy has fled.

CAIRNES.

Murray is in hot pursuit of them with his horse; but where is Michelburne?

TOWN MAJOR.

He will be here presently; he only staid to give Murray the necessary orders, how far he should pursue the enemy.

Enter Michelburne.

MICHELBURNE.

I think between our right and left we peppered them off in high style.

BAKER.

They will hardly come to the Windmill again for a day or two.

MICHELBURNE.

That regiment of Sir Maurice Eustace's, with their captain, stood stiffly to their business; the Dublin men fought well, and the mayor proved he was equal to a higher military office than that of a paymaster; but when they saw us draw near them, with our last reserve, their courage forsook them, and they took to their heels. How like stags they bounded over the ditches, while the Derrymen, like true bred beagles, scoured after them in full cry.

A great shout within—"Make room for my Lord Netterville." *Two soldiers lead his lordship in—three of his fingers cut off, and a cut on his face—a lusty, fat old man. They set him down in a chair.*

BAKER.

Who are you, sir?

LORD NETTERVILLE.

The unfortunate Netterville.

BAKER.

What! Lord Netterville?

LORD NETTERVILLE.

So they call me, for I am a peer of the realm; three

score years and ten; and yet I was fascinated to turn soldier in my old age. My spirit is faint—pray let me lie down.

WALKER.

Get a surgeon immediately—his lordship is fainting; get him a glass of sack quickly. (*Wine brought.*)

BAKER.

My service to your lordship; your good health.

NETTERVILLE.

I thank you, sir. (*He takes the glass.*) Pray do me the favour of letting me lie down somewhere.

BAKER.

Your lordship shall have a comfortable room, a good bed, and every requisite attendance.

(*Exit Lord Netterville with attendants.*)

Another great shout within.

Enter two serjeants, bringing in Colonel Talbot, bleeding, and carried on a hand-barrow. After him Sir Garret Aylmer is brought in, and laid by the soldiers on the stage.

BAKER.

Pray who is this?

WALKER.

It is Colonel Talbot, otherwise wicked Will Talbot, brother to Lord Tyrconnell.

BAKER.

He has been blessed Will, bad as he may have been, that the soldiers did not knock him on the head. I wish his relative, our oppressor, were in his place; but he is a hostage worth taking care of.

TOWN MAJOR.

As I with some others were viewing the dead bodies, whose should we see but that of Brigadier General Ramsay, the officer that commanded the attack. We found General Hamilton's order in his pocket-book—the word was, NO QUARTER.

CAIRNES.

I suppose Ramsay, in his desperation at failing to accomplish his object, neither called for nor desired quarter; he was esteemed the most efficient officer in the Irish army, with the exception of General Hamilton.

WALKER.

We consider that about two hundred of the enemy have been killed in the action, and that no less than five hundred have been wounded, most of them very severely.

BAKER.

Send a drum to General Hamilton, desiring he would send out a detachment to bury his dead. It is to be hoped that this will be done in a decenter and less slovenly manner than at Pennyburn Mill, where they scarcely covered the dead bodies with earth, leaving them to be food for dogs and birds of prey.

(*Exit Town Major.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

HAMILTON.

It is yet uncertain how many principal officers we

have lost in this unfortunate enterprise, neither is it known whether the rebels gave any quarter or not.

DORRINGTON.

I think they did give quarter, otherwise they would not have taken any prisoners. Numbers, you see, have been severely wounded, and it is believed by all who have escaped, that our loss is very considerable. Colonel Nugent has been as badly wounded as I have been; he distinguished himself so much for his intrepidity and activity, that he could hardly escape on such a trying occasion. I hear that seven field officers, and about thirty captains, lieutenants, and ensigns, have been killed or taken. Our soldiers behaved very badly; at the most critical time, when their valour might have turned the scale in our favour, they ran away, shamefully leaving their officers in the lurch.

SHELDON.

The desertions have been increasing in an alarming manner since our disaster at Pennyburn Mill, and I do not think there are now more two thousand of the king's army in their camp, notwithstanding all that had come down with us; many of them run away as soon as they lay hold on any plunder, and two thousand of them either having died by disease or killed in battle, since we came into Ulster, the remainder shake and tremble when drawn out for battle, and are so undisciplined, and particularly so ignorant of the use of matchlocks, that they are the most inefficient body of men I ever beheld in my life; but, bad as they are, it grieved me to see the best of them, those who re-

mained with their officers, carried off in many carts towards St. Johnstown.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

Sad news, sad news—Brigadier General Ramsay has been killed, with Captains Kelly, Fox, and Barnewall, and Ensigns Barnewall and Caddell. Lord Netterville, Sir Garret Aylmer, Lieutenant Colonel Talbot, Lieutenant Newcomen, and Colonel Gordon O'Neill, have been badly wounded.

HAMILTON.

These losses grieve my heart; particularly the death of Maumont and Ramsay. We will not, however, reiterate the error of sending a funeral to proclaim our disasters from Derry to Dublin, as we did in the case of the gallant Pusignian;—let the remains of brave Ramsay be honourably buried in his uniform, on the spot where he fell, as soon as our detachment proceed there to bury our dead. His loss is irreparable; I never knew an abler officer; indeed scarcely one that could be compared with him, as to valour, prudence, or presence of mind.

LORD BUCHAN.

I cannot account for these successes of an undisciplined enemy, not one out of an hundred of whom know the manual exercise, or saw a shot fired in anger.

OFFICER.

But, my lord, most of them have been habituated to

the use of fire-arms and horses from their infancy; so that they are as good marksmen as they are intrepid riders. And the long guns used by them in shooting the Derry widgeon, and the Loughswilly barnacle, are, in the hands of these atrocious rebels, as the very best rifle-barrelled muskets in those of experienced riflemen; and by the unerring aim they have taken at us within these last few days' fighting, their fears, if they have any, seem to magnify our men in their eyes to the size of wild geese. One thousand of such fellows would make havoc among six millions of such men as our newly levied troops, who have a terror of the sight or smell of gunpowder—who are subject to panics, to sudden frights without cause, and who are provided with arms scarcely fit for use, and without any gun-smiths, except Protestant prisoners.

HAMILTON.

Who would be as unwise in putting a strong instead of a weak spring in one of our muskets, as a heretical bishop or priest would be in building a battery against himself, in a house of worship for the mother and mistress of all churches. As to our arms, the condition of them is most alarming; we have not even a Protestant prisoner here who could repair them, if he would do so effectually, though there are many thus employed in Dublin, who have long since taken the precaution not to take apprentices of any but their own religion, and to whose wilful neglect we may attribute the present state of our muskets. I have not, in all my army, a single gun-smith, and in our strong-

est battalion, more than two-thirds of it are without swords, belts, or bandaliers; the strongest troop of our cavalry and dragoons has not, from this cause, more than twelve or fourteen troopers able for efficient service. This must be promptly represented to the king. We must, in the mean time, find out some other way to reduce this city, now grown more obstinate from the great number of our men's arms which have fallen into their hands, besides several of our colours, three of them carried off by their women, to the great disgrace of our men. They have got three pieces of our cannon, with many cart-loads of pickaxes, spades and shovels, with ten barrels of our gunpowder, several drums and halberts. Let a parley be beaten at sunrise to-morrow morning, that we may know what prisoners they have taken, and what time we may send out detachments to bury our dead; and when that is done, let it be performed more decently than it was after our disaster at Pennyburn Mill.

Enter an Express, who delivers a letter to General Hamilton, which he reads—

"Sir—The king is much dissatisfied at your slow proceedings, and the great defeat you have lately met at Pennyburn Mill, when you suffered yourself to be surprised, by a contemptible enemy, with the loss of such men as Maumont and Pusignian. To guard against a recurrence of such a disaster, Marshal Rosen, an officer of experience, employed in suppressing the Huguenots of Languedoc, and a Lieutenant

General of the French cavalry, an excellent officer of great bravery and application, has been sent to summon Enniskillen, with ten thousand men; after the reduction of which inconsiderable town, he will then advance to take the command of his majesty's army before Derry, which the king is impatient to have in his possession, as the occupation of it by the rebels is an impediment to all his measures, and threatens to be the utter ruin of his cause.

"The eight hundred men sent to Lord Dundee have safely arrived in the highlands of Scotland, where the abhorrence of Presbyterianism, to which the Prince of Orange is devoted, has rendered them most acceptable. Edenburg Castle is stoutly defended by his Grace the Duke of Gordon.

"Farewell—MELFORT."

Famine, plague, and death light upon the town of Derry; the traitors in it persist in their wickedness, and glory in their rebellion. I would take them to my heart, and give them all the kingdom could afford, if they would but stop short in their career to destruction, and return to their allegiance. So far from this, however, they are building two privateers, which will be launched in a few days. This will not only enable them to pass our troops on the river-side, but be the means of getting thence a supply of provisions, which they are in much want of at present, from the shores of the Upper Lough, towards St. Johnstown, Porthall, and Lifford. As for the Lower Lake, we have it sealed

from their expected relief by the boom, which it is impossible they could break through in spite of the strong batteries at each end of it, on the banks of the river. It is now completed; the first we made would not float, and was broken by the spring tides, but that which we have now fixed there is of lighter materials, and will answer the purpose better. It is fastened at one end through the arch of a bridge, and at the other by a huge piece of timber, the larger end of which has been fixed in the ground and fastened by heavy stone work. I have no further reply to make to this letter, than to say that there is a rumour that the English troops, designed for the reduction of Ireland, are about to embark at Highlake, near Chester, under the command of Duke Schomberg—ninety vessels, carrying nearly ten thousand horse and foot; and that I hear, but do not believe, that fifty or sixty ships have been discovered making for the harbour of Lough Foyle or that of Lough Swilly, equally contiguous to us, and designed for the relief of the Londonderry rebels. (*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Baker, Michelburne, and Cairnes, and with them a Countryman.

BAKER.

Repeat again what you told me respecting what you saw about the English shipping.

COUNTRYMAN.

It is now five days since I saw the English fleet off

the coasts of Down and Antrim, not far from Carrickfergus, steering their course towards Derry; and, at the same time, we saw some boats making for the Copeland Islands, where we were given to understand that the fleet was for the relief of Londonderry, and that there were five thousand men on board, under the command of General Kirke, together with ammunition and provisions for the garrison.

CAIRNES.

With your approbation, governor, let us have a day's rejoicing. The bells of the cathedral should be rung, and the cannon from the walls ought to be discharged, to strike terror into the hearts of the Irish army and their French General.

MICHELBURNE.

Let this be delayed for a day or two, till our spies return with more encouraging intelligence.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Rosen, with a General's Staff, followed by Hamilton, Sheldon, Dorrington, the Earl of Clancarty, Lord Buchan, and others.

ROSEN.

My lords and gentlemen, the accounts of the two defeats which you have suffered from the rebels, one at Pennyburn Mill and the other at the Windmill, have thrown King James into a state of melancholy, bordering upon despair; and I understand that the loss is much greater than has been represented to his ma-

jesty—no less than that of Generals Maumont, Pusignian, and Ramsay, with fifty carts of wounded men sent to St. Johnstown, several of them field officers.

HAMILTON.

Ill fortune sometimes attends the bravest soldiers. We wanted not men of great experience and excellent conduct; and as for one of them, unfortunately lost to us by the vicissitude of war, Brigadier General Ramsay, he had skill, courage, and experience, which capacitated him for a Marshal of France.

ROSEN.

General Hamilton, and you, gentlemen, you must now retrieve your lost honour, and revive your king's drooping spirits. I have a reinforcement of fifteen hundred men with me, who are able to bring that little town to me, commanded as it is by eminences on all sides of it, stone by stone. I entertain an utter contempt of it, and its undisciplined defenders; and I now swear, in your presence, that I will demolish and bury every man, woman, and child, between its crazy walls, in the ruins of them and the houses they surround. What military man could doubt the practicability of this, who saw the place as I did this morning? I have positive orders to reduce this nest of rebels, and will do so, cost what it may. Let all things be ready to-morrow morning for a general attack.

(*Exeunt.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE—*The Irish Camp.*

Enter Rosen, Hamilton, and Sheldon.

ROSEN.

I want to know if all things be ready for a general attack?

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

Please your excellency, all is ready—we only wait your signal for a battle.

ROSEN.

Go immediately and cause the guns to fire; take care that all is right. (*Exeunt.*)

ROSEN—*solus.*

'Tis not for James but Louis that we fight,
For James to him has now transferred his right;
When Rome and France in Erin's Isle prevail,
England's whole force to save her can't avail;
A Gallic province soon this land must be,
And then farewell to English heresy.

(*Exit.*)

Drums beat, trumpets sound, cannons fire; a great shout is heard at a distance, followed by another loud one nearer.

Enter Rosen and Hamilton.

ROSEN.

Never did men stand their ground like these rebels, for notwithstanding our men were all under their works, not one of them flinched—not an individual retreated; and then the slaughter they made from their breast-works and their flankers!

HAMILTON.

They are men of undaunted and indomitable resolution; much more courageous than our men, and certainly far better marksmen. They level their guns exactly, and do fearful execution with them.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

Our horse have leaped over the stone ditches on the strand, and have broken in upon the rebels. Dorrington pushes hard on the north side of the Windmill.

Enter a second officer.

OFFICER.

The rebels give way. (*Rosen and Hamilton huzza.*)

Enter a third officer.

OFFICER.

The rebels advanced up with a reserve of five hundred men, and entirely routed the king's regiment of guards. Brigadier General Dorrington is severely wounded, we fear mortally.

Enter a fourth officer.

OFFICER.

Bad news! bad news! Our grenadiers have been driven back; six troops of horse entirely cut off; Lord Mountgarret's son, with many others, either killed or taken prisoners; and sixty gentlemen volunteers, French or Irish, lost.

Enter a fifth officer.

OFFICER.

Colonel O'Farrel and Captain Graham have been killed, Captain Watson of the king's guards taken prisoner, and an hundred more whose names we have not been able to ascertain.

ROSEN.

Go, cause a retreat to be sounded; I shall lose my army.

OFFICER.

They have retreated fast enough already, for our men have all fled, and eight or nine hundred of the rebels, with a body of horse, are in hot pursuit of them, cutting the rear guards down.

ROSEN.

Confusion—most confounded! Oh, that I ever came among such chicken-hearted savages! I will, however, meditate upon what is to be done to-morrow, and sleep but little to-night. Slumber but ill fits a general officer situated as I am now. But a device occurs to me—that one which I used with success more than once against the heretical rebels in Languedoc, when I suppressed them by fire and sword—I will

starve all the Protestant population in this part of Ulster, man, woman, and child, from Cavan to Carrickfergus, and from Newry to Derry. I will send forth my edict to-day, to drive without delay all the old and young heretics, of whatever degree and quality soever, within the eight counties of Ulster, protected or unprotected, without respect of persons, to die of hunger around the walls of Derry, or be buried in the ruins of it with the rebels there.

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Governor Baker, Colonels Michelburne, Walker, Cairnes, and the Town Major, Captain Freeman.

WALKER.

Providence makes us successful; there is light for the righteous in darkness, and joy for those who are true of heart. He, in whose holy cause, we fight against thrice our number, has made us invincible—for, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. He has taught our hands to make war, and our fingers to fight."

CAIRNES.

Two remarkable proofs that the all-seeing eye of a merciful God, in whose cause we stand here, under his holy protection, to conquer or die, may be found in recent occurrences within our walls, apparently accidental:—you are all aware as well as I am, that when, by reason of deserters going daily from the city, we were under remarkable and great apprehension that the enemy would get intelligence that a great part of

our gunpowder was lodged in Mr. Campsie's cellar, to whose house bombs might be thrown so as to blow it up and ruin us—you, governor Baker, took the precaution to remove it to another and less exposed place, and the very next day, a bomb broke into Campsie's cellar, which would have blown up the gunpowder. Another instance was, that one of these bombs broke into a cellar near the Butcher's-gate, and when some of us had the curiosity to go down to examine what mischief it had done, we saw seven of the enemy, who had been working at a mine to pass under the gate, lying there dead.

MICHELBURNE.

Walker, let this and our recent success, be the subject of our sermon in the cathedral next Sunday; your words have the weight and influence which they deserve upon our soldiers.

WALKER.

It shall be so, God willing; I need no preparation to speak to such a congregation as assemble there; I think the fervour of their devotion rises by the intensity of their sufferings for our sacred cause, so that real good is rising out of troubles and trials, and that it is good for us, and, perhaps, for millions yet unborn, that we have been afflicted! "Non palma sine pulvere,"—the blood of martyrs is the seed of the church. And here that seed is in progress of being sown so abundantly, that, in due time, a glorious harvest may be expected.

BAKER.

Let a parley, as already ordered, be now beaten, that the enemy may come to bury their dead. But Walker, I again say, remember to preach next sabbath-day to us who live here in hope of a deliverance from our cruel persecutors.

WALKER.

I am under no temptation to refrain from doing so.

Enter two young ladies, Deborah and Letitia, leading a captain of King James's guards prisoner.

DEBORAH.

This captain is my prisoner; I came first up to him, and, with a cocked pistol, commanded him to beg his life, which he instantly did, giving me this purse of Spanish pistoles; and here, young soldier, is your purse again, you may want it more than I do, so it is at your service. Governor, judge now if he be not my prisoner.

BAKER.

He certainly is, dear Amazon, subdued by a less powerful weapon than your lovely eyes, although they may have seemed to him "severe in youthful beauty."

One of the soldiers attempts to put his hand in the prisoner's pocket.

DEBORAH.

If you dare to touch my prisoner—(*raising her pistol*)—I will blow your brains out; we women, when we take men prisoners, will not suffer their pockets

to be picked, although we may in due time acquire a legal right to do so ourselves, most considerately for those who should assist us in appearing lovely to them.

BAKER.

I protest, ladies, you ought to be chronicled—happy mothers of generations of heroic apprentice boys for ages to come; you made your attack at the very time and place when and where most honour was to be gained.

LETITIA.

Noble governor, give us leave to see our captive captain safely and comfortably lodged. Come, captain, we are both merciful and charitable, and will every day come and dress your wounds.

CAPTAIN.

One or other of you, dear ladies, may perhaps inflict, unconsciously, much deeper wounds, with the sole power of curing them. I attend you gratefully.

(*Exeunt ladies with their prisoner.*)

Enter Felicia and Gertrude.

GERTRUDE.

Unfurl the colours, Felicia. Noble governor, we were two of the party of eight hundred, that were upon the reserve which was ordered to pursue the enemy: we overtook an ensign, who had slipped the colours off the staff, and was tying them about his waist, that he might secure them there and fly with less observance and more speed; half a dozen shots, however, were fired at him, and down he fell; the soldiers

were not long in getting off his clothes—one got his money and another got his watch, but these beautiful white silk colours, ornamented with the fleur de lis of Louis le Grand, had more attraction for us, so we desired no more than them, for our share of the plunder. We were almost breathless; these petticoats of ours so hindered us, that we could not run without difficulty; had we more convenient habiliments for war, we should have been, perhaps, foremost, in the pursuit. The Derry ladies are ever zealous in a good cause; no Lundys among them—no cowards.

FELICIA.

The gentleman had a fair skin, though he was red haired. Why he carried these instead of Irish colours, we know not, except they had been lost by an officer of one of the French regiments lately arrived here with Rosen, for by a letter found in his pocket, as we heard afterwards, it appeared that he was the son of Sir John Fleming.

BAKER.

'Twas bravely done, sweet ladies.

(*The Governor and Colonel Michelburne kiss them.*)

GERTRUDE.

But, Felicia, what has become of our Amazon—our brave captain? and her sisters, Letitia and Deborah, and their captive captain?

BAKER.

They are all safe; you will find them at home, or with their young prisoner, who is in no danger of being neglected by them. I suppose they are now dressing

his wounds. There is now no danger, except their falling out about the privilege of being the chief operator. He must be more or less than man, if he has not made the choice already. Major Freeman, receive these colours from the ladies, whom I desire you shall see to their lodgings. I will dispose of them in the cathedral, with the rest of our trophies of war, where, Walker, you will be animated by the sight of them on Sunday when preaching to us.

(*Exit the Town Major, with the ladies.*)

BAKER.

I would fain know what number of the enemy's horsemen have been killed?

WALKER.

Between sixty and seventy, as I have heard.

Enter the Town Major.

BAKER.

Freeman, go you and get what butchers and others you can, to have the horses skinned, and such of them as are only disabled by wounds to be carefully bled; all of them to be cut up in quarters, salted, and secured in barrels—they may serve us instead of more acceptable food for a month to come. Horse flesh has been often used on the Continent, and some say nearer home, particularly when young and in good condition; but not a word of this to our Donegal friends, for fear of affronting them. The Mayo men bleed all their cattle, and make black puddings of the blood. I apprehend we may soon be in severe want of food. It is some time since we had any fresh meat; let me have a

dish of steaks sent to my cook, to dress them for dinner. The enemy have not yet come out to bury their dead; their neglect of this duty is as dishonourable to them, as their careless mode of performing the sad office is offensive to us. (*Exit the Town Major.*)

MICHELBURNE.

The next thing will be to know if any news have arrived from the English fleet, which have been in the harbour these six or seven days; the delay of their arrival here is most alarming.

WALKER.

I was in hopes that this relief might have been here before this time.

BAKER.

I rather think they are but two or three vessels, the forerunners of a greater fleet; in which case it would be hazardous for them to come out of the Lough into the river, and most dangerous for them to attempt to break the boom. They understand their business better than we can. I wish they were here, but have no hope of their being able to break the boom, or pass that narrow part of the river; even if it were not there, the batteries on each side would soon sink them.

MICHELBURNE.

If we had some provisions, of which we may very suddenly be in severe want, they might take their time. The employment of Colonel Kirke, a hard, bigotted, and cruel man, to command the fleet coming to our relief, has been censured very generally by our friends in England; and King William, by reposing a

similar trust to Hamilton and Lundy, with such lamentable consequences in both cases, seems to have some secret but powerful foes in his privy council. Enemies to the crown in the cabinet, are snakes in the grass—the most formidable of traitors. Conscious of his unpardonable conduct in the West of England, and convinced that the Protestants will never be reconciled to him, Colonel Kirke may deem it wisdom to do somewhat here to regain the confidence of his old master, whom he betrayed, and of our enemies, who are encouraged in their attempts to destroy us by his withholding the relief sent for us by King William. We are here now without animal food, except that of the salted flesh of the enemy's half starved horses, and but little flour or meal in our stores, having been so improvident as to be making barley into malt last March, when we had reason to fear we would be starving before midsummer.

BAKER.

Let orders be given that the garrison shall be put upon half allowance from this day.

WALKER.

That has been already done; I wish we could have but quarter allowance. You all know how the mob has already used me; with what ingratitude they have treated me. It is but a day or two, my dear Baker, when I had just gone out of your sick room, to which I had gone as a sanctuary from their fury, that they went to my house and searched it for me—not finding me there, they robbed it of all the beer, wine, and

butter in it, but, on second thoughts, they lodged them in the public stores; some threatening to put me in gaol, others to shoot me. They then took all the prisoners and carried them to gaol. If the feelings which prompted the multitude to these acts of outrage are exasperated by hunger, or from a delay of the relief sent to us, Kirke will complete what Lundy had begun, and he may land here in time to execute the orders of another Jeffries.

BAKER.

I find myself much indisposed; and my being called out of my warm room, on that occasion, has, I fear, brought on a relapse of my sickness, which was severe enough in its first attack. I have some apprehension that it may be fatal.

MICHELBURNE.

God forbid; you have only caught cold on this late action, having been out from sunset to sunrise, but I hope it will pass over, by care not to expose yourself to the sharp winds of this wintry spring, not leaving your house for some short time; you can occupy yourself there as usefully to us as any where else—your commands will be promptly obeyed. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene—The Irish Camp.

Enter Rosen, Hamilton, Sheldon, and Lord Buchan.

ROSEN.

Though you tell me that driving men, women, and children under these walls will be an inhuman action, I tell you it may be merciful in its consequences, by

putting an end to a protracted siege, in which there has been a prodigious loss of lives on both sides; and it is not without precedent in a more civilized part of Europe than this is. I tell you, Hamilton, that the most Christian king, my master, has found very lately a method exactly similar, for punishing and subduing his heretical subjects in Languedoc, and other parts of his kingdom. So we want not a precedent for what I have ordered to be done. I do not think it amiss that King James should imitate his example; and as for King Louis, do you think he would be kinder to Irish rebels than to his own subjects? and I can tell you, whether you like it or not, that his most Christian majesty's ambassador, Count D'Avaux, exercises his stipulated right to act as James's prime minister in Dublin Castle.

HAMILTON.

I have neither time nor inclination now to enter on any dispute about the wisdom of the acts of this ambassador, or the good or bad results from them—especially the detaining of our king from us in holding a parliament in the metropolis, when his presence would be so advantageous to us here—besides, the violation of his royal promise, given under his hand and seal, to protect the innocent, such men as pray for him, and have kept off from the rebels, who bid us defiance in Derry. Would you have eight or nine counties depopulated, after so solemn a promise of protection, and starve thousands of all ages and sexes for the rebellion of one proud city? It would be

more merciful to make one general massacre than to starve these poor people under the walls of Derry.

ROSEN.

Heretics, innocent men, praying for a Catholic king! Heretics—loyal subjects to King Louis or King James! The Hamiltons, in Derry and out of it, including the Archdeacon of Raphoe, who entertained his king in the Castle of Mongevlin, may be praying for him, and be good subjects—but of this I have my doubts. To massacre these men would be too merciful, too quick a mode to send them out of our way. It would not answer our ends now, but when we get this city we will be able to clear the kingdom of all who will not conform to the Church of Rome, and return to their allegiance to King James, and my royal master Louis le Grand. We shall have no more Huguenot rebellions here as in France. My will and command will be a law, and as such must be obeyed.

The Scene changes to Derry.

Enter Michelburne and Walker, and with them an Officer.

OFFICER.

Governor Baker, after five days' sickness—our noble Governor Baker—is dead. His end was accelerated by the shock he got at the insult offered at his door to his beloved friend, Colonel Walker; and at this moment the same mob are busy pulling down the

remainder of the market-house, and carrying off the floors and roof for fuel.

MICHELBURNE.

Alas! we are undone. My fellow-labourer in all our difficulties and distresses!—(*Pulls out a handkerchief and wipes tears from his eyes.*) What shall we do now? Miseries increase upon us and are aggravated by the folly and ingratitude of the mob.—Walker, they would have broken your heart also had it not been made of steel; but the Lord who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, fits the back for the burthen it is to bear. As to me, and to every one of us who would save this distressed city,

> Let each but think what dangers he has past,
> And few will fear what perils are to come.

O my dear friend Baker! were it not for the love of those like him, who are yet spared to us, I would rejoice in going with him, and welcome death to-day.

WALKER.

Heaven forbid! Then indeed should we have cause to despair, and be in a miserable condition, notwithstanding all our sucesses. It is not the part of wise men to shed unavailing tears for the friends who have been taken from them, but to proceed more steadily and perseveringly in the course which those they loved would be happy in the knowledge of their going on. Rouse up your spirits, Michelburne, and consider what a heavy trial is approaching us. Moderate your grief, and turn it to rage against a perfidious enemy. Muster up your tried skill, experience, and presence

of mind, to divert the ruin of so many thousands of men, women, and children whom we see now around us, or driven under our walls, to die there of hunger, or accelerate our own deaths from the same frightful cause by being taken into the city.

MICHELBURNE.

It is all over; go and assemble the citizens and chief officers, to choose a governor to supply the place of our departed friend.

WALKER.

Who can govern, who can manage so weighty a concern so effectually as yourself? No other man in the garrison could pretend to it.

MICHELBURNE.

Let this be as it may, it is due to the citizens and the garrison to call for a prompt deliberation on the subject in a public assembly. I would not put a slight upon my honoured fellow-citizens, by assuming any authority without being duly elected to do so.

CAIRNES.

Michelburne is right; this ought to be done without delay. I am quite sure that the safety of our city depends, under heaven, upon the governor we choose to-day. None of us have had the military education and experience which he has had; few, perhaps, have ever proved how valuable such training is to the commander of an army. Convinced of this, our late and justly-lamented governor, notwithstanding the sad misunderstanding that existed between them a short time before, recommended our worthy friend and

fellow-soldier here to be his successor in the government of Londonderry, and the commander-in-chief of the army. (*Exeunt.*)

Manent Michelburne and the Town Major.

MICHELBURNE.

Freeman, call here some carpenters.

(*Exit Freeman.*)

So wicked, so detestable a design, and so diabolical a contrivance was never known before in a Christian nation. Does this inhuman Frenchman think that this barbarity will compel us to surrender this city, which is the key and fortress of the kingdom, and the only one left us to prevent their passing over into Scotland, and practice the same inhumanity upon Glasgow and Edinburgh, and then proceed with fire and sword into the north of England? No: this attempt exasperates me the more, and my blood boils to study a legitimate revenge for such incomparable villany—one suitable to the tyrant's cruelty. Far be it from us to descend to an imitation of it, but, situated as we are, what can we do to frustrate it? Necessity justifies the sad alternative, which is, to hang, quarter, and behead all the prisoners here, and pitch their mangled bodies over the wall, as a spectacle to those who caused their death. They may truly say it is cruel to do so, after quarter has been given, but they have been the teachers of this cruelty, and the cause of its being unavoidable; and moreover, it is no more than their own practice, to

give quarter and then murder their prisoners. The same measure they give to us must be meted to them. It must be so; if the Protestants of nine counties must starve by the foreigner who domineers over General Hamilton and the Irish army, all the prisoners of that army within the walls of Derry, must die upon the scaffold. If, however, General Rosen will remove the poor people from our walls, none of our prisoners shall be put to death.

Enter Town Major Freeman.

FREEMAN.

Sir, there are five carpenters at the door.

MICHELBURNE.

Let them come in—(*Enter Carpenters.*) Do you, my good fellows, know how to erect a gallows—a work not often required in Derry? We want the means in that way to execute thirty prisoners—a peer of the realm and twenty-nine gentlemen. Neither lord, knight, or squire is to be spared, on the first approach of the Protestants, who are driven towards us. I am as absolute here for King William as General Rosen can be in his camp for the King of France.

FIRST CARPENTER.

Yes, sir; we know how to build a gallows; any man who has erected a weigh-master's crane can do so. In the country the branch of a tree would serve for one; it is very easy to find means to hang men when we wish to do so. We can hang them also for you.

MICHELBURNE.

Well said,—but I will find others for the drudgery of tying the ropes about the necks of Lord Tyrconnel's brother and his fellow-prisoners. I will pardon Lord Netterville, Sir Garret Aylmer, and some others of them for hanging the rest.

SECOND CARPENTER.

No pardoning, we beseech your excellency. This is the most agreeable employment we have ever been called to.

MICHELBURNE.

Since you are so desirous of office I am unwilling to disappoint you. To-morrow morning, all materials being found for you, let me have the gallows erected on the double bastion, in view of General Rosen's tent, that he may see them swing as he lies in his bed in the morning, from which, if I know anything of human nature, or the general indignation of the Irish army at his cruelty, I should not wonder if he would be sent in here for execution himself, to finish the tragedy. Let the sides and the pins of the ladder be of the strongest materials, if not so the whole must be pulled down and re-edified.

FIRST CARPENTER.

You will like it well enough. If I do not please you, let me never carry a budget of tools on my back. I would rather be at such work, than be eating a dinner, though I have not had one for the last three days —our breakfast consumes all our allowance.

(*Exeunt carpenters.*)

MICHELBURNE.

Now let us pay the last duties to our departed friend and governor. His remains are to be deposited on the porch side of the communion table in the cathedral, just under one of the French flags, lately placed over it by the brave ladies who brought them in. The rector of Ballyscullen is to preach the funeral sermon.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Michelburne as Governor, with a prospective glass, and Captain Freeman the Town Major.

GOVERNOR.

When I beheld from the steeple, through this glass, this large body of people, I was apprehensive that it might be a reinforcement of the besieging army, until I perceived crowds of women and children among them, and heard their cries and shrieks. It pierced my heart to think that any of the natives of this lovely island should thus be treated by a foreign tyrant. Oh, horror black and dismal! What would I not suffer for sake of those innocent people; many of them happy in their own homes but a short year ago, and little thinking that they should ever fall into their present condition—several of them of the higher and middle orders. But to surrender, even for so humane a purpose, is not to be spoken of, and the man within the walls who says so, must die upon the spot; nor do I think there is one among us who, to save his life, would say the word. We have but one alternative, Town Major Freeman; take a guard with you and put

all the prisoners in the condemned cells of the dungeon, and order them to prepare for death at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. They shall be then executed; and every Irish or French prisoner taken must be served in the same way.

Enter some carpenters and a mob.

FIRST CARPENTER.

Noble governor, we have completed the gallows, thirty feet high, and strong enough to hang the French general and the whole of his army. Which of the prisoners shall be executed first? The ropes are ready; but here is an old hangman bawling after us, and saying that we are going to take his trade out of his hands.

HANGMAN.

Noble governor, these fresh water carpenters pretend to my occupation of hangman, which is most unreasonable. They think that any man can do it; which is as absurd as to suppose that preachers can weave linen cloth, and weavers deliver sermons—that tailors can make boots, and shoemakers breeches. But, governor, the weaver should stick to his loom, the parson to his pulpit, the tailor to his lapboard, the shoemaker to his awl, the carpenter to his hammer, and the hangman to the gallows. These carpenters are much mistaken—they have not served an apprenticeship to my craft, nor have they had any experience in it; how do they know how to tie the knot?—there is the weaver's knot, and other knots, but none so necessary to be

properly tied as the hangman's knot, and the placing it properly under the ear. I can calculate how many kicks must be given before the gullet closes; and what mercy is in the hangman not undertaking his office in ignorance of the best mode of performing it. In cutting off heads and quartering corpses none could compare to Jack Ketch, whose journeyman at the Old Bailey I had been for six years, before I set up for myself. The French way of hanging, beheading, and quartering, is cruel butchery; but they are a nation of cowardly butchers, and they have sent one to the Irish army, who may come under my hands yet; and I could not behave more cruelly to him than he is behaving to the poor people outside the walls, and the prisoners in the city. I would tie the knot about this Frenchman's neck most willingly; so, noble governor, do not let those ignorant carpenters encroach upon my trade.

GOVERNOR.

You speak reasonably enough on your own concerns, but we must have some feelings of Christian forbearance and mercy, and cannot resort to this dreadful alternative suddenly, so I have promised these unfortunate prisoners that they shall not die until to-morrow; and, respecting liberty of conscience, I have permitted one of their priests to come in to prepare them for death. You may be in haste, Mr. Ketch, and so may be your competitors, on this occasion, but I am not, nor are those upon whom you are so anxious to operate.

HANGMAN.

Please your excellency, it is but reasonable that these condemned men should have some time allowed them, to prepare for death. When I was journeyman executioner in London, those to be hanged had always a respite until the next market-day after they were sentenced. Those carpenters, intruders as they are, may be wanted in the way they propose; for if the poor people under the walls are kept there for any time, there will be more work here, in hanging the prisoners that will be taken, than one of my profession could undertake; so they may be employed to assist me. I will pay them, according to their services, out of my allowance, as I expect to be appointed hangman general.

MICHELBURNE.

Well, shall we choose Black Jack Ketch to be hangman general?

ALL.

We do—we do. Black Jack—Black Jack.

(*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.
Enter Hamilton and Sheldon.

SHELDON.

I have received a letter directed to your excellency—the messenger informs me it is from the prisoners in Derry. (*Gives the General a letter—he reads it.*)

"SIR—The protected and unprotected Protestants

being forced under the walls of this city to starve there, or accelerate the progress of a famine here, by being admitted into it, has so justly exasperated Governor Michelburne, and the whole of the garrison, that we are all to die to-morrow. We made our representation to Marshal Rosen, but have had the mortification to receive no answer. We are willing to lose our lives with our swords in our hands, but to die as malefactors is intolerable and cruel to us, when our lives may be saved by an act of humanity towards thousands innocent as we are. Pray represent our sad condition to General Rosen, and beseech him to take compassion on your dutiful and dying friends, and fellow soldiers,

"NETTERVILLE,
E. BUTLER,
G. AYLMER,
J. MAC DONNEL,
J. FLEMING,
In the name of all the rest.

"From the condemned cells in the dungeons of Derry, July 3, 1689.

"P.S. We hear that one thousand have this morning been added to the number of the Protestants driven under the walls of this city; this has raised the indignation of the garrison, and our doom is sealed if they are compelled to remain there twelve hours. In the mean time, five hundred persons, not capable of taking arms, have been sent out among them, and as many young and able-bodied men taken in to supply

their place; so nothing has yet been gained by this inhuman order, and much may be lost by it. For heaven's sake consider this."

HAMILTON.

Let the blame of all this insane proceeding lie at Rosen's own door. These barbarities may have done in France, but will not do in Ireland. We must call a council of war ourselves, independent of this choleric foreigner, ignorant as he is obstinate, and consult what is proper to be done on so trying an occasion. This man's rashness will cause a mutiny, which must be ruinous to us if it once breaks out.

Enter Marshal Rosen and an officer.

OFFICER.

May it please your excellency, the army is ready to break out into a mutiny, occasioned by some letters which have been dispersed all over the camp, laying the fault of the prisoners being hanged on your excellency. The officers and soldiers have met together. One says he will not have his cousin, Lord Netterville hanged—another will not suffer Colonel Talbot, the Lord Lieutenant's brother, to be executed like a highwayman—a third will not suffer Sir Garret Aylmer to die like a felon—and a fourth will die before he consents to Lord Mountgarret's son, Captain Butler, being put to death in such a manner. This runs, like wild fire, through the whole camp. The soldiers threaten to seize you, Marshal Rosen, and deliver you up to the incensed governor of Derry. They say

that a thousand Frenchmen shall be hanged before one of these noble and gallant prisoners shall die.

ROSEN.

Ah! Monsieur Hamilton, what must we do to appease this grand mutiny? Me thinks I have a pain in my neck—a swelling in the jugular vein already.

HAMILTON.

What should you do but what you ought to have done before this? Suffer these innocent victims of your caprice to return to their own homes.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

The mutiny in our camp increases, and the rebels, which is bad policy in them, are taking the advantage of it, and marching out upon us. We will do their work if the multitudes around the walls are not sent off immediately.

ROSEN.

Oh, miserable! Diable de mutiny—de rebels, de rebels be marching out into the field, taking the advantage of dis mutiny. I shall be hung on yonder gallows, which de rebels have set up. Go presently and order de horse and de foot to draw out into a battalion.

OFFICER.

None of them will handle their arms.

ROSEN.

Run away and call off the people from under the walls; tell them they shall have good quarters, money, and victuals, and shall all go to their own homes.

(*Exeunt.*)

Enter Hamilton, Lord Buchan, and General Sheldon.

HAMILTON.

Well, it was a rare contrivance—I give Michelburne great credit for it. This will be a joyful hour for the poor prisoners who were to have been hanged in Derry. It would have been a just judgment if Rosen had been delivered up: the governor would have hanged a mareschal of France. I will make him a present of a dozen of claret for this morning's work.

SHELDON.

I will say for him, that, according to what fell under my observation on this occasion and others, that he is no novice, but worthy of a better cause than that in which he is now engaged. In this case he has not only saved the prisoners in Derry, but released the poor people who are under the walls.

HAMILTON.

Was it not strange that he should succeed in raising a mutiny in our camp? He calculates exactly on the humanity of a gallant army of Irishmen. But we must visit Mareschal De Rosen, and see how he does after his great fright.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

All the people have been released by the general's orders.

HAMILTON.

Need must when Satan drives. Give these Louis D'Ors amongst them—'tis all I have about me. Let provisions be given to them. Alas! poor souls! they

have but cheerless homes to receive them, and half starved as they are, many of them will die upon the road. The rapparees that follow our army devour all.

The Scene changes to Derry.
Enter Governor Michelburne, with Walker and Cairnes.

WALKER.

Our provisions are all gone; the stores are exhausted, and our men are searching the city for food.

MICHELBURNE.

Let some more horses be killed, and the flesh distributed among them. Providence, I hope, will soon relieve us.

CAIRNES.

But we have no fuel to boil or roast this unpalatable meat, for the timber of the market-house, and other houses thrown down by the enemy's bomb-shells, has been all consumed. So it would be advisable that we should write a third letter to General Kirke, praying that he may send us a supply of provisions; but especially biscuits, cheese, and butter, which require no fuel to prepare them for use.

MICHELBURNE.

This shall be done; and as our letter to this cold-hearted man has not yet been sealed, we will inclose the present communication to him, informing him of the desertions, the sickness, and mortality which afflict us, with our want of food for the last week, even of the

horse flesh, on which we have for a considerable time subsisted. In our own names, and those of twenty thousand distressed Protestants, shut up in this city for their adherence to the cause of King William, we will implore him, as he values the consequences of his delay, to hasten the tardy relief of our distressed city. In the mean time, as I have already directed, let some of the few horses we have left be killed, and their flesh distributed among the starving soldiers and citizens; perhaps they may find as much fuel as will dress it. It is hard enough to be obliged to eat it dressed, but to eat it raw would be a consummation of human misery.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

Sir, here is a present sent to you by General Hamilton, of a dozen bottles of wine. To-morrow he will send you a fat sheep.

GOVERNOR.

Give a taste of the wine to the messenger, for fear of poison, and then call him in.

Enter the Messenger.

GOVERNOR.

Pray give my service to General Hamilton, and tell him that I have nothing to return but one of the prisoners, whom he may name, and that I thank him for his presents. (*Exit the Messenger.*)

Enter Letitia, Gertrude, Felicia, and Deborah, followed by a servant, who sets a table and chairs, and puts two or three dishes of meat upon the table.

GOVERNOR.

Ladies and gentlemen,—this present coming so opportunely, I invite you to a bottle of wine that has been sent to me, and to such other entertainment for eating as our present circumstances will admit of, take it as it is, and you are very welcome, but I regret the fat sheep I expect to-morrow did not arrive with the wine to-day. The first dish you see in slices is the liver of one of the enemy's horses that was killed the other day; it is very good meat, eaten cold, with pepper, salt, mustard, and vinegar. I have seen some of these livers boiled, after they had been pickled, they were then very palatable. The other dish is composed of horses' blood fried with French butter, commonly called tallow, it is thickened with oaten-meal. The third dish is what the French call *ragout de chien*, it is made of the haunch of my dog. It does not eat so well boiled as roasted; it is somewhat strong, but eats tolerably well, particularly when baked. I have a horse's head in the oven; it has been very well seasoned, but will not be eatable till night. My cook tells me the horse was an old one, which makes the flesh require more baking than that of a young one. Give me a glass of wine, and I will drink to the ladies.

(*Deborah pulls out half of a biscuit from her pocket.*)

DEBORAH.

Pray, sir, accept of this. It was given to me this morning by our captive captain.

GOVERNOR.

By no means, madam, I will not deprive you of so great a dainty.

Enter a Servant, with a letter from Lord Melfort—the Governor reads—

"Sir—Mareschal De Rosen and Lieutenant General Hamilton highly approve of your conduct, and have made choice of me, I being acquainted with you, to send this, and let you know that they are very sensible of the distressed circumstances in which you are, from having been so unfortunate as to engage in a service which will prove your utter ruin.

"You have now a fair opportunity to retrieve your former mistakes, and prove loyal to our king's most excellent majesty, and Mareschal De Rosen, Lieutenant General Hamilton, and myself, will engage that you shall have a suitable reward, and good preferment, if you put Derry into our hands, it having retarded the success of his majesty's arms both in England and Scotland. Let this be speedily complied with; your proposals shall be readily granted, and sent back signed and sealed by both generals, and ten thousand pounds shall be paid to you either in England or Ireland for this great service.

"Melfort."

GOVERNOR.

I will send an answer to this immediately. (*He sits down and writes, after which he says*)—

Gentlemen, as I would write nothing to the enemy in secret, I will read my answer to you—

"Londonderry, July 15, 1689.

"Sir—I have perused your letter, and am very much obliged to Mareschal De Rosen and General Hamilton for their good opinion of my conduct—if theirs had been as good, they might, perhaps, have been masters of this town long since; it is our great happiness to meet with such an enemy. I very well know of what importance this place is to the Protestant interest, and to my master, King William, who is capable of rewarding me, and those under my command, without paying us in brass money. As to the ten thousand pounds which you offer, I value them not one pin; and if your master would give me the cathedral church full of gold, I would not betray the cause of my country and my king. I have engaged my honour for the performance of what I have undertaken, and my word of honour I will keep.

"Farewell—John Michelburne.

"For the Right Honourable Lord Melfort."

Gentlemen, how do you like this reply?

ALL.

Very well. (*Exit the servant with the letter.*)

Enter a servant.

SERVANT.

Here is a letter from General Kirke, on ship-board;

it is directed to Colonel Walker, and was written on Sunday last. A Scotch gentleman named Cromie, accompanied by a young officer called Roche, brought it from the fleet, swimming from a place where they had left their clothes on the river-side, three miles from the city. He came in a few minutes ago, with it concealed in his hair; and having ran these three miles in a state of nakedness, through the woods, to avoid the horsemen in pursuit of him, he delivered the letter at the door of the council-room; his body is covered with blood, having been severely lacerated by the briars and thorns in running through the woods. His clothes had been stolen from the place in which he concealed them on swimming to the ships.

The Governor reads—

"All things go on well in England; Dundee has been killed at a most fortunate time, after having gained a victory over General Mackay at Killecrankie; he lived in hope of recovery for some hours after having received his mortal wound, and occupied nearly the last minutes of his life in writing to Lord Melfort for speedy assistance from Ireland; saying that he heard his wound was not mortal. A letter from Lord Melfort was found in his pocket after his death, informing him that a declaration issued by James, for the toleration of the reformed religion in Scotland, and indemnity for Protestant opponents, had been drawn up in such ambiguous terms, that it might be broken through whenever he should deem expedient to do so.

"It is said that the loss on our side has been two thousand killed, and five hundred prisoners, but the death of Dundee has rendered it unnecessary to send any reinforcement to Mackay; and the Highlanders and their Irish auxiliaries, triumphant as they were on that day, are now but contemptible enemies—they will be soon dispersed. But husband your provisions, and you will be relieved in a short time."

CAIRNES.

A short time!—this is but mockery; he should have been here long since. Few, indeed, of our garrison have we lost in battle, compared with those who have already died of famine, and disease produced by it. The church-yards have been so filled with dead bodies, that for six weeks the back-yards and gardens of the city have been made receptacles for them. Of seven thousand and five hundred men at the commencement of the siege, little more than four thousand remain, and of these one-fourth have been rendered unserviceable from weakness. This man talks of relieving us in a short and indefinite time, when we can hardly reckon upon three days life, having no animal food but the flesh of nine starved horses, and the daily allowance to each of our men being one pint of oatenmeal.

GOVERNOR.

Cairnes, go and write as melancholy a letter as you can to Kirke, and let him know that we are starving; nothing, as you say, has been left to us but these few lean horses, and when they are eaten the whole of us

must die of hunger. Tell him, as he reveres his own honour and reputation, not to suffer us to be lost for want of a little bread. (*Exit Cairnes.*)

Enter two soldiers, running across the stage, holding a spaniel dog by the hind legs.

GOVERNOR.

What was that the soldiers had?

TOWN MAJOR.

A dog which they are going to eat.

GOVERNOR.

I took it for a kid; it made my teeth water. A fat, chubby infant of Alderman Crookshank's, in the nurse's arms this morning, attracted the notice of some of the soldiers, who are nearly mad with hunger; they followed her in such a way as terrified the woman, who escaped from them by running into the next open house she met, and shutting the door in their faces.

Enter another soldier, with a cat—he runs across the stage, making her cry.

WALKER.

The soldiers hunt up and down the city for dogs and cats, as cats do for mice. Captain Ash has just told me of a poor man whom hunger had compelled to kill his dog, and roast the flesh to satisfy the painful cravings of his stomach; just as he was about to feast on the rare dish, an importunate creditor, equally hungry, came in to demand a debt, which he was unable to pay in any other way than by resigning the carcase of the

dog to the unbidden guest, which he did with a languishing and sorrowful eye.

MAJOR FREEMAN.

Fool that he was—he that gives all gives none at all; I would have offered him half the dog for half of the debt, and a promissory note after dinner for the rest of it.

Enter another soldier, Michelburne's mastiff dog on his back, with the two legs over his neck.

GOVERNOR.

Hold, brother soldier—you should give me share of my own dog. (*He whistles, the soldier drops the dog and runs away.*)

Surely the dogs must be very poor, when the people can get nothing to eat. What can feed the wretched animals?

MAJOR FREEMAN.

The dogs go out at night and tear up the graves, which is easy to do in either of the church-yards, as a sufficiency of earth cannot be found to cover them, and the dead bodies are in such heaps, that digging a grave deep or shallow is out of the question. Feeding on the flesh of those who have been recently killed fattens the dogs very soon, and then we eat them, so that we might almost as well feed on the flesh of the enemies we kill, and so be deemed cannibals. We have, however, an excellent way of dressing this flesh —after seasoning it with pepper and salt, we pour wine on it, and then bake it in an oven.

WALKER.

It is now the twenty-seventh of July, and within the last four months our garrison has been reduced to four thousand four hundred and fifty-six men; of these not more than eighty have died in battle, or by the shells thrown into the town—the rest we have lost by famine and disease. Here is a list of prices in the meat market, if such it may be called; it was put into my hand this morning, by John Hunter of Colonel Stewart's Maghera regiment. He was staggering to the walls, with his long musket, to get a shot at the enemy on the other side of the water; he looked nearly black with hunger, and yet he told me he had not yet felt weak while watching for a sure shot from the walls, but usually grows faint in his return from them.

Horse flesh, twenty pence a pound.

A quarter of a fat dog, five and six pence.

A rat from the church-yard, one shilling.

A mouse, six pence.

A pound of greaves, one shilling.

A pound of tallow, four shillings.

A pound of salted hides, one shilling.

A quart of horse's blood, one shilling.

A horse's pudding, six pence.

A handful of sea-wreck, two pence.

The same quantity of chicken-weed, one penny.

A quart of meal when found, one shilling.

A small fluke taken out of the river, only to be had by exchange for meal.

GOVERNOR.

Alas, that gold cannot procure us bread—if so we would be safe enough, for the quantity of it and of silver within these walls is very great, from what has been brought here by the families who have fled to us for refuge. It would be a rich city for triumphant plunderers. The soldiers and starving citizens have eaten up all the dogs and cats in the town, so if not immediately relieved, we must give up the prisoners, who had better be at once devoured than to lie languishing and starving in a dungeon. It is singular—a mark of providential care even in this dreadful time of trial—that there has not been a single instance of suicide in Derry this summer. We have gold enough, but what does that signify? The whole of the five thousand pounds brought to us from King William, by the gallant Sir James Hamilton, could not now purchase one morsel of bread for us. (*He takes a guinea out of his purse and puts it in his mouth.*) He then says—There is no relish or comfort in it, no more than in a stone; a piece of leather has more sustenance in it. Yet this is what the world idolizes, and by which it is governed. (*Throws his purse against the wall.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.
Enter Rosen, Hamilton, Sheldon, Waucop, and Lord Buchan.

HAMILTON.

Viewing the out-guards on the Enmishowen side of

our camp, and casting my eyes towards the harbour mouth, I saw four ships under sail; waiting about an hour, I beheld their English colours: they, at last, came to anchor at Quigley's Point. They are, no question, ships of provision for the relief of the rebels.

SHELDON.

They cannot well pass the fort at Culmore; and the worst of all for them will be the boom that lies across the river, and the batteries at both ends of it.

HAMILTON.

It is impossible that they can escape us; nothing that is made of wood can pass that boom and these batteries; down to the bottom they must go.

ROSEN.

Give orders that if the ships offer to weigh anchor or hoist sail, the army shall be immediately alarmed, and drawn into their breast-works along the river.

WAUCOP.

We shall sink them, if there were an hundred of them, from our batteries, that lie along the river on both sides of it; down they must go.

LORD BUCHAN.

They cannot escape. The arrival of the provisions will be most favourable to us; those for whom they were intended will have but little occasion for them. It is impossible that they should resist a storm after such a disappointment, and in the condition they are. The ravages of death among them, from famine and disease, are frightful; in a few days there will be none of them left to open the gates for us.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

Three or four of the ships have weighed anchor, and are making all the sail they can; the wind and tide favour them.

ROSEN.

Play the bombs; discharge all the cannon; let our utmost energy be used. Now, rebels, prepare for the halter and the hatchet; no mercy for a soul in the ships or in the city; we will make a memorable example of them—their very dogs, if they have any left, shall be hanged.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

Three ships are under sail, the wind and tide favour them, but they are within reach of the cannon in the batteries on each side of them, as they pass up, and the boom will certainly stop them.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

The man-of-war has cast anchor, and the two provision ships continue their voyage, and are making up the river; but a sudden calm has come on, and there is not a blast of wind in their sails.

HAMILTON.

This makes for us. They may, perhaps, for a little time, escape our small shot, but when they come to the boom and the batteries what will become of them? Indeed if the man-of-war had sailed on before them, and run with all her force against the boom, something

might have been done; she might have plied us with broadsides, and rattled her small shot among our men, and might have beaten the gunners from their posts, or perhaps disabled our cannon, but these two small provision ships can do nothing, and it is a shame for the man-of-war not to have tried to make way for them; you will see what a condition they will be in presently.

Enter an officer.

OFFICER.

The largest of the provision ships hangs on the boom, and is wafting ashore; our cannon on both the batteries are pelting at her, and her captain has been killed.

Enter another officer.

OFFICER.

The ships have cleared themselves, and are under sail out of cannon-shot, and the night is coming on, which will facilitate the passage to the ship-quay; they are now coming about the Crook of Enver.

HAMILTON.

Farewell stubborn and indomitable city; farewell Derry, too successful refuge of traitors, and of rebels. Oh, how this proud city has humbled us; what a thorn it has been in our side ever since we came before it. How has it confounded, distracted, and ruined the deep designs of our great undertaking; here to abide in despair until overpowered and destroyed by the English army, which it has given time to be raised up, and embarked for Ireland, and which may soon chase us from

one end of Ireland to the other—from Carrickfergus to Cork. Had it not been for this town, and the protracted defence of it, we would have probably been in the heart of England by this time, and on our march to London with powerful reinforcements. In vain have we stopped here to be run down and overcome by Orange rebels—we are ruined, undone, we perish; but eternal honour be to you, Michelburne, the heroic governor of Derry—your glorious conduct, and that of those under your command, ought to be recorded in letters of gold on the page of history.

(*Exeunt omnes.*)

END OF THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

Persons Represented.

MEN.

Baron de Ginkell, General of the English Army.

Marquis de Ruvigni, General Talmash, General Mackay, } Generals under De Ginkell.

Colonel Herbert.

Colonel Earles.

Monsieur St. Ruth.

Sarsfield, Lord Lucan.

General Dorrington.

Colonel Talbot.

Colonel Gordon O'Neill.

Colonel Purcell, Captain Shortall, } Officers of Colonel Grace's regiment.

A Minstrel of the Courtstown family.

Sir Charles Godfrey, a young Englishman, son of Sir Edmund Godfrey.

WOMEN.

Jemima, Colonel Talbot's daughter.

Lucinda, Wife to Colonel Herbert.

With Officers, Soldiers, Guards, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE—THE IRISH CAMP, NEAR ATHLONE.

This memorable battle was fought on Sunday, the 12th of July, 1691.

THE

BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

ACT I.

Scene I.

The Scene opens with a sound of kettle-drums and trumpets. St. Ruth, Sarsfield, and Colonel Gordon O'Neill sitting in council.

ST. RUTH.

Secure, brave Sarsfield, in our camp we lie,
And from our lines the British force defy;
Tho' in their cause both Danes and Dutchmen join,
They shall not triumph here as at the Boyne.
From this high hill, Lord Lucan, I survey
Some great rejoicing in their camp to-day,
And in the air I could behold afar
Their standards waving in the pomp of war,
Their cannons firing, and a smoke arise,
And with their acclamations reach the skies.
Believe my words, the wanton winds now bring
The whigs some tidings from their Orange king;

Some fort of ours their allied troops invest,
Or else their fleet have cannonaded Brest;
But though their arms in Flanders may succeed,
By us shall Erin be from England freed;
Our fleur de lis and shamrock we'll display,
And drive these foreign heretics away—
The non-conformists who pollute our soil,
And have grown rich and rampant on our spoil;
For this great Louis, friendly to your land,
Has sent me here your army to command.

SARSFIELD.

We stand indebted to your Christian king,
And next to you, who these great succours bring;
Long may you live in martial pomp to wield,
In high command, the truncheon and the shield.
King James and all our holy priests are sent
To France or Spain in hopeless banishment;
The pope's authority is here denied,
His altars tumbling upon every side;
Our foe the proud metropolis commands,
The civil power is wrested from our hands;
No garrisons we now can call our own,
But Sligo, Galway, Limerick, and Athlone,
Which latter town is now beleaguered round,
As I perceive from yonder rising ground;
From it some friends our officers inform
It stands in danger of a sudden storm,
While Grace, who Cromwell's highest power defied,
Who baffled Douglas, mortified his pride,
Is unsupported, here we dance and sing

Vain songs of triumph for a fallen king.

O'NEILL.

Fear not, my lord, we're not in destitution,
But strong enough to crush this revolution;
The king of France deigns on our cause to smile,
And we will drive these aliens from our isle;
But should we fail, we all disdain to fly,
Here will we stand to conquer or to die,
Perish or gain our long lost liberty.

ST. RUTH.

There spoke the genius of the common weal,
A thought so noble suits the great O'Neill,
Whose royal ancestor, on Leinster's plain,
Subdued Turgesius, the haughty Dane,
When that proud tyrant lay encamped between
The hill of Tara and the plains of Screen;
He cross'd the Boyne, and, in the dead of night,
Slew all their guards, and put the Danes to flight—
Laid some like tigers welt'ring in their gore,
And drove the remnant trembling to the shore;
Great Shane O'Neill Elizabeth defied,
And brave Sir Phelim for his country died,
But not before he gallantly cast forth
The Scotch and English settlers from the North—
Rush'd on the settlers like a mountain flood,
And drench'd the land with their devoted blood.
Thus may we now, by one decisive stroke,
Preserve fair Ireland from a foreign yoke;
Souls such as ours cannot be kept in awe
By British rebels and their proud Nassau,

Who fled from Erin; had he dared to wait
He would have shared the Duke of Monmouth's fate.
Sarsfield, you taught the invader to despair,
When you blew up his cannon in the air;
Like leaves in autumn dropping from the trees,
The Dutchman's laurels wither by degrees.
James must return, and speedily restore
Rome's ancient church in this fair isle once more,
And drown these heretics in their own gore.

SARSFIELD.

When that day comes, which I much wish to see,
We'll strip the branches from the Orange tree,
Lop down its boughs, while many a gallant hand
Shall scourge these foreign vipers from our land;
Then shall our clergy in full pomp return,
And fragrant incense on our altars burn;
The church-lands and the tithes will be restored,
The host in proud procession be adored;
Our abbeys must be splendidly rebuilt,
And serve as sanctuaries for our guilt;
And monks and nuns in sable garments grace
Our churches, chapels, and each public place;
Then shall the lands from loyal owners gone,
To Cromwell's rebels since dark Forty-one,
All be restored; our Irish parliament
Has lately nullified their settlement,
On men whose fathers in rebellion rose,
And to the good King Charles were mortal foes.

(*A horn sounds within.*)

ST. RUTH.

A post arrives, some message he must bear,
Some news from Grace we may expect to hear.

POST.

Pardon me, sir, the fatal news I bring
Must grieve each friend to our anointed king;
Athlone is lost without your timely aid,
At six this morning an assault was made,
When under shelter of the British cannon,
Their grenadiers in armour took the Shannon,
Led by brave Captain Sandys they on us came,
Plung'd to the middle in the rapid stream;
He led them on with undaunted ire,
Sprung from the bank in spite of all our fire,
Follow'd by all his dauntless grenadiers,
Though bullets flew like hail about their ears;
They're raging now in fury uncontroll'd.

ST. RUTH.

Dare all the force of England be so bold
As to assail that citadel, when I,
With twenty thousand soldiers, am so nigh;
Return, and if they dare this course pursue,
Tell them St. Ruth is near, and that will do.

POST.

Your aid would be much better than your name.

ST. RUTH.

Bear back this message, sir, from whence you came.
(*Exit Post.*)

SARSFIELD.

Let speedy succour to Athlone be sent,

And so its fall by timely aid prevent ;
You know not yet what Britons dare to do,
What you have heard we soon shall find too true ;
I know that English fortitude is such,
As boasts of little though it hazards much ;
No force on earth their vigour can repel,
Nor would they fly from all the fiends in hell.

ST. RUTH.

Name them no more, my lord, I pray forbear,
I'll send no aid from either front or rear ;
'Tis but a false alarm, a scoff to try
Would I descend from my position high ;
Besides our officers are, one and all,
Fatigued by dancing at our last night's ball ;
Dare Ginkell try to make that fortress yield,
When I as General command this field ?

SARSFIELD.

Boast not, St. Ruth, but rather take a view
How Britons bold did once proud France subdue ;
See what they did on Cressy's crimson plain,
What laurels they at Poictiers did obtain ;
Your message they will treat with deep disdain ;
Though I'm their foe I will maintain so far,
Their well-known prowess in the fields of war,
As to allege that they would rather die,
Than with dishonour from their foemen fly.

Enter Colonel Talbot.

ST. RUTH.

Brave Colonel Talbot, your victorious hand,
Nurtur'd in arts of war, can best command—

Hibernian Scipio, your word alone
Shall turn the scale—shall we assist Athlone?

TALBOT.

Pardon me, sir, I fear 'tis past your aid,
For from a rising ground I now survey'd
England's proud standard on the walls displayed;
While Grace survived, impregnable was found
The fort, with him it tumbled to the ground;
Ours is the loss—the fall of that strong town
Will consummate the veteran's renown.
Fearless, and last of all, did that man stand
Against the roundheads for his native land,
And now by your neglect, who aid denied,
O'erwhelm'd by rebels, has the hero died.

ST. RUTH.

Athlone is taken, then, without a doubt—
Haste, call my guards, and drive the traitors out.

SARSFIELD.

Easily said; would they as soon obey,
We'd make the victors for their entrance pay,
But now that we have lost the lucky hour,
They will not fly from you or all your power.

DORRINGTON.

The works that face our camp are all entire,
And now their guns against our trenches fire;
Unless we now retire at your command,
No tent in all our lines one hour can stand.

ST. RUTH.

Then loiter not, but sound to arms at sight,
Decamp and march to Milltown hills to-night;

Thence in the morning off to Aughrim fly,
For there I choose to conquer or to die:
Haste, strike the tents, with speed see all things done,
Draw the men off before the setting sun.

(*Exeunt Dorrington, Talbot, and O'Neill.*)

SARSFIELD.

Be calm, my soul, thy swelling rage restrain,
And curb the boiling fury of my brain;
Now let the earth be into chaos hurl'd,
Whilst earthquakes rise and overthrow the world;
Let gloomy vapours veil the dusky air,
And all mankind like me feel deep despair;
Athlone thou'rt lost, the care of thee comes late,
Thou pride of Erin and her throne of state;
Thy sons are slaughter'd, to the foe betray'd,
Because this Frenchman would not send thee aid;
But I'll revenge the wrong, and he shall fall,
The crime is great, his punishment is small.

(*Draws his sword.*)

Come, draw your sword, 'tis now your sole relief.

ST. RUTH.

Consider, Sarsfield, I am here your chief;
Your country's ruin would attend our strife.

SARSFIELD.

No thought but that hath saved your worthless life.

(*Puts up his sword.*)

That stops my hand, for otherwise I swear,
I'd send your soul to wallow in despair.

ST. RUTH.

You'd send my soul!—there you had better hold,

'Tis not quite safe for you to be so bold,
Lest from this camp you should be quickly hurl'd,
A mutineer to wander thro' the world.

SARSFIELD.

You dare not drive me—I would not obey,
Yet know vain Gaul that here I will not stay;
I'll quit this camp, and you will shortly find
How few brave Irishmen will stay behind.
'Tis not for us who made proud William yield,
Destroyed his cannon, sent him from the field;
A foreign coxcomb as our chief to own,
Whose folly caused the capture of Athlone.
With our own dauntless troops joined hand in hand,
We'll drive these English from our native land;
Danes, Dutch, or French invaders shall no more
Land without slaughter on our native shore;
Without your aid, we can our foes defeat,
Our strength is mighty, tho' our danger's great;
So before Ginkell you may now retreat;
Meanwhile, may vengeance, and contempt, and shame,
Confound your country and your odious name.

(*Exit.*)

ST. RUTH.

Insulted and abandoned! Oh, my fate!
Was ever man in such a wretched state?
Sent by my king, to save a savage crew,
Who to perdition would my life pursue!
But hold my heart, away with grief and fear,
For lo! O'Neill and Dorrington appear.

Enter Dorrington, O'Neill, and Talbot.

O'NEILL.

Your orders are obeyed, St. Ruth, and now the right
Detachment of your horse is out of sight,
Your left, the centre, and the royal train,
Are on their march, and we alone remain.

ST. RUTH.

Success attend them, but O'Neill I fear
The boist'rous surges of our fate are near;
Feelings of horror, all my vitals damp,
I fear Lord Lucan will forsake our camp.

O'NEILL.

Great Heaven forbid that Sarsfield should depart,
The very thought of it would break my heart.
As I rode thro' the lines to move this way
He marshalled forth his men in bright array,
And with the smile that speaks his inward worth,
He ordered them to spread their banners forth,
His words I heard, and then his sword he drew,
Mounted his horse and bade them all pursue.
He moved his arm to me and bade me stay,
And with his gallant horsemen rode away
To join his party. Time will tell the rest.

ST. RUTH.

This news with horror overwhelms my breast.
But haste, O'Neill, and quickly overtake
This hasty chieftain, for your country's sake,
Stop his career, our dreadful danger show,
Entreat him, nay beseech him, not to go.
Bring him to Aughrim, and if you prevail,

Then with success we will the foe assail.

(*Exeunt St. Ruth, Dorrington, and O'Neill.*)

COLONEL TALBOT—(*solus.*)

Should Sarsfield go, behind I will not stay,
But after him my soldiers lead away.
Confound this Frenchman, ere my men retire,
We'll set his whole camp equipage on fire.
I wish Lord Lucan had the sole command,
For then King James would triumph in the land,
But ruin from St. Ruth I now foresee.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.

SIR CHARLES.

By the account she gave this must be he. (*Aside.*)
Behold a stranger kneels, who humbly prays
That you would add some moments to his days.

TALBOT.

Say first, young soldier, from what place you came;
Your errand tell me, and disclose your name.

GODFREY.

My heart ensnared by love, my quiet gone,
If Talbot is your name I will speak on.

TALBOT.

Strange youth, it is, arise and now disclose,
Without reserve, the author of your woes.

GODFREY.

Then, sir, to tell you my distressing case—
I am an Englishman of ancient race,
Sir Charles Godfrey is my lawful name,
A large estate and high descent I claim;

My honour'd father, in the late king's reign,
Was by a band of villains basely slain;
When he was gone, of other friends bereft,
One lovely sister only had I left;
She married Colonel Herbert, and to-day,
When towards Athlone by chance I took my way,
With her your charming daughter I espied,
As they were walking by the Shannon side;
Standing amazed I view'd her o'er and o'er,
And as I look'd I lov'd her more and more—
She seem'd so lovely to my ravish'd eyes,
So like an angel coming from the skies.

TALBOT.

Well said!—quite eloquent. What's your desire?

GODFREY.

Your daughter's beauty sets my soul on fire.
When on my knees I did for pity sue,
Her answer was, I must appeal to you;
Now, noble sir, I mercy hope to find,
Where courage is within the warrior's mind;
Let me, great Talbot, prove by deeds of arms,
That I am worthy of your daughter's charms;
'Tis all I ask, when war's alarms are o'er,
I'll claim the hand of her whom I adore.

TALBOT.

Your suit shall be accepted, gallant youth,
But I must state your offer to St. Ruth;
If he receives you, then I pawn my oath,
That you shall have her, and I'll bless you both.

GODFREY.

How shall my gratitude reward your care?

TALBOT.

Follow to Aughrim, for we stand it there;
By force of arms your new made claim sustain,
And blooming laurels for our monarch gain.
(*Exit Talbot.*)

GODFREY—*solus.*

Now like a mariner I leave the shore,
And put to sea in search of golden ore,
Thro' stormy waves to plough the troubled main,
In hope thro' threatening danger to attain,
A bay of love, to recompense my pain. (*Exit.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

The Scene opens on the hill of Kilcommoden, which rises gently to a considerable height on the western side of the plain of Aughrim, part of which is covered with a morass; on the left of the Irish camp, and situated on the plain, appears a strong castle, and on the right the ruins of an abbey; nearly at the top of the hill, in the rear of St. Ruth's army, are two high Danish forts, both of them filled with King James's soldiers, and provided with artillery.

Enter Colonel Purcell and Captain Shortall, both of them officers in Grace's regiment, and both in military mourning for the Governor of Athlone.

PURCELL.

The morning's foggy, threat'ning rain ere night,
The English army is not yet in sight;
Some say they will not move till afternoon,
We're ready now, they cannot come too soon;
I'm sure if Sarsfield had supreme command,
Upon the river Suck he'd make a stand;
There, over-shadow'd by rocks, trees, and grass,
The narrow road runs just thro' such a pass

At Killicrankie on the Tummel's side,
Where Clavers humbled Orange Nassau's pride,
Routed Mackay, and gloriously died.

SHORTALL.

Mackay might tremble should he march this way,
But we are on much safer ground to-day;
Europe could scarcely show a tract of land
On which an army could more safely stand;
Aughrim's strong castle on our left you see,
Two fields of rising ground at Urachree
Protect our right; in front that broad morass,
That bog, 'twill be impossible to pass,
For near it are two thousand men entrench'd—
There will the English in their blood be drench'd;
Two Danish forts o'erhang our camp behind,
And we are favour'd by the sun and wind.

PURCELL.

I don't know why it is, but in my mind,
Its usual confidence I do not find;
My thoughts are gloomy, and my spirits low,
Since Grace was left to perish by the foe,
Abandon'd by St. Ruth and left alone,
To fall beneath the castle of Athlone;
His fate seal'd ours, for here we find to-day,
Sarsfield incens'd from council keeps away;
I fear the consequence;—but who comes here?
His eye beams fury thro' a falling tear;
I think I saw him once—he seems insane.

SHORTALL.

I know him well—grief agitates his brain—

Moyally's bard, oft foremost in the train
At Courtstown castle, now with harp in hand,
Mourning his master's death, behold him stand.

Enter an aged harper, who plays on his instrument, as he sings the following stanza to the music of the "Meeting of the Waters:"

Oh, Courtstown, thy walls rise in beauty and pride,
From thy watch-tower's summit the foe is descried;
The hearts of thy sons still with courage o'erflow,
As forth to the battle undaunted they go;
Alas, now the pride of the Grace's is gone,
The hero forsaken and lost in Athlone;
But here we'll avenge him, to battle we go,
With our thunder-like war cry of *Grassagh aboe.*

Fair Courtstown, the home of the great and renown'd,
To-day your bold vassals their chieftain surround—
The Shees, Booths, and Shortalls, whose bosoms still glow
With the fire that impels them to rush on the foe;
In vain have the Sassenaghs sought foreign aid,
At the sight of our standard they'll soon be dismay'd;
The rampant White Lion frowns slaughter and wo,
When we raise our old slogan of *Grassagh aboe.*

Proud Courtstown, what trophies of battle you boast
In the spoils of the field which your foemen have lost;

O'More and Fitzpatrick found sad cause to know
How the Graces of old could their foemen o'erthrow;
How martial, how grand, was the chivalrous train,
As they join'd the brave Butlers on Ormonde's red plain,
And Desmond's rude soldiers, in terror and wo,
Sunk heartless and pale from our *Grassagh aboe.*

No strangers the battles of Grace's need fight,
Their friends are unnumber'd and matchless in might;
Their Walshes, their Purcells, and Powers long ago,
Shared their triumphs and feasts while their foemen lay low,
And now in revenge for our governor slain,
With the blood of the British this field we will stain,
Our slogan to-day as we fall on the foe
Shall be Governor Grace, and our *Grassagh aboe.*

When Cromwell, the scorpion, ruled over our land,
Brave Grace was the last who against him could stand,
And gladly the tyrant allow'd his proud foe
To Spain with twelve hundred bold soldiers to go;
Oh, had we been sent to the fort of Athlone,
O'er the Shannon our foemen could never have gone,
Our king should return, and the Williamites know
The strength of our swords and our *Grassagh aboe.*

(*Exit harper.*)

PURCELL.

These warlike strains fresh energy impart
To my sad soul; they raise my drooping heart.
I often heard them in a happier day,
When Courtstown's chieftains sat in grand array;
They cheer'd the banquet as the wine went round,
And in the hearts of heroes echo found.

SHORTALL.

Well may such minstrelsy your spirits cheer,
Our Tipperary warriors are near,
Kilkenny's thousands stand with us to-day,
And from this field we'll sweep our foes away.

PURCELL.

The rich, the princely lord of Courtstown hall,
'Tis not his fault if royal James should fall,
The baron's loyalty has known no bounds,
He sent St. Ruth full fourteen thousand pounds
To pay the troops last week in sterling gold,
This to his honour ever must be told;
But hark, the trumpet sounds, we must depart,
Each to his post—I with a heavy heart;
So for a time my gallant friend farewell,
A tragic tale the setting sun will tell,
"*Væ victis*," without doubt, will be the cry,
So now we go to triumph or to die.

(*Exeunt.*)

The Scene changes to a beautiful valley within the English lines.

Enter Jemima.

JEMIMA.

Hail fair Hibernia, ever blooming isle,
Richer than Egypt with her flowing Nile,
Where on the globe's broad surface can be seen
Mountains more beautiful, or vales so green;
What rivers, woods, or inlets of the sea,
Exhibit loveliness in such degree?
Where can such scenes of joy on earth be found,
As ours when in autumnal glory crown'd?
Alas! that the recurrence of wild war
Should ever and anon our island mar,
Frustrate all efforts for the public good,
And drench our paradise with human blood!
Has wisdom disappear'd among mankind,
When for such ills no remedy they find,
When hosts of heroes, generous as brave,
Contend to hurl each other to the grave!

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey.

GODFREY.

See how that angel rivalling the morn,
With beauty's lustre can the vale adorn.
Oh, my Jemima, listen while I say,
The news I bring will cheer your heart to-day,
The sun now rising from his eastern seat,
Will crown the hopes my tongue can scarce repeat.

JEMIMA.

What hope is this, Sir Knight, you would impart ?

GODFREY.

Such as has raised a sunshine o'er my heart ;
Your gallant sire has granted all your charms,
Fairest of maidens, to your lover's arms.

JEMIMA.

Oh name not hopes like these, for heaven's sake.
What ? Are not love and life both now at stake ;
You see our country's fate reduced so low,
It tries a gamester's chance for one last blow.

GODFREY.

Let not such fears as these your thoughts perplex,
Such cares belong not to the fairer sex,
Leave them to those from fear of foemen free,
Who stand to-day for Erin's cause with me,
Who would have fought against her but for thee.
I trust that heaven who formed thee so fair,
Will make your safety its peculiar care.

JEMIMA.

Forbear, forbear, with terror I'm distressed,
No thoughts of love should occupy your breast
At this sad time, when its delusive charms
Must be declined for warfare's dire alarms.
And in my trembling bosom something too
Whispers that lovers are not always true,
Youth ever fickle, prone at large to rove—
To-morrow slighting what to-day they love.

GODFREY.

The mighty ruler of that azure sky

Knows fair Jemima that I scorn a lie.
When on the Shannon side your form I view'd,
Love, mighty love, my liberty subdu'd.
From your bright eyes he stole a deadly dart,
And sheath'd it reeking in my wounded heart.
Nothing can ever free me from this pain,
Until for love you grant me love again;
Say but the word, and confident I'll go
To turn the scale against your country's foe.

JEMIMA.

Your words my heart, brave Godfrey, strongly move,
And now in spite of prudence I must love;
Here, take my hand, 'tis true the gift is small,
But when I can I'll give you heart and all.

GODFREY.

Thanks to kind heaven, my love no longer stay,
In public view—the general comes this way.

(*Exit.*)

JEMIMA.

Hold now my heart, in troubled dreams last night,
I saw this valley blaze with lightning bright;
I thought the earth would have been torn asunder
By constant peals of cannon loud as thunder,
And beheld multitudes in terror flying,
Hearing the groans of wounded soldiers dying;
I heard my father say—Jemima, fly,
Fly while permitted, here I'm doom'd to die.
'Twas said two years ago, that in a walk
By night along the low lands near Dundalk,
Some English officers heard dismal cries

From countless voices round about them rise,
Where, in months afterwards, but nine or ten,
Duke Schomberg buried more than half his men.
Omens depress my spirits, but I know
That dreams by contraries are found to go.

She sings—Air, "Faithless Emma."

When hope subsides and doubt bears sway,
Led on by care and gloomy sorrow,
I stem the tide of wo to-day,
And calmly look for joy to-morrow.
The sun that now seems dark and dull,
Thro' threat'ning clouds and vapours gleaming,
May shine, ere noon, in lustre full
On our triumphant army beaming.

And yet perhaps that sun may see
My Godfrey with stern foes contending,
And bent beneath a victor's knee,
From light, and love, and life descending;
Oh gracious heaven, whose mighty sway
Rules all, when deadly cannons rattle,
Preserve my lover's life to-day,
Oh save him in the hour of battle. (*Exit.*)

Music within, symphonies, &c.

Enter St. Ruth, General Dorrington, and Colonel O'Neill.

ST. RUTH.

Has Sarsfield then return'd? Oh bless the day,
Draw forth the troops, and line the hero's way,

Amidst our shouts of triumph he shall come,
A terror to the enemies of Rome;
Away with doubt and agonizing fears.

DORRINGTON.

Behold, St. Ruth, Sarsfield the brave appears.

ST. RUTH,

Now, foul dissension, here thy triumph ends,
Welcome, Lord Lucan, welcome best of friends,
Thou art the rock on which our cause depends.
Our meeting thus shall before sunset make
The cause of Nassau in fair Erin quake,
And like a tempest from the troubled sea,
Shatter the branches of his orange tree;
Now must the Dutchman to destruction fall,
And James return in triumph to Whitehall,
Then to support the pope we will maintain
An inquisition here like that in Spain.

SARSFIELD.

Most boldly said, sir, but your skill I own
Would be unquestion'd, had you saved Athlone,
Had you to Grace but timely succour sent,
He could the capture of that town prevent.
Like Douglas, Ginkell should have march'd away,
And in Athlone we would be strong to-day;
There and in Limerick we might remain,
Till we from France should promised aid obtain;
But while such support is far away,
Our fate depends upon this threat'ning day,
To me your plan of battle is unknown,
If either falls our army is undone.

ST. RUTH.

Probe not these wounds anew, lest they create
Some fresh disaster to decide our fate;
No, rather let us an example show,
And issue forth against our common foe.
They now move tow'rds us, as upon the shore
The stormy waves rush in with hideous roar;
Upon the banks of Suck last night they lay,
And will be here just now, 'tis dawn of day.

DORRINGTON.

We fear them not, while here entrench'd secure
As ever Guiscard lay in strong Namur;
You see, St. Ruth, our camp on every side
Is both by art and nature fortified;
For situation, not one spot of ground
Like this in all the island could be found.

ST. RUTH.

Now, like the army in Constantine's day,
Let every soldier for a laurel pray
On bended knees; and quickly at the head
Of every regiment let mass be said;
Let our priests tell the people, that we fight
For James's crown and Rome's imperial right.
Ye are no hirelings—your all's at stake,
For lands and liberty this course you take.
Sworn subjects of your own anointed king,
Your tribute of allegiance here you bring—
Your cause is good, and if for it you die,
Angels will waft your souls to heaven high,
Announcing there your glorious victory.

Our spies all say the foe will here be soon,
The morning's foggy, they may wait till noon;
Meanwhile, brave Dorrington, take care to see
That men enough shall go to Urachree,
For there the first attack will surely be.
That's the chief pass, and Ginkell's troops of horse
Must be oppos'd there by an equal force;
Fill all these ditches too with musqueteers,
To sweep the foe down just as he appears;
Let horse be intermingled also with our foot,
Besides the troops kept ready for pursuit;
From one ditch to another in each station
Let opens be for prompt communication.

Enter Colonel Talbot, hastily.

To arms, St. Ruth, the English are in sight,
And in contempt of death resolve to fight,
Despising caution, firmly they advance
To dare the force of Erin and of France;
Their shouts of war the hills and valleys fill,
And all our works are levell'd on that hill;
Our scouts no longer on their post can stay,
But shrink like mists before the sun away.

ST. RUTH.

Be it your care to march with present aid.

TALBOT.

Your order, sir, shall promptly be obeyed.
(*Drawing his sword.*)

ST. RUTH.

Come, let us move, for mass has now been said

At every regiment and squadron's head ;
The standard's blessed. Ours is a sacred cause,
His sword for heaven your pious monarch draws ;
His throne and altar now are both assail'd
By those who 'gainst his martyr'd sire prevail'd—
By pardon'd rebels sons ; but here to-day,
For their rebellion they will dearly pay.
Infatuated men—devoid of fear,
How can they hope, entrenched as we are here,
To force our lines, on this strong post we stand,
To cut them down with a resistless hand
As they approach.

DORRINGTON.

I think it right that we
On Kilcommoden post our cavalry ;
Among these ditches let a body stand
Of chosen men, who will the bog command,
We then may frustrate all their grand designs ;
Not Scandenberg himself could force our lines.

(*A second alarm within.*)

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, with his sword drawn, and stained with blood.

GODFREY.

Arm, quickly arm, why stand ye loitering here
In cold debate, the enemy is near ;
Sir Albert Conyngham is close at hand,
With the strong regiment in his command ;
With him, like lion fighting at their head,
They've strew'd the field already with the dead.

Before that valiant knight no force could stand,
But all submitted to his ruthless hand.
More I would say, but horror stops my speech.

ST. RUTH.

Come, tell the worst, young soldier, I beseech.

GODFREY.

Alas! my heart, I tremble to explain,
But since I must—brave Talbot has been slain.
Lord Portland's horse approach'd the mortal fight
With sword in hand, and put our men to flight,
This Talbot saw, and like a soldier bold,
Disdaining life, he scorn'd to be controll'd,
But rapidly among the foes he rush'd,
With ardent hope of overcoming flush'd,
Till being closely press'd on every side,
By numbers overpower'd, he fell and died.
I fought in vain, and by his side I stood,
Till, as you see, I drench'd my sword in blood.

SARSFIELD.

In Talbot fell a chief with honour fir'd,
As high as ever on the field expir'd;
Then fly to arms, let it be each man's pride
To seek and strike the foe on every side.

ST. RUTH.

Delay not now, but sound to arms with speed,
For Talbot's sake ten thousand men must bleed;
Vengeance the British legions shall devour—
Athlone was sweet, but Aughrim shall be sour.
In vain, O'Neill, I find at last that we
Have tried to stop the foe at Urachree,

Then haste and see that Aughrim's castle's lined
With musqueteers, as we before designed;
Draw up the troops there, that we may sustain
The foeman's fury, and that pass maintain.
You've heard, brave men, how often I embrued
My hand in Huguenot's devoted blood.
Latouche and Letablere sent trembling here,
We'll hunt them back again this very year;
Ruvigni first of all—some years ago,
Great Louis finding him a daring foe,
Told him he would cut off his own right hand,
Rather than suffer schism in his land.
Let James's banners boldly be outspread,
His foes will soon be number'd with the dead.
The Church has bless'd us—saints and angels pray
That we may gain the victory to-day,
While at your head triumphant I will wield
This sword, and drive these rebels from the field.
(*Exeunt.*)

Drums and trumpets within—Enter Jemima.

JEMIMA.

Oh, is he dead?—my ever-honour'd sire,
With him, I wish to heaven I could expire;
For his king's rights the sacrifice was made,
And he has fallen by a traitor's blade:
There lies a Talbot, whose soul never knew
One thought that was not to high honour true;
Stand back, stand back, and leave me on the ground,
Whereon he lies, to bathe his mortal wound

With briny tears, which now in torrents run
From these sad eyes—I'm ruin'd, I'm undone.
(*She falls down on her father's body.*)

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, who raises her.

GODFREY.

Why do these lovely eyes with tears o'erflow,
To drown the paradise that lies below;
Dry up these tears, I trust his soul ere this
Has reach'd the realms of everlasting bliss.
Soldiers, bear off the body out of sight.
(*They bear off the body.*)

JEMIMA.

Oh, no, I'll follow—do not kill me quite.
(*Godfrey holds her.*)
See how he glares—behold, again he flies—
The clouds receive him—see, he mounts the skies;
Behold his blood, how red, refulgent bright—
I see him yet, but oh, I lose my sight.

GODFREY.

Patience, Jemima, dry these useless tears,
And see your Godfrey at your side appears.

JEMIMA.

'Tis true the sight of thee at this sad time
Is welcome as the rain in sultry clime,
But my heart's broken, I need not disclose,
You've seen the cause of my unequall'd woes.

GODFREY.

I saw him like a hero fight and fall—
Grieve not for him, he died at honour's call;

Tho' like the sun eclipsed, as in a shroud,
Your mind be overcast in sorrow's cloud,
Yet when that cloud has pass'd the darkness o'er,
You'll shine then brighter than you did before;
Turn then, O turn, to Herbert's tent make way,
Here comes our army in its grand array,
With it to honour's post I now must fly;
And when we rush upon the enemy,
The thought of thee will strengthen my right hand,
For thee I fight, and for thy lovely hand.

(*Exeunt.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

Scene I.

The Scene changes to the English army—drums within beat the "Grenadier's March"—Colonel Earles, accompanying the music, sings—

March on, brave boys, make good your ground,
Let all your martial trumpets sound
To arms, and we will soon confound
The foes of the Revolution.
Tho' they fight us two to one,
Still they shrink as we push on,
Soon o'er yon hill will they begone,
In flight from execution.

Loud our guns shall shortly roar,
Till the land resound from shore to shore,
No slaves of Rome can stand before
The glorious Revolution.
Proud our crimson banners fly,
Waving in the azure sky,
Here our foemen soon shall die,
Their cause in destitution.

Let them now their power try,
Here we crush them, here they die,
And while we fight let each man cry,
Huzza for the Revolution
Long may conquering William reign,
To curb the pride of France and Spain,
Rome's proud prelate still disdain,
And guard the Revolution.

Thus far victoriously we proceed,
And this fair isle from warfare shall be freed;
No longer blighted by a pagan creed,
The faithless priests against us may exclaim—
To them belongs of this day's blood the blame;
Such scenes they caused long since in forty-one,
But now their luckless cause to ruin's gone;
The baffled fiends, confounded by our fire,
May now for dupes to Italy retire.
Masses this morning have they sung in vain,
Confusion seems throughout their camp to reign.
Like Baal's priests from sunrise have they cried,
But answer to their prayer has been denied.

HERBERT.

We will defeat them, quickly will they fly,
Onward brave Earles to conquer or to die.
I feel my blood with martial ardor boil,
We'll drench to-day, with blood this marshy soil.

(*Exeunt.*)

Table and chairs are set upon the stage—Flourish of trumpets within.

Enter at several doors Generals Ginkell, Ruvigni, Talmash, and Mackay, with Colonel Herbert.

HERBERT.

Defend brave Ginkell, gracious heaven! Oh! may
His conquering sword defend our cause to-day.

GINKELL.

Hail, gallant soldiers! I appeal to you,
Whether or no should we the foe pursue;
The sun is setting, I would stop to-night,
And with his rising, follow on the fight—
There is no certainty in deeds of night.
But let us sit down here and first debate
The proper means to poise the scale of fate.

(*They all sit down.*)

Now I present, commanders, to your view
A plan of Aughrim which my gunner drew,

(*He shows them a map.*)

On this may now distinctly be descried
The Irish camp as it is fortified.
Here, my brave fellow soldiers, you may see
Their right's extended on to Urachree,
Their left and centre, too, high hills contain,
Extended o'er the well protected plain.
Europe can't show one spot so fortified,
With rivers, bogs or hills on every side,
So speak at once, say do ye think it right,
That we should halt here or renew the fight.

HERBERT.

My Lord, my voice was ever to pursue,
And o'er and o'er again the fight renew;
Hazard is still the glory of the great;
Let us fight on and we will soon defeat
These foes to freedom, vengeance on them shower,
Who stand to-day for arbitrary power:
When they last year in battle dared to join
With great King William on the banks of Boyne,
Had he his glorious victory made good,
And as they yielded rapidly pursued,
And drenched the road to Dublin with their blood,
Chased them at once thro' Leinster to Athlone,
The war was over, Erin was his own.
But he was merciful. Oh, soldiers, say,
Has mercy shed the blood that flowed to-day?
And oh! in lapse of time, if e'er again
Our sons should meet their sons on such a plain,
And win the day, oh may it be the cry,
That none to rally be allowed to fly.
A civil war protracted is the worst
Of ills with which this island has been curs'd.
Let thoughts like these your ardent minds inflame,
For thus alone can we retrieve our fame.
If this fair opportunity be lost,
Millions may feel it to their heavy cost.
On then—against them—let the traitors bleed,
And Europe will applaud the glorious deed.

RUVIGNI.

Well said, brave Herbert, you have touched it right,

But recollect what force we have to fight,
So prompt to succour them their friends have been,
They're five and twenty thousand to eighteen;
A powerful odds, the more so as the ground
With forts and breast-works is beleaguered round;
A bog secures their van, a brook behind,
Besides th' advantage of the sun and wind.
Weigh well these things, and surely you will see
That if we fight them 'twill be one to three.

HERBERT.

No—two to three, the third on their weak side,
Clowns from black bogs and mountains wild supplied,
Arm'd with half pikes, and skeins like butcher's knives—
Our guns will set them flying for their lives;
Not thus did Joshua, long time ago,
Regard the numbers of a faithless foe,
He fought for heaven, and this day fight we
For heaven's cause, our church, and liberty.
Not thus in Derry did they calculate,
When against James they closed their sacred gate,
When twenty thousand marshalled against seven,
Were baffled by the mighty hand of heaven;
Were they six millions now, and we but two,
With England's aid we could their force subdue.

GINKELL.

Send for our tents, and we will lie to night,
Encamped along the valley in their sight,
That when the shades of darkness pass away,
And the sun's chariot ushers in the day,

When the pale moon her clouded course has run,
We will attack them with the rising sun,
And heaven we trust, to righteous cause still kind,
Will drive our foes, like chaff, before the wind.

Enter Colonel Earles.

EARLES.

This moment looking round me as I stood
Upon my post, near the adjoining wood,
An Irish General as herald came,
With some proposals, Dorrington's his name.

GINKELL.

Conduct him here. What can his message be?
Will they draw off, and leave the country free?
It may be so, not hastily should we
Forego the present opportunity—
Their power to crush, their deep designs to mar,
And put this day an end to civil war.

Re-enter Colonel Earles with General Dorrington.

DORRINGTON.

St. Ruth, whose days be many, greeting sends
To General Ginkell and his gallant friends.

GINKELL.

His name we honour; but your message speak.

DORRINGTON.

He ordered me these just demands to make,
That first you would your heresy forsake,
Then Orange's usurping claims disown,
Replace your lawful monarch on the throne;

Disband this army, and at once become
Submissive liegeman to the see of Rome ;
When this is done the present contest ends,
And then St. Ruth and Ginkell will be friends ;
If this is done, sir, all will soon be well.

GINKELL.

I scorn the message, sir, and you may tell
St. Ruth from me, his army soon shall feel
The sharpest edge of England's conquering steel.
This day the cause between us must be tried,
And heaven in justice will the day decide ;
Tell him from me, his threat'nings I defy,
My troops are brave, upon them I rely ;
Haste then and let St. Ruth your master know,
That he to-day will meet an overthrow,
His time has come, that setting sun shall see
This island freed from foreign tyranny.

DORRINGTON.

Ginkell, consider and be timely wise,
St. Ruth's remonstrances do not despise.
Lest soon compelled to bend before your fate,
You'll mourn your obstinancy when too late.

GINKELL.

Begone, and tell your master that I dare
His utmost power to decide this war,
Tell him from me once more that on this plain
King William's lawful rights we will maintain ;
This day shall our army with renown,
And laurels fresh adorn our monarch's crown ;
This day shall cast your James for ever down.

DORRINGTON.

I take my leave, sir, but before this night
You will repent that you resolved to fight;
No overture like mine you'll meet again,
And seek for terms like mine but seek in vain.
(*Exit Dorrington.*)

HERBERT.

There spoke a Tamerlane—but rise my lords,
Renew the battle with your well-tried swords;
Loiter not here, but push them on the right,
Lest they escape unpunished in the night;
What patience had we to withhold our hands
From the vain slave who made such harsh demands.

GINKELL.

Then, gallant Herbert, let our cannon play
Until the smoke shall overcast the day,
While balls in showers sweep the foe away;
Here let our useless staffs of honour lie,
(*They throw down their truncheons.*)
Now sword in hand our foemen we defy.
(*They draw their swords.*)
Each to his post and see the battle fought,
For dearly must their victory be bought;
On every side St. George's cross display,
And die each soldier or redeem the day;
Man is at best but animated dust,
Tho' strong in power when his cause is just.
Heaven knows how these uncultivated hordes,
When we spoke peace, began to sharpen swords,
How into faction, faith they always turn,

And proffered kindness insolently spurn;
This day shall happy be for Erin's isle,
Confounding those who would her faith defile,
And of their liberty her sons beguile;
Go, bid the soldiers shoot, the cannon roar,
Their thunder echoing from shore to shore.

(*Exeunt severally.*)

(*Peals of artillery from within, followed by trumpets sounding a charge.*)

Enter Lucinda—re-enter Herbert.

LUCINDA.

Oh stay, my Herbert, I conjure you stay.

HERBERT.

What would my ever dear Lucinda say?

LUCINDA.

Oh, don't engage to-day, I thee desire,
Last night in dreams I saw thee all on fire,
Clad in bright flames, while angels all around
Were heaving thee tow'rds heaven from the ground,
Then I beheld thee like an angel rise,
And soar aloft, ascending to the skies.

HERBERT.

What means all this, Lucinda, dear, you seem
To misinterpret this delightful dream,
It means no more than that victorious found,
With blooming laurels I will soon be crown'd.

(*Firing of cannon heard at a distance.*)

Hark, now, my love, the battle has begun,
If I stay from it, I should be undone,

Blasting the laurels I have long since won ;
The trumpet now recalls me to the fight,
Adieu, adieu, my life, my heart's delight.

As he goes Lucinda seizes his arm, throwing herself on her knees in a supplicating manner.

LUCINDA.

Be not so rash, my Herbert, but allay
My growing tears ; oh, do not fight to-day.
Had Cæsar listened to Calphurnias dream,
Would you the warrior mistaken deem ?
Brutus and Cassius would have missed their aim.

HERBERT.

If, my Lucinda, Cæsar's timid wife
Had been obeyed, what value was her life ?
He who from foes had never shrunk or fled
Might be assassinated in his bed.
And now farewell, beyond that verdant hill,
From whose fair side proceeds this crystal rill,
Within our guarded lines, secure from fright,
Kneel down and pray while I go on to fight.

Enter Generals Ginkell and Mackay, with Colonel Herbert.

GINKELL.

'Tis now past five o'clock, we have begun
To join the battle—there's the signal gun ;
No backwardness appears on either side,
My eyes such troops as these have seldom spied;
Herbert, you see here is no rabble rout,
You rashly said one shot would drive them out ;

Our men, however, gallantly advance
Against the troops of Erin and of France,
Our left has passed the bog, and now aspire
To gain the hill in spite of all their fire.

MACKAY.

But here, behold, our left outflanks their right,
And as the first ranks tumble in the fight,
Their generals the loss in haste supply,
And fill the ranks where slaughtered hundreds lie,
With matchless bravery each charge they stand,
And from their right both horse and foot command;
Now should we hold of their advantage lay,
And march our foot across the narrow way,
Then with our utmost vigour to oppose
The main battalion of these valiant foes.

GINKELL.

Be that committed to brave Herbert's care,
Whilst you for vigorous pursuit prepare,
With Creighton's, Earle's, Brewer's and your own
Battalions, let your mettle now be shown,
Attempt the bog, and there your ground maintain
Till with fresh forces I that post sustain!

HERBERT.

My lord, no greater honour could I ask
Than to be chosen for so great a task,
The proud command with ardour I embrace,
Though instant death should stare me in the face.

(*Exit.*)

GINKELL.

Here we shake hands, my friends, and part a while,

In hope that heaven on our course will smile:
One thing is certain as such things can be,
A glorious death or joyful victory;
Our cause is good, our soldiers are all brave,
So onward now, the laurel or the grave.

(*Exeunt, with a sound of trumpets within.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

Scene I.

Scene the plain of Aughrim, between both armies, at six o'clock in the evening.

Enter St. Ruth and Sarsfield, their swords drawn.

ST. RUTH.

The day seems doubtful, and will not decide
The victory—but favours either side;
Now they, now we, alternate bear the sway,
Uncertain which of us will win the day.
Grace, your brave aid-de-camp has nobly fought,
But wounded mortally has back been brought,
Of his brave regiment but few survive,
Scarce fifty men of them are left alive;
His lovely lady doubly is undone,
Oh! what a sire she lost in fair Athlone:
The wise, humane, and gallant Richard Grace,
From youth to age the same in every place,
An honour to his honourable race;
From Strongbow's day, whose blood runs in his veins,
The house has flourished on Hibernian plains,

But still for France the honour I must claim,
As the old cradle of these sons of fame;
A Norman race here flourishes to-day,
They seem from time to suffer no decay,
Except in property, for from their hands
Relentless Cromwell seized on half their lands;
To pay for their rebellion his vile crew,
Whom none to king or God found ever true,
Who always think religion was intended
For nothing else on earth but to be mended,
Reformed, and re-reformed, until worn out,
It should expire in antinomian doubt;
But still enough is left to noble Grace,
To prove the loyalty of his high race,
For my lord Courtstown lately gave away
Thousands of pounds king James's troops to pay;
He, like you, Sarsfield, sprung from English blood,
The native Irish never were so good;
Their O's and Mac's, compared with you in fight,
Have not of mind or body equal might,
British or Norman blood from sire to son,
Have for this island half her laurels won.
If Balderick O'Donnel now comes on,
The game is up and Nassau is undone;
He in far Connaught chooses now to stay—
If he were with us he could turn the day.

SARSFIELD.

I think he's false, degenerate in blood,
And if he could, I doubt much if he would;
The miscalled liberator I disclaim,

To sell our cause the traitor came from Spain;
But he shall hear from us another day,
And for his treachery may dearly pay.

ST. RUTH.

If we had but a few men like lord Clare,
The Dutchman's hopes would vanish into air;
Cotter, with his dragoons, is here to-day,
As if they had not bled at Lisnaskea;
But where's Mac Mahon?

SARSFIELD.

Mention not his name,
He, like O'Donnel, plays a crafty game;
From Brien Boru's elder brother sprung—
He holds the hero's harp. When he was young,
Strong hope we had of him. He dreads our fate,
Aiming to come in time to be too late,
And so to save Clonina's fair estate;
But he shall lose it—we want no man here;
So on to battle—victory is near.
Yet see, St. Ruth, undaunted by our fire,
The foe advances, and our men retire;
They'll pass the bog in spite of us, and then
They'll clear this hill of us and all our men:
Our numbers, courage, strength, and skill in war,
May fail their passage thro' us to debar;
And though our men one half of them may kill,
The other half may win the battle still.

ST. RUTH.

Sarsfield, they're brave, 'tis pity they should be
So much exposed to our artillery;

Heroes they are, Lord Lucan, as I live,
Were they not heretics, I could forgive
Their fighting thus, although against their king;
But to the yoke, their necks we soon will bring.
Our holy mother church gives strict command
To root these heretics from this fair land.
Come, Sarsfield, come, our soldiers animate,
Much have we now to do, and it grows late.
(*Shouts and heavy firing within.*)

Enter General Dorrington, his sword drawn.

DORRINGTON.

Aughrim is ours; brave General Holstein's dead,
Who to the field Lord Portland's horsemen led;
Just now triumphant he rode o'er the plain,
On steed that seem'd the bridle to disdain;
He carried all before him, till a ball,
Shot with good aim from Aughrim's castle wall,
Fractured his skull, and with a mortal wound,
I saw him tumble breathless to the ground.

ST. RUTH.

Thanks to the saints! our force their foes o'erpower,
Great heaven's just, the victory is ours.
Let shouts of joy re-echo thro' the air,
Fly, fly, pursue them, charge them in the rear;
Ruin upon them and their centre waits,
We now can drive them up to Dublin gates.
(*Exeunt.*)

The Scene opens, and several soldiers enter as running away—Colonel Earles following them.

EARLES.

Oh! stand and perish, soldiers, e'er you fly,
For at the worst, brave boys, we can but die,
Return with me and scorn one foot to flinch,
We'll fight our way disputing every inch.

Enter General Talmash, his sword drawn.

TALMASH.

Stand, Britons, stand, and yet redeem the day,
No hope is left us if you run away;
Stand to your ground, for shame, maintain the field,
Will English soldiers thus like women yield?
If so alone the battle I will try,
Resolved this day to conquer or to die.
(*Several soldiers return and proceed with him.*)

EARLES.

Bravely relieved, recovered is our line,
Just when our cause was ready to decline;
Herbert is taken prisoner and conveyed
Off by the foe in spite of all our aid,
Twice we retook the hero, but at length
They bore him from us by superior strength,
We being sever'd, Herbert, in the throng,
High raised his arm, as he was borne along,
Fight on, fight on, my gallant friends, he cried,
One hour's exertion will the day decide.

TALMASH.

Is he then lost; oh now, my honoured friends,
Rally once more, and then their boasting ends;
Renew the fight, and we will shortly see
The foe in flight—we'll conquer, on with me,
I'll lead you forward to redeem the day,
Tho' satan's legions stand to stop our way.

(*Shouting and great tumult within.*)

Enter Ginkell, Mackay, and Ruvigni.

GINKELL.

Routed! confusion! see our centre runs,
Driven with the foe just even with our guns,
Now rendered useless. How could I suppose
That Irish troops were half so good as those?
Never before did warriors maintain
A fight more manfully on hill or plain,
But let us press them closely and we'll find
They'll break at last, like dust before the wind.

MACKAY.

I think on Blair of Athole and Dundee,
Here I another Killicrankie see.

RUVIGNI.

Ginkell, I deem it needful that on sight
Sir John Lanier's brigade should, from our right,
Move with precipitation to our left,
And aid the infantry, of aid bereft;
Why should we turn, or in disorder run,
From the strong post we have so lately won;

Forbid it heaven, it never shall be said
That on the eve of victory we fled!

MACKAY.

Yonder amidst the boldest fight appears
A gallant youth, but tender yet in years,
His acts of valour strike my wond'ring sight,
No sword so often gleams aloft in light;
Behold him now—I marked him in his pride,
When by that sword so many brave men died;
Confound the stripling, he shall shortly fall,
I'll seek him out and make him pay for all;
I think 'tis Godfrey—he will find too late
That Romish love has seal'd his early fate;
Herbert was lost by it, few Britons thrive
When they, like Sampson, foemen's daughters wive,
Dalilah like, time tells the tale too well
Their husband's secrets to their priests they tell.

Enter Colonel Earles.

EARLES.

Hail, Ginkell, hail to this auspicious day,
The laurel's ours, the baffled foe gives way,
Our foot have rallied and the shock sustain'd,
And their lost ground have gallantly regained;
Fire answers fire, and blood like rain is spill'd,
Three hundred Irish soldiers have been kill'd.

GINKELL.

Then halt not here, but onward at the head
Of those who rally, though they lately fled,
Renew the charge, the Irish ranks surround,

They seldom rally when they once give ground.
On, ply them closely—see, they're giving way,
Now, now, we gain the glory of the day.

(*Exeunt.*)

(*Kettle-drums and trumpets sound within.*)

The Scene changes to the Irish Camp.

Enter Dorrington and O'Neill, with several soldiers, hauling in Colonel Herbert, who makes great resistance.

DORRINGTON.

Yield, Herbert, yield, nor from our friendship fly,
We hold brave Talbot's son-in-law too high
To see him wrong'd, or by his rashness die;
Submit, submit, no soldier should upbraid
The men by whom he prisoner is made;
He must be mad who, stubborn and self-will'd,
Provokes the men by whom he may be killed.

HERBERT.

Forbear your taunts, I hear them with disdain,
If I had met you single on this plain,
Before this time you'd welter with the slain;
Oft has your person glanc'd upon my sight,
I wish'd to meet you sword to sword in fight;
But short's your time of triumph, for I hear
My conq'ring friends now pressing on your rear.

Enter St. Ruth.

ST. RUTH.

Fly to your posts, be now or never brave,

Waste not a moment on this captive slave,
Our camp the enemy almost surround,
Tho' twice repulsed they still are gaining ground;
But persevere, repel them once again,
They'll yield the battle and desert the plain.

HERBERT.

'Tis false, vain Gaul, your efforts they despise,
No Briton in the hour of danger flies,
They'll clear those lines in spite of all your skill,
And hunt your men like hares from Aughrim hill.

ST. RUTH.

Bear hence at once this traitor from my sight,
Lodge him securely and pursue the fight.

(*Exeunt Dorrington and O'Neill, with Herbert.*)

ST. RUTH—*solus.*

'Tis fix'd—'twill be so—Herbert shall not live
To see our flight—no respite will I give;
His friends rush on, and give me cause to fear
He may be rescued from us and get clear,
If so more furious than he was before,
His sword would soon be stain'd with Irish gore;
I'll hinder that, this railing captive dies,
His arm against us he shall never rise.

(*Exit, with sounds of kettle-drums and trumpets.*)

The Scene opens discovering Colonel Herbert lying mortally wounded—he moves forward towards the middle of the stage.

HERBERT.

Wounded to death! but still my heart won't break,

Though I retain scarce power enough to speak.
My murd'rers have gone back to the fight,
And had not mercy left to kill me quite.
May gracious heaven the great King William bless,
And crown this day his army with success!
May blooming laurels ever grace his crown,
To-day we cast his adversaries down.
May all who in his place shall ever stand,
Protect from popery this lovely land—
Save it from idol-worship, base and blind,
Whose object is to brutalize mankind;
It blasted Italy, impoverished Spain,
And may rise up to curse our isle again,
Pollute fair England, and as years advance,
May revolutionize and ruin France.
Grant this, great heaven! Oh, may thy arm divine
Protect the Protestant Sophia's line.
May none of her descendants, king or queen,
Encouragers of popery be seen.
May each of them be number'd with the dead,
Before a papist shares the royal bed—
By such a consort Charles lost his head.
Hear this, O Lord of mercy! I beseech—
I am a sinner—death arrests my speech!
Forgive my murderers, as now I do—
Oh save my soul for Christ's sake! World, adieu!

(*He dies.*)

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, with his sword drawn, speaking to some one within.

GODFREY.

Rally once more, nor timorously stand,
Struck thus with panic—charge them hand to hand;
But hold—here's treachery, here's murder base,
I think I once before beheld this face;
His person stately, dignified and fair,
A ring upon his finger rich and rare.
(*He views the ring more closely.*)
Oh, horror, worse than all this war's alarms,
This ring, I know, pourtrays Lord Pembroke's arms;
This is my brother Herbert now I know,
Death be his doom who gave the fatal blow;
Pale is that cheek, and closed this hero's eyes,
Oh, my brave Herbert, murder'd here he lies;
My blood with horror now begins to freeze,
Curs'd be the cause maintained by deeds like these;
Wretch that I am, betray'd by beauty bright,
In such a cause against my king to fight.

(*As he offers to go he is met by a Ghost, which approaches him three times, at each time receding from him, he at last thus speaks.*)

HERBERT.

Who art thou? speak! a devil, or a ghost
Of some departed man of either host?
Perhaps an angel, sent from heaven's throne,
To punish him by whom this deed was done?

Stand not aloof—see there brave Herbert lies,
Murdered most basely. Oh, I'll sacrifice
A thousand victims to his injured shade—
Quarter was promised, and he was betray'd.

GHOST.

Be not so rash, wild youth, stay calmly here
Until my name and message shall appear ;
Me you mistake, for when I breath'd this air,
I was your father—you remember when
I was assassinated by such men
As those who murdered Herbert here to-day ;
Cut off in prime of life, hid under ground,
My mangled body has not yet been found.

GODFREY.

Oh, honored sire, permit me thus to show
The love that intermingles with my wo!

(*He advances to embrace the Ghost who shrinks from him.*)

GHOST.

Stand off, come near me not, as I must fly
Out of your sight, and vanish in the sky,
But mark my words, the whistl'ing winds now sing
How led by love, you fight against your king,
For the vile minions of the see of Rome,
Partaking of their guilts and of their doom ;
Griev'd at your treason, tho' I grieve too late,
I hover'd down to warn you of your fate.

GODFREY.

Could such an embassy as this entice
A happy soul to come from paradise ?

But answer me, if it be no offence,
When thou'rt at rest where is thy residence,
For learned men have oft been heard to say,
Were souls in heaven there they'd gladly stay,
Or if in hell they could not get away.

GHOST.

Speak not with levity. No soul of man
Arrive at either of these regions can,
Till re-united with his frame of clay
Both rise to judgment on the last great day,
Where, in the mean time, souls are doomed to dwell,
'Tis not for you to hear, or me to tell.
Proceed I will not, for I should unfold,
A tale which must not be to mortals told,
And if it were, might make their blood run cold.

(*The Ghost recedes.*)

GODFREY.

But go not, ghost, away, a moment stand,
Tell me the purport of your strange command,
Be it a message of the deepest wo,
The worst at once I ever wish to know.

GHOST.

I have come here, unhappy son, to say,
You're doom'd to die upon this field to-day,
And well 'tis for you, as if you survive,
You would not long be suffer'd here to live,
Dishonor'd you would meet a traitor's doom,
And ignominiously sent to the tomb ;
Now warn'd by me, forsake the luckless cause
Of those who scorn divine and human laws,

No British gentleman e'er yet took part
With Rome in war escaped a broken heart,
And even in peace, to ruin still he goes,
Who gives his strength to antichristian foes.
Then join the British army, let not shame
In future ages stain a Godfrey's name ;
Give Ginkell now your late but active aid,
In his brave ranks now wield you trusty blade,
Avenge you murder'd friend, these slaves defy,
And fall with honour since your're doomed to die !
I'll hover o'er the field till joined by you—
'Till then—mark what I say—my son, farewell,
adieu.

(*Vanishes.*)

GODFREY.

Gone, like a morning dream ! what shall I do,
Love bids me stay, but anger says pursue.
Which will I follow ? here I will not stay,
My father's ghost commands, I must obey.
Never again will I uplift my hand
Against King William and my native land,
But join my countrymen——

(*Enter Sarsfield and Dorrington, with their swords drawn.*)

SARSFIELD.

Stay, Godfrey, stand,
Come forward with us and our charge sustain.
Full fifteen hundred of our men are slain,
The British fire-balls many tents have burn'd,

One of our batteries against ourselves is turned;
Now, now or never, try your utmost force.

GODFREY.

No, Sarsfield, no, if it was ten times worse,
Long may they prosper, nor retire from hence
Till you atone for murdered innocence.

SARSFIELD.

As heaven is witness, and that setting sun,
I knew not of it, till the deed was done;
I never could with such a crime comply
As wilful murder—

DORRINGTON.

No, Godfrey, nor could I.

(*Exit Godfrey.*)

Enter St. Ruth.

ST. RUTH.

Courage, my gallant generals, for now
The laurel is about to grace our brow;
Once more the English infantry retreat,
Pursue, we'll drive them back to Dublin gate;
Fall on their flanks, a furious havoc make,
Hew down their horsemen, haughty Ginkell take,
Then as a warning to each future age,
Like Bajazet, we'll bind him in a cage.

(*Exeunt.*)

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

Scene I.

Scene—The hill of Kilcommoden.

Enter Sarsfield and O'Neill, their swords drawn.

SARSFIELD.

Aughrim is lost, the brave St. Ruth is dead,
And all his guards are from the battle fled,
As he rode down the hill he met his fall,
And died the victim of a cannon ball;
His loss is great—'tis ruinous to stay,
For now whole regiments will fall away.

O'NEILL.

Hope now is vain, no succour can be found,
And death displays his sable flag around;
But yet forbear too soon to yield to fate,
We'll sell our lives at no ignoble rate;
Here let us stand, and firmly meet our fall,
As once Rome's senate waited for the Gaul.

SARSFIELD.

He's gone and left us without compass here,
Which way in this extremity to steer;
His fatal jealousy of me now drives

Thousands to seek by flight to save their lives;
But brave O'Neill, thou partner of my breast,
Here in the bed of honour will we rest,
Death is more welcome, as I have a friend
On whom in weal or woe I can depend.
Now as the pelican has often stood,
To pierce her veins, and feed her young with blood,
So for lost Erin, dear and lovely still,
Here on this field my blood I'll freely spill,
This useless sword shall open every vein,
And steep with Sarsfield's blood fair Aughrim's plain.

O'NEILL.

Oh! say not so, Lord Lucan, let us fight,
Or push for Galway in the dead of night,
Or else to Limerick; for we may stand it there,
And all our losses on this field repair.
Who knows but articles we may obtain,
Which may enable us to fight again;
The King of France has forty ships to send,
Our king's most sacred cause here to defend;
Five hundred officers, three thousand men,
Ten thousand stand of arms. Oh, Sarsfield, then,
Once more we'll enter on the battle field,
And by the force of arms make Nassau yield;
They who one battle lose, all men allow,
May bind fresh laurels on triumphant brow,
The tide of warfare always ebbs and flows,
They who retreat can rush back on their foes,
Like fearless Tartars, and their hopes may mar;

Turning the scale of fluctuating war.
On, then, towards Limerick this dismal night!

Enter Dorrington.

DORRINGTON.

Haste, gallant friends, and save yourselves by flight,
Our cavalry have galloped from the ground,
And death triumphant rages all around;
Nothing but devastation now is seen,
For sever'd heads and trunks o'erspread the green;
Loud in each quarter sounds wild war's alarm,
Here lies a leg and there a sever'd arm,
Men's heads appear cut through by heavy blows,
And o'er the field a crimson torrent flows.
Come from this horrid scene, fly, Sarsfield, fly,
For if we stay we must ignobly die;
On, on to Limerick, we there may stand
Again for James and fair Hibernia's land;
There we conditions may, perhaps, obtain,
Here only swell the numbers of the slain.

SARSFIELD.

Oh, Dorrington, my friend, let me not hear
A sound so harsh, so grating to my ear;
Shall I shrink back from death, and live in shame,
To change a soldier's for a coward's name,
Blast all my glory by one foul disgrace,
Nor dare to look a brave man in the face?
No here I stand, and Ginkell's force defy,
Then for my king and country will I die,
Though all around me should think fit to fly.

DORRINGTON.

Sarsfield forbear, let not a thought so vain
Within a breast like yours one moment reign,
Your life for what we lost will not atone,
Galway as well as Limerick is our own;
Fresh aid is coming rapidly from France,
With which recruited we may soon advance
Again; then haste, to either let us fly,
From whence again the battle we may try,
Here hope is gone; and lost to plighted truth,
Sir Charles Godfrey, that false-hearted youth,
Has taken part with the prevailing side,
And Aughrim's hill with Irish blood has dyed.

O'NEILL.

Confound the traitor, may I ne'er depart
Until my sword has reached his hollow heart.

Enter some soldiers bearing St. Ruth bleeding—they lay the body on the stage, and throw a cloak over it.

SARSFIELD.

There let him lie, like Pompey in his gore,
Whose blood heroic stain'd the Egyptian shore;
There lies a man whose deeds shall ever shine,
In Flanders, France, and all along the Rhine,
Though he thro' arrogance eclipsed them all;
Deaf to the gallant Grace's earnest call,
Lost fair Athlone and caused our country's fall;
Yet had he confidence in me to-day,
It might have ended in another way;
My heart recoils against the hated sound

Of foreign bondage in my native ground;
Why was I nurtured to a noble race,
And taught to stare destruction in the face?
Would I had been brought up to rural toil,
To fence and cultivate the fertile soil,
To watch my flocks, to range the mountains thro',
With flowing locks wet from the morning dew,
Rather than live to see this day of shame,
That dims the lustre of a Sarsfield's name.

DORRINGTON.

Forbear, great sir, and leave this fatal field,
The best of soldiers have been forced to yield;
Darius great was put to hasty flight,
And Cæsar Pompey overcame in fight,
Scipio by foes was more than once defeated,
And Rosen from the Derry walls retreated—
As great Goliath by a boy was slain
By 'prentice boys were multitudes there slain.
These men were mighty heroes in their day,
Yet fought in fields on which they could not stay;
Then cease to grieve, to Limerick come with speed,
Nor waste a life of which we stand in need;
Come for the Shannon; then we need not fear,
And stand intrepid for another year,
Or sooner stop these Englishmen's career.

SARSFIELD.

My gallant friends, I feel no slavish fears,
Tho' here the limit of our fate appears;
I'll go, but first look back with mourning eye,
On the fair field from which we're doom'd to fly,

Just when expecting dear-bought victory.
Thus Adam, when from paradise expell'd,
Turn'd round in tears and his lost home beheld,
And then o'erwhelmed with anguish and despair,
Went forth, like me, he knew not, cared not, where.
(*Flourish of drums and trumpets within.*)

Enter, with their swords drawn, Generals Talmash and Mackay.

TALMASH.

Take quarters, gentlemen, and yield on sight,
Or otherwise come on and stand the fight,
But have some pity on yourselves and yield,
For blood enough has stained this hard-fought field.
'Tis Briton's glory, all the world can tell,
To use their vanquished adversaries well.

SARSFIELD.

Urge you that thought, proud Talmash, if you dare,
You know not whom, perhaps, you meet in war,
I am Lord Lucan, Sarsfield is my name,
And where my sword can reach I'll guard my fame,
Life I despise now, reck'ning death my friend,
The man's not living who could make me bend
My neck to bondage—(*draws his sword*)—then proud foe decline
The length of this—this hallow'd spot is mine.

TALMASH.

If you are Sarsfield, as you bravely show,
You are a hero whom I longed to know,
Wishing to thank you on this crimson plain,

For your great feat in blowing up our train ;
Now mark, Lord Lucan, that we here contend
For England's church, her altars we defend,
Which you and yours would into ruin send—
King William's crown, Queen Mary's right, these three—

SARSFIELD,

Why then come on, Rome and King James for me.

A rush from both sides on the stage—a fight ensues, in which the Irish are worsted and fly, pursued by the English.

The scene changes to another part of the field. Enter Jemima, veiled.

JEMIMA.

When will my sorrows give me time to rest,
Oh, happy, might it be on Godfrey's breast !
My soul relieved, should then despise alarms,
And I would die contented in his arms ;
But, here he comes, oh, what is this I view,
Whence are those ghastly looks, this livid hue.

Enter Sir Charles Godfrey, leaning on his sword, and wounded in several parts of his body.

Oh, welcome to my arms, my soul's delight ;
But oh, my heart bleeds at the dreadful sight,
I see the youth I love drenched in his gore—
Alas, our cruel foes can do no more.

GODFREY.

Oh, my Jemima, false to thee and love,

From both a faithless recreant I prove;
I have betrayed you; come, oh, lady fair,
I meet you now in guilt and deep despair;
Smile not again upon a wretch like me,
The scorn of men and women doomed to be.

JEMIMA.

Spare the sad tale, I cannot bear the rest,
You are not false, I must suppose the best.

GODFREY.

Amidst the battle, with a recreant heart,
Against your countrymen I took a part,
Breaking the solemn vow I made to you,
Much Irish blood in burning rage I drew;
But following the fugitives too far,
I found disaster in the chance of war—
Gordon O'Neill, Sir Phelim's ruthless son,
Beheld indignant all that I had done,
In furious vengeance he gave me a blow
Which laid me powerless before my foe;
He left me there, but others soon came on,
Who stabb'd me mortally—my life is gone.

(*He drops his sword and falls upon the stage.*)

My soul grows sick, my eyes are losing sight,
Ready to close in deadly shades of night;
Fain would I live to make amends for all,
But cannot—farewell, see, your Godfrey fall.

(*He dies.*)

JEMIMA.

Oh, Godfrey, must we part—it must not be,

My heart is broken, and I die with thee.
(*She falls upon the body and faints.*)

Enter General Ginkell, the Marquis de Ruvigni, with an Ensign and several soldiers—Colours flying, Drums beating.

GINKELL.

Thus heaven a righteous cause will ever bless,
Now William's arms are crown'd with full success.
The vanquish'd Irish fly o'er hill and dale,
Our flag triumphant floats upon the gale;
Sarsfield and Purcell have together gone,
To work more mischief, but their day is done;
It is from France they are expecting aid—
What's this we see, my friends, a lovely maid,
Fainting or dying, o'er her lover laid;
'Tis Talbot's daughter, soldier, raise her head,
And bear her gently to some friendly bed.
See, brave Ruvigni, see who here lies dead,
The luckless Godfrey, penitent in vain,
He by the men he fought for has been slain;
Dreadful example for the days to come,
For those who fight from love or fear of Rome,
Sharing her guilt, partaking of her doom.

(*The soldiers gently raise Jemima, who seems to be dying, and bear her off the stage in a cloak.*)

Now you, sir, (*to the officer in waiting,*) haste and bid the slaughter cease,
We won the battle, let them win the race;
'Tis growing dark, and down teems heavy rain,

To wash the blood from this deep tinctured plain,
Or I would not from close pursuit refrain.
Gallant Ruvigni, I confess with pride
The joy I feel to see you at my side,
This day with me all dangers have you braved,
This day the freedom of these kingdoms saved.

RUVIGNI.

Oh, spare the speech, my lord, and do not raise
Your voice too lavishly in one man's praise,
For when your men seemed ready to despair,
The Enniskillen forces joined your rear,
Creighton, with Armstrong's and Elliott's brave,
Forsters and Grahams, came in time to save
Our flying soldiers from a crimson grave.
Bravely thus this evening they sustain'd
Our hard pressed troops, and their lost ground
regain'd.
How the brave Huguenots behaved to-day,
'Tis not for me, as one of them, to say,
Though on the field of war I have grown grey.
Well 'twas for William that mistaken France
Rashly revoked the edict given at Nantz,
Better for her Latouche and Letablere,
With Cailimote were at Bolounge Sur-mere,
Or Blois, than at the Boyne, and here to-day,
To make their persecutors proud give way.

GINKELL.

Speak valiant soldiers, is the country clear,
Have we no foes in ambuscade, to fear;
Bald'rick O'Donnel is not far away;

But, like a coward, he has kept away;
Oft would the Irish of his prowess tell,
Tho' he came here from Spain their cause to sell.

TALMASH.

No fear of ambuscade we entertain,
The French and Irish fly from hill and plain;
Back to the bogs the footmen run away,
The horsemen fly in terror tow'rds Loughrea;
Had we another hour of clear day light,
Few would have reached a hiding place to-night.
These men we found, my lord, upon the plain,
Wounded and weltering with the heaps of slain.

Enter General Dorrington and Colonel O'Neill, wounded and bleeding.

GINKELL.

Hail, mighty Dorrington, thus low we bow,
Shall we disown the Prince of Orange now?
Must we disband our legions and restore
Your abdicated king to rule once more?
Shall we the king of France's vassal own,
And will King William step down from the throne?

DORRINGTON.

Forbear, my lord, nor thus insult me so,
Is this right usage for a fallen foe?
Had but St. Ruth survived this evening's fight,
To Dublin gates you would have taken flight.
Meanwhile from France come twenty ships of war,
Who after all your fondest hopes may mar;
Ten thousand stand of arms, three thousand men,

Recruit our forces and we'll fight again;
The Dutch usurper you may soon disown,
And James regain his sainted father's throne;
This day is yours, don't treat me as a slave,
Our soldiers were as good as yours—as bold, as brave.

GINKELL.

Not braver than the men whose happy fate
It was to make superior force retreat,
Eighteen to twenty-five we fought this day,
The twenty-five to eighteen soon gave way;
But, soldiers, let these gentlemen be sent,
With guards of honour, to my own best tent,
But kept asunder; and now search around,
Some straggling parties may be near us found.

TALMASH.

No bands remain entire, for falling night
Debarred each soldier from his fellow's sight,
And that they might be light, and fly more fast,
Their arms, and belts, and shoes away they cast;
Four hundred men as prisoners we got,
Seven thousand perished on this fatal spot;
Their tents and baggage, to reward their toil,
Our soldiers take as military spoil;
This have we gained, and glorious to view,
See all their cannon and their standards too.

MACKAY.

To let these trophies be more fully seen,
Send, Ginkell, send these standards to the Queen,
Send them as emblems of a tyrant's fall,

To grace in splendid pomp Westminster hall.

GINKELL.

It shall be done, but till the morning's light,
Let our brave soldiers guard the field to-night,
And with the dawn of day let peals of cannon
Proclaim our victory along the Shannon;
Let them resound to the Atlantic deep,
And Rome discomfited in silence weep,
Doomed, should she rise in future days again,
To fall once more an object of disdain;
Triumph from truth no human force can sever,
The standard of Jehovah stands for ever.

(*Discharge of artillery.*)

TALMASH.

The muster master's list is here, and it will tell
How many of our men on this field fell,
A small account considering our gain,
Seven hundred wounded, and as many slain.

GINKELL.

O thou who all events must still decide,
Who gave this laurel to the weaker side,
'Twas thy tremendous arm this battle fought,
In which a mighty host was brought to nought;
Thus was it found in Hezekiah's day,
And will be found till time shall pass away,
Millions may rise against thee, and may boast,
But like these thousands must be always lost.
This night for rest, brave men, and here we stay,
Sound may our sleep be after such a day;
From hence in line of battle we will haste,

And on our march lay forts and castles waste;
Soon shall our foemen in proud Limerick quake,
Whose walls our battering guns shall shortly shake,
We'll turn that garrison to our own use,
And all this isle to England's power reduce;
And never, never may our sons betray,
To future foes the rights we won to-day.

(*Exeunt, with drums beating, colours flying, and a general discharge of artillery.*)

END OF THE BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

SONGS

ON THE

DELIVERANCE OF LONDONDERRY

FROM THE

BESIEGING ARMY OF JAMES THE SECOND,

IN

1689.

"Non semel Ilios
Vexata: non pugnavit ingens
Idomeneus Sthenelusve solus
Dicenda Musis prælia; non ferox
Hector, vel acer Deiphobus graves
Excepit ictus pro pudicis
Conjugibus puerisque primus.
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique, longa
Nocte carent quia vate sacro."

Hor. Carm. Lib. iv. *Ode* ix.

SONGS.

ON THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

Full many a long wild winter's night,
And sultry summer's day,
Have passed and gone since James took flight
From Derry walls away;
Cold are the hands that closed our gate
Against the wily foe,
But here to times remotest date
Their spirit still shall glow.

CHORUS.

Then here's a health to all good men,
Now fearless friends are few,
But when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
With drums and trumpets gay,

The 'prentice boys just heard the noise,
And then prepared for play;
While some opposed, the gates they closed,
And joining hand in hand,
Before the wall resolved to fall,
Or for their freedom stand.

CHORUS.

When honour calls to Derry walls,
The noble and the brave;
Oh, he who in the battle falls,
Must find a hero's grave.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
With many a mortal wound,
While thousands in wild war's array
Stood marshall'd all around:
Each hill and plain was strewed with slain,
The Foyle ran red with blood,
But all was vain the town to gain,
Here William's standard stood.

CHORUS.

Then here's to those who face their foes
As men and heroes should,
And let the slave steal to his grave,
Who fears to shed his blood.

The matchless deeds of those who here
Defied the tyrant's frown,
On history's bright rolls appear
Emblazon'd in renown;

Here deathless Walker's faithful word
Sent hosts against the foe,
And gallant Murray's Scottish sword
The Gallic chief laid low.

CHORUS.

Then here's to those heroic dead,
Their glorious memory,
May we who stand here in their stead,
As wise and valiant be.

Oh, sure a heart of stone would melt,
The scenes once here to see,
And witness all our fathers felt
To leave their country free;
They saw the lovely matron's cheek
With want and terror pale,
They heard their child's expiring shriek
Float on the passing gale.

CHORUS.

Yet here they stood in fire and blood,
As battle raged around,
Resolv'd to die, till victory
Their crimson standard crown'd.

The sacred rights these heroes gain'd
In many a hard fought day,
Shall they by us be still maintain'd,
Or basely cast away;
Shall rebels vile, rule o'er our isle,
And call it all their own?

Oh, surely no, the faithless foe
Must bend before the throne.

CHORUS.

Then here's a health to all good men,
To all good men and true,
And when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

AIR—"*On board of the Arethusa.*"

Ye men of Derry, stout and bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
Oh, think to-day on days of old,
And England's constitution;
On this proud day, in William's year,
The 'prentice boys assembled here,
And hand in hand gave one grand cheer,
For the glorious Revolution.

Europe heard the joyful sound,
Vainly Rome's proud vassals frown'd,
William and Mary soon were crown'd,
And stopp'd the persecution;
Antrim's troops compell'd to wait,
Trembling stood before our gate,
Till they fled to shun their fate,
In rapid evolution,

When again with opening spring,
Back they came and brought their king,
We made our bells for William ring,
With Spartan resolution;

Though they fought us three to one,
Still they shrunk as we press'd on,
Soon their coward king was gone,
Afraid of execution.

As like days again come round,
Here we stand on classic ground,
Ever true to England found,
And our glorious constitution:
Proud our crimson flag shall fly,
Waving in the azure sky,
Here we conquer or we die,
In the cause of the Revolution.

THE CATALOGUE,

AFTER THE MANNER OF THE SECOND ILIAD OF HOMER,

AND ADAPTED TO THE MUSIC OF

"The Boyne Water."

"Dignum laude virum
Musa vetat mori."—HOR.

I.

In sixteen hundred and eighty-eight,
On the seventh day of December,
The men of Derry closed their gate,
And the day we will ever remember;
While all around, on rising ground,
The foe was fast collecting,
Their pomp and pride our sires defied,
Kind heaven their cause defending.

II.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
In bright array of battle,
But soon in fright fled back again,
When they heard our muskets rattle;

Though some within proclaimed it sin,
And treason to repel them,
Our young men brave, the town to save,
To fly did soon compel them.

III.

Wild winter gone, the spring came on,
And James in Munster landed,
The southern coast received his host,
By foreigners commanded;
He soon sent forth to quell the north,
His force from Cork and Kerry,
Triumphant they made good their way,
Till they came to the gates of Derry,

IV.

Lord Galmoy's horse with Ramsay's pranced,
Around Ballougry mountain,
Nugent and Eustace bold advanced,
To Columbkill's fair fountain;
In meadows green their magazine,
Lord Gormanstown protected;
Lord Clare's Milesian flag was seen,
On a Danish fort erected.

V.

From Lucan issued Sarsfield's horse,
Their trumpet's loudly sounding;
Down Tara hill came Plunket's force,
Their hearts for fame high bounding;
From Drogheda Lord Dungan's band,
Were raised by royal bounty,

Tyrconnel's from Fitzgerald's land,
And Grace's from King's county.

VI.

Talbot march'd here from Kildare,
Purcell from Tipperary,
Waucop and Buchan present were,
From the wilds of Inverary;
Dublin's Mayor did here repair,
The Butlers from the Barrow,
Roscommon sent Lord Dillon's heir,
The Derry walls to harrow.

VII.

On steeds by all the army praised,
Came Parker's troops from Navan,
O'Reilly with the force he raised
Round the hills and vales of Cavan;
Clifford's troops came here from Clare,
To join King James's party,
Cotter's dragoons too had their share
Of fame with Lord Cloncarty.

VIII.

From Cork's wild shore Mac Carthy More,
The tyrant's force augmented,
Mac Mahon's men their standards bore,
In Clones regimented;
Hagan's were seen from Glenswood green,
To great O'Neill related,
And Gallagher tall, from fair Donegal,
Was the last of the men that retreated.

IX.

Bellew came from Duleek hall,
To see his monarch righted;
Fagan of Filtrim with Fingal
His cavalry united;
'Twas James's plan that Lord Strabane
Should give proud Derry warning,
But he went off with a shot and scoff,
His words the townsmen scorning.

X.

His namesake here felt no such fear,
Stood for his country bleeding,
His valiant hand saved life and land,
To Abercorn's rank succeeding;
The men of Strabane were here to a man,
For church and crown contending,
Tho' their Lord play'd the fool for knave's misrule,
They were here our fair walls defending.

XI.

At the crystal rill near Pennyburn mill,
Were Bagnall's forces posted,
Fitzgerald's on the chapel hill,
Of faith and fealty boasted;
The batteries at Culmore fort,
With sod-works were surrounded,
And loud their culverin's report
O'er hill and vales resounded.

XII.

On the Sheriff's ground, a new rais'd mound,
Lord Louth took a strong position,

And with Lord Slane did there remain,
Their troops in high condition;
Bred on the flowery banks of Boyne,
Then unrenown'd in story,
They here the Irish troops did join,
In vain pursuit of glory.

XIII.

Brave troops from Cork around Brookhall
A dangerous post demanded;
O'Neill's dragoons, all stout and tall,
The other shore commanded;
Kilkenny's Graces chose the spot
From which the boom extended
Across the Foyle, where bullets hot
That narrow pass defended.

XIV.

Cavenagh was seen on Claggin burn,
His Wicklow warriors leading,
Whence few were fated to return,
Though then in pride parading;
Ten thousand men from fair Prehen,
In trenches deep protected,
On every hill display'd their skill,
And batteries erected.

XV.

From Trough's green fields M'Kenna's came,
In numbers all surmounting,
And from Mayola's golden stream
Came Bradleys past the counting;

From Longford far to the field of war
O'Farrel's forces wandered,
And did their best in Walker's nest
To plant King James's standard.

XVI.

When Bryne O'Neill of Balnascreen
An alderman was chosen,
And when Broughshane our mayor was seen,
Our hearts with fear were frozen;
O'Rourke was down for a civic gown,
O'Sheills and Mac Conways elated,
Mac Anallies from Tyrone and Con Baccagh's son
On our magistrate's bench were seated.

XVII.

From Ailagh's throne in Ennishone,
O'Dogherty came shouting,
From Kenaught's plain came Manus Cane,
A victory not doubting;
Lough Erne's shore, with many more,
Sent here Maguire boasting,
Of days long gone, old forty-one,
In flowing bumpers toasting.

XVIII.

Meanwhile within our threaten'd wall,
Were traitors vile assembling,
Ready the Irish in to call,
While timid friends were trembling;
Hundreds gone, as foes came on,
A tone of scorn assuming,

Crowds every day that pass'd away,
Our scanty stores consuming.

XIX.

No food could come from Innishone,
All passes guarded round us,
Our haughty foemen held Tyrone,
With famine to confound us;
The aid that here from England came,
Our governor commanded,
To sail away the very day
They would have timely landed.

XX.

What could the maiden city do,
By all these troops invested?
She raised her standard of true blue,
By freedom's foes detested;
The goodly sign, like bow divine,
O'er Ulster brightly beaming,
Brought quickly forth the sons of the north,
The post of honour claiming.

XXI.

First to the town Squire Forward came,
His bands from Burt proceeding;
And Stewart and Grove, to the field of fame,
Heroic soldiers leading;
In a meadow great, near Ballindreat,
Brave Rawdon joined Lord Blaney,
While wars wild sound re-echo'd round,
From the Foyle to the southern Slaney.

XXII.

Macnaghten next came here a boy,
From fair Benvarden blooming,
And Moore with troops from Aughnacloy,
A high command assuming;
To aid our town from warlike Down,
Hill came and cross'd our ferry;
The Hillsborough men were welcome then
To the troubled men of Derry.

XXIII.

Here, too, was brave Lord Massareen,
In William's army serving;
Stafford thro' the war had been
The highest praise deserving;
Cairnes, in our darkest day,
The tyrant's power slighted;
For gallant deeds in many a fray,
Was young George Maxwell knighted.

XXIV.

Glasslough men, all in armour bright,
Caledon's horsemen aided,
Johnston led them to the fight,
From the field where they first paraded;
Graham's hand did James withstand,
With valour prompt and steady,
His sires of yore were evermore
To fight for freedom ready.

XXV.

Newcomen and Fane renown did gain,
With Lindsay Smith and Wallace;

Rice and Dunbar, Davis and Kerr,
Defended the gate near the palace;
Kinnaston and Wright put the foe to flight;
Sherrard, Garnett and Hanna,
To the field did advance, with valiant Lance,
And Church from the banks of Banna.

XXVI.

Obre and Stiles rode many miles,
Laurels to reap unfading;
Cust and Cross, and Pooler of Tyross,
Cochran these heroes leading,
From Lisnaskea in strong array,
Came Noble here to battle;
We saw Monro right forward go,
Where cannon balls did rattle.

XXVII.

Michelburne here, in this dark year,
With Baker shared great glory;
Lord Leitrim's heir, with valiant Blair,
Shine bright in Derry's story;
Fortescue brave here found a grave,
Sinclair the foe resisting;
Sanderson still, with strength and skill,
Kennedy and Ash assisting.

XXVIII.

Crofton and Campsie nobly fought,
With Irwine, Hall and Barry;
Crookshank and Upton ever sought
The foes proud force to parry;

Squire led the way in every fray,
Major Bull was for valour noted;
Adams of Strabane, at our cannon was a man
To Derry's cause devoted.

XXIX.

From Charlemont came Caulfield's corps,
Chichester from Dungannon,
With many more who at Dromore
Escaped King James's cannon.
Porter strong, Leslie and Long,
Macartney and brave Downing,
Spike and Spaight held shipway gate,
At the boom we lost brave Browning.

XXX.

Hindman fired on Antrim's men,
When they with wild Maguire,
Took flight and off thro' Dermott's glen
Thought proper to retire;
Dalton, Baker's right hand man,
With Evans, Mills and Ewing,
And Bacon of Magilligan,
The foe were oft pursuing.

XXXI.

Hamilton here, a Laganeer,
Brought with him troops unbending,
Montgomery most gallantly
Our sacred walls defending;
Shroud and Shaw, in fight we saw,
With Macklin, Young and Harvey,

Who bravely stood, and shed their blood,
With Cooke of Lisnagarvey.

XXXII.

Lenox and Lecky quickly went
For aid to the Scottish borders,
And ere they went to their stores they sent
For our food and raiment orders;
Babington and Brooke great trouble took,
Major Philips was our kind protector;
Godfrey of Colerain did our cause sustain,
With Jemmet our brave collector,

XXXIII.

Parker joined us from Coleraine,
From Garvagh young George Canning,
A noble soul without a stain,
No wily mischief planning;
Morgan and White here joined the fight,
Led on by Adam Murray,
Logan, Lane, Fisher and Fane,
Conyngham and Curry.

XXXIV.

Tompkins forward proudly went,
When many were despairing,
His tenants formed his regiment,
With Guthredge, Hunt and Hering;
The Cumber men came from their glen,
James Murray their commander,
Where Radcliffe fought and glory sought,
With Lord Mount Alexander.

XXXV.

From Lissan Beatty came across,
Knox from green Kilcaden,
Hunter, Cowan, Clarke and Ross,
Mulholland came from Eden;
Comyn's gun, made many run,
Amazed was each bye-stander,
When Houston weak sure aim did take,
And kill'd a French commander.

XXXVI.

Hillhouse and Boyd were both employ'd,
Our sacred walls defending,
Dobbin came far to the scene of war,
With fortitude unbending:
Tracy, Fullerton and Hume,
With Manson, Smith and Hilson,
Stood here against the slaves of Rome,
With Wilkins, Keys and Wilson.

XXXVII.

Early in the opening spring
Came Grigson, Black and Bailly,
M'Causland, Fleming, Hare and King,
Were all in action daily;
Galtworth, Cathcart and Adair,
Oft weak from want of dinner,
Depress'd with care did oft repair,
To the walls with Robert Skinner.

XXXVIII.

Sir Tristram Beresford's array,
Coleraine some days defended,

And here at last they made their way,
In martial line extended;
Sir John Magill was ready still,
Both night and day for action,
And Cary sought, and nobly fought,
To crush King James's faction.

XXXIX.

Cromie swimming in with Roche,
Both in the water wounded,
Announced that Kirk would soon approach,
Which Rosen's hope confounded;
Bennett, Christie, Pearse and Bell,
Were to our cause devoted,
Count Schomberg stood for Derry well,
And highly was promoted.

XL.

Denniston in this dark year,
And Barrington and Jenny,
With Adam Alcock soon came here,
With forces from Kilkenny;
Ponsonby brave was here to save,
The threaten'd walls of Derry,
His trusty sword made him a lord,
And saved his lands in Kerry.

XLI.

And last not least from Donoughmore,
George Walker came to guide us,
His name we'll honour evermore,
Let weal or woe betide us;

When press'd with woe, in spirits low,
We heard his words endearing,
When he said go, we sought the foe,
His voice our courage cheering.

XLII.

One hundred shots at him one day.
Were fired, when we were fighting,
And o'er his head pass'd all away,
While we their cause were blighting;
He sav'd his brother hero's life,
When Murray was surrounded,
Thro' all these scenes of mortal strife,
He never was confounded.

XLIII.

At last by all our sufferings moved,
Kind heaven its aid extended,
The tyrant's arts abortive proved,
And Derry's woe was ended;
In one dark night the foe took flight,
The country round them burning,
And ere 'twas day all far away,
They thought not of returning.

ON THE RELIEF OF THE CITY.

AIR—"*Erin go bragh.*"

O'er proud Londonderry the red flag is waving,
The old badge of freedom gay floats on the breeze,
And far down the Foyle with the joy-note is raving,
While the loud shouts returned from the hills and the seas;
Grown dear, doubly dear, when proud foemen revile us,
And with foul imputation attempt to defile us,
And those we subdued rise again to beguile us,
Of the freedom and rights which our forefathers won.

We hail this bright day to our comfort returning,
Which relieved our brave sires in the depth of their woe,
When the trenches abandon'd, their tents brightly burning,
From our fields fled abash'd, and confounded the foe;
Melodious the bells in our high steeple ringing,
Their tribute of joy to the festival bringing,
Swell the deep sounding chorus of thousands all singing
Our thanksgiving hymn for deliverance great.

The deeds once display'd here and often related,
In fancy's fair vision recur to our sight—

Here Walker harangued, David Cairnes debated,
And Murray, brave Murray, rush'd forth to the fight;
On that field near the strand, where, all calm and unheeding,
The herds tend their flocks, on the green herbage feeding,
Pusignian the valiant lay wounded and bleeding,
And the gallant Maumont felt the cold hand of death.

Shades of our sires in the ides of December,
Your contest for liberty sacred began,
And your triumph in August our sons will remember,
While valour and truth shall be valued by man;
The bigot may stare, the infidel wonder,
The rebel with malice and rage burst asunder,
But to-day shall our fortress resound with the thunder,
That sav'd from destruction our altar and throne.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

AIR—"*My ain kind dearie.*"

The gloomy hour of trials o'er,
No longer cannons rattle, oh!
The tyrant's flag is seen no more,
And James has lost the battle, oh!
As here are we, from danger free,
By maiden walls surrounded, oh!
While all the knaves who'd make us slaves,
Are baffled and confounded, oh!

The Dartmouth spreads her snow white sail,
Her purple pendant flying, oh!
While we the gallant Browning hail,
Who saved us all from dying, oh!
Like Noah's dove sent from above,
While foes would starve and grieve us, oh!
Thro' floods and fame an angel came,
To comfort and relieve us, oh!

When this fair vessel struck the boom,
And pitched, and reeled, and stranded, oh!
With shouts the foe denounc'd our doom,
And open gates demanded, oh!

And shrill and high arose the cry
Of anguish grief and pity, oh !
While black with care and deep despair,
We mourned our falling city, oh !

But heaven our guide, with one broadside,
The laden bark rebounded, oh !
A favouring gale soon fill'd the sail,
While hills and vales surrounded, oh !
The joy-bells ring, long live our king,
Adieu to grief and sadness, oh !
To heaven we raise our voice of praise,
In heartfelt joy and gladness, oh !

NOTES.

NOTES.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON THE RELIEF OF LONDONDERRY, 1689.

BY THE REV. JAMES GRAHAM, M.A.
Of the Cathedral of Derry,
On the 12th of August, 1838.

THE text was taken from the 32d Psalm and 7th verse. "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance;" and although we cannot in every case preserve the precise forms of expression, yet, we conceive that we are enabled to offer our readers a very close resemblance of the original, in the following sketch of that part of the sermon in which the subject of the Relief of Derry was treated of. The early part of the sermon had reference to the deliverance from sin held forth in the Gospel of Christ; and that topic was very copiously enlarged upon.

In passing from one branch of his discourse to the other, Mr. Graham observed that God, in all his dealings with man while in his state of trial here, is a deliverer. Besides the grand deliverance from sin, how often has he warded off from us dangers we were unconcious of? How often spread his wings over us in the perils of life? From the very beginning the history of his Church is a history of deliverances. David, in carrying back his memory to some of these events, may have alluded in the 32d Psalm, to those songs of deliverance which have been recorded as sung in Israel—as, for instance, the Song of Moses—"Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy;" or the Song of Deborah—"They that are delivered

from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord, the righteous acts towards the inhabitants of his villages in Israel, *then shall the people of the Lord go down to the gates.*" When he pondered then on these thoughts, they confirmed and strengthened his faith, so that in the fulness of every impulse of his heart he could say, "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

And was it not such a hope as he thus cherished that was realized here, when God put it into the hearts of a few brave youths in this City to close the Gates in 1688? Did he not compass them about with songs of deliveraace? But for that act the Revolution had been lost, for so far as we can see, it was the successful defence of Derry that compelled James to take refuge in France—had he maintained his ground in Ireland, religion, and liberty, and law had been trampled under foot. I could scarcely hope, said Mr. Graham, to be tolerated, were I to attempt to offer to the congregation before me a description of an event which, from your infancy, has been strongly impressed upon your memory, and has, I trust, carried many an edifying lesson to your hearts; but I cannot refrain from giving expression to some rapid thoughts, suggested by the fears, the hopes, the privations, and the glorious deliverance of the heroes of that day in this City. These are topics that press the mind with feelings and thoughts of the most intense and absorbing interest—they give spirit to our thanksgivings—they swell our gratitude, and call forth tears of joy—they are the proper subjects in our "songs of deliverance."

They had all to fear—the whole country in the hands of the enemy, with scarcely the exception of a town!—a king at the head of a regular army, before their gates, with all the advantages of disciplined and experienced officers and all the munitions of war—within, a confused multitude—the old, the young, the infirm, all thronged together, most of them driven, by the ruthless hand of persecution, from the peaceful pursuits of happy homes—unversed in the usages of sieges and of wars—betrayed by an unprincipled governor—without engineers—without adequate provisions—daily disappointed in their hopes

of relief from England. What sustained them in the midst of so many painful trials? it was reliance on Him who enabled them to say, "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance." This was the foundation of their confidence. Oh, what a powerful principle is hope!—while hope remains, it sustains the spirit of man—it moves him onward—it lifts up his heart—it raises high his drooping head, and strengthens his feeble knees—it gives him elasticity—it gives him energy—it gives him perseverance and success. I see in hope an evidence of the immortality of the soul—I see in it a proof that I shall be with God—and why may it not be an evidence when my cause is the cause of God, that God will be with me upon the earth? This was their hope—and was it not like Abraham's hoping even against hope. Think of their privations, and think of all their sufferings—the acme of mental and bodily distress. While they had food and strength, we can conceive them to have been animated and hopeful. Even when they were compelled to feed upon carrion—when the food of the dog was theirs—nay, when the very dog was among their rare and precious morsels we may suppose them brave and resolute; but, when they saw the wives of their bosom, and the children they loved, pining away from want—when they looked upon the pallid cheek and sunken eye—when they heard their drooping voice, even though they spoke in the sweetest accents of tenderness, this seems too much for man, and yet it was not all. To move their bowels of mercies—to call forth the generous sympathies of their souls, their fellow-Protestants from the surrounding country were driven under the walls, groaning beneath accumulated miseries; disease and hunger, cold and nakedness, wasted them—there they stood pleading with those within, and pleading for what? pleading that they might be neither spared nor considered—pleading that they might be given over a prey to the enemy rather than he should triumph in the opening of the gates for their admission. Here was a scene of woe within, and a scene to rend the heart without; but in the midst of all they were able to say, "thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

And God vouchsafed it to them—that high deliverance we

commemorate to-day. Imagine their joy! but oh what a conflict of spirit, when from the tower of this Cathedral, and from the surrounding ramparts, they saw the ships approach, whose arrival crowned them with the glory of success?—They saw them pass the enemy at Culmore Fort—but the next moment they beheld them within his grasp! Again, like the lightning's flash, their spirits rebounded to their former height. The fire of the gallant sail that led the way shook her from the bank on which she had momentarily rested, and gave her an impetus that enabled her to burst through every impediment—she rode gloriously into the harbour. Hope and fear, joy and despair, alternated in their impulses upon the besieged as they looked on—the men were speechless—the women and the children uttered shrieks, now of triumph, and now of despondency; but that gloomy hour was the last—in that hour God compassed them about with songs of deliverance.

And who can tell, as they ought to be told, the grand result that followed from the triumph. There is scarcely a blessing which the British dominions enjoy to-day—there is scarcely a blessing that England has diffused through the other countries of the world since, and none has ever diffused more, that was not secured by the Revolution of 1688, and that Revolution was secured by the defence of Derry! You can never be sufficiently grateful to heaven for the event you are now celebrating.—The gratitude of posterity is the measure by which we should ascertain its importance. How can language describe what yours should be? Is not what they so dearly purchased as dearly to be prized by us. Is not the sacred cause, the defence of which wasted their energies, wore down their bodies to living skeletons, and crushed, though it could not quell, their invincible spirit, to be loved and guarded for our sakes, if not for theirs? Standing in this pulpit, and looking round upon these venerable walls—when I think of the faithful ministers of different Protestant denominations who preached from it during the siege—when I think that as they spoke they looked down from this very spot upon the multitude who then assembled in faith and hope, as you have gathered to-day in joy and gladness—the subject assumes a grandeur which I feel

myself utterly unable to embody in language; but I know that any words that can be spoken will be adequate to kindle up the gratitude that dwells in your breasts. "Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name." Is not this the sentiment of your inmost hearts? Need I ask any of you are you anxious that your children, and your children's children shall inherit the blessings which the achievements of your ancestors have thus by the interposition of heaven preserved and handed down to you and to your native land? The question is needless. But oh, let all your hopes, and wishes, and efforts begin in love, advance in faith, and end in holiness. Yours is a triumph in which every inhabitant of the land may thankfully join; for whatever lays the foundation of civil and religious liberty enables every man to worship God as his light, and knowledge, and conscience instruct him—an independent being—free to think, free to speak, free to act upon the spontaneous dictates of his judgment—the slave of no system—the creature of no tyrant. It was on this ground that our brethren of the Church of Rome for more than a century hailed the anniversary of this day with gratitude and exultation.

I believe, however, that I now address myself to a congregation exclusively Protestant; therefore I would briefly touch upon some points of deep interest to you, and that without designing personal offence to any member of the Church of Rome who may be present. The spirit of Protestantism towards the Roman Catholic is not a spirit of unkindness, it is a spirit of love; it is our hearts' desire and prayer to God for them that they may be saved.—We believe that their salvation will depend upon their reception of Christ's holy Gospel; but we are compelled to believe with sorrow that their Church has cast out that Gospel. The more, therefore, that is accomplished by us to secure the stability of the Gospel, the more are we their benefactors.

Reviewing in the mind, even in the most cursory way, the leading events in the Church's history from the beginning of the 17th century until now, we have abundant cause of gratitude; and if we have causes of regret, we are to attribute them to ourselves. Protestantism has received no wound in these latter days that has not been inflicted upon her by her

own sons: if any of her immunities, or privileges, or power, or influence are gone, they have been surrendered by unfaithful hands—they have not been wrung from her by persecution. Let it not then be forgotten that the solemn warning to the angel of the Church of Sardis should be taken as ours—"I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest and art dead; be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die, for I have not found thy works perfect before God; remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent."

Let us bless God for the things that remain, and seek for wisdom to strengthen them, that they also be not lost: think of them, for they are many—contrast the condition of the whole world now and in the 17th century, and you will see the extent of them. That century opened with the gunpowder plot—in that century the Protestants in Austria and Bohemia, and the valleys of Piedmont, were cruelly persecuted—the Huguenots were exiled from France—all the countries of Europe, Asia, and America were crowded; with Romish missionaries—the college and congregation de Propaganda fide were formed, and both munificently endowed; and every agency that wealth, influence, power, subtlety, superstition and cruelty could devise, were carried into effect to extinguish the Reformation. In England, Charles II. had secretly become a Roman Catholic, and James had openly avowed himself a votary of that faith—licentiousness prevailed at court and every where—infidelity never raised its head so high—the names of Hobbes, Shaftsbury, Rochester, and Herbert, who, only for a Boyle in Ireland and a Newton in England, must have been deemed the master spirits of that age; these names sufficiently attest that the rank, the wealth, and genius of England were tainted with unbelief,—these were the tides that ran against Christianity in the 17th century But now the aspect of Protestantism is higher than ever it was since the Reformation.—There is not a country where the light of truth has not been carried by England. Our missionaries occupy India, America, and Africa. Protestantism in Europe can now boast what she then dared not to anticipate: she is at rest

in the valleys of the Vaudois—she is at rest throughout the length and breadth of France—the Gospel is preached under the walls of the Louvre and the Vatican—there is light in Germany and in all the states of Europe where then it was obscured.

England, then, is now as she ought to be—essentially Protestant and Christian. When the 19th century opened upon her she established the Bible Society; two years afterwards it was introduced into Ireland. There never was more zeal, more knowledge, more holiness, more faith, more self-dedication in Ireland, than at the present day. Oh, if the heroes of 1688, whose ashes have reposed within and around these walls since the time of their glory, could now stand forth and speak to us, although they must emphatically tell us that our errors were many and grievous, and call us to humiliation and repentance, yet when this contrast so faintly sketched should meet their mind's eye, their spirit would glow within them—they would tell you to take good courage—they would point to that omnipotent God who crowned them with the glory of victory, when there were no prospects like these—their advice would be, let every one among you, put your trust in Him who hath said—"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give unto thee the crown of life," for he is the same who will enable you to say to him—"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

NOTES ON THE CATALOGUE.

Stanza ii., *line* 1, *Lord Antrim.*

Alexander M'Donnell, third Earl of Antrim. He had taken part with the rebels of 1641, for which he was attainted of treason, but was restored to his titles and estates in 1662. He was in the seventy-fourth year of his age when he appeared with his regiment at the waterside of Derry on the 7th of December, 1688. He was again attainted for having accepted the command of this regiment, but was afterwards adjudged to be comprised within the articles of Limerick. He died in England in 1689.

Stanza iv. *line* 1. *Lord Galmoy.*

Pierce Butler, third Viscount Galmoy, commanded a troop of guards in King James's army, and was one of the commissioners for agreeing on the surrender of Limerick. He was outlawed in 1691. His son and successor, Edward, was colonel of a regiment of foot in the Irish army at the siege of Derry, after which he retired to France, and died there without issue; his conduct in the counties of Fermanagh and Tyrone in the early part of the year 1689, was marked by execrable cruelty: so that Oldmixon observed of him, "that he was a monster whom no titles could ennoble."

Line 3, *Nugent.*

The Honourable William Nugent, sixth and youngest son of Richard, second Earl of Westmeath. He was lieutenant colonel of General Hamilton's regiment of foot at the siege of Derry; and he had, on the 10th of April, 1689, behaved with

great courage and conduct in forcing the pass over the Bann, at Portglenone. He was killed at Cavan, and it is said, that King James, who had been personally acquainted with him, shed tears when he heard of his death. Among the family pictures at Gracefield, in the Queen's County, there is a very finely executed portrait of Brigadier General Nugent, by Sir Peter Lely. This picture, with several others by Sir Godfrey Kneller, came into the Grace family by the marriage of Michael Grace, Esq., Gracefield, with Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Nicholas Plunkett, Esq., of Dunsoghly Castle, in the county of Dublin.

Eustace.

Sir Maurice Eustace, colonel of the nineteenth regiment of of King James foot, and son of Sir Maurice Eustace, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Line 7.—Lord Gormanstown.

Jenico Preston, premier Viscount of Ireland, and colonel of the ninth regiment of foot.

Lord Clare.

Daniel, third Viscount Clare. He had attended Charles II. in exile, and returning with him at the restoration, obtained the title of Viscount for his grandfather, to which he himself afterwards succeeded. In 1688 he raised two regiments of infantry and one of dragoons for the service of James: he is mentioned in the Armagh poem on Siege of Derry, as having been among the beseiging army; it does not appear that either he, or Sir James Cotter, both of whom were in Lord Mountcashel's army when it was routed by the Enniskilliners at Lisnaskea, were at any time nearer to the maiden city than that part of the county of Fermanagh. Lord Clare fought, however, at the Battle of the Boyne, and was outlawed on the 11th of May, 1691, when all his estates, with his castle at Carrigaholt, were forfeited to the crown.

Stanza 5, line 1.—Sarsfield.

Patrick Sarsfield, created Lord Lucan after King James's

abdication. He was a distinguished officer in King James's army; but one whose talent, according to the Duke of Berwick's memoirs, was much overrated by his countrymen, as he was tall in stature, and of undoubted personal courage. His intercepting and blowing up King William's cannon on its way to the Siege of Limerick in 1690, raised his character very high in the opinion of friends and enemies. He was killed at the battle of Landan in Flanders, and his widow married the Duke of Berwick.

Line 3, *Plunkett.*

This family had long flourished in Ireland, but suffered much in it for their attachment to the Romish religion, and the inclination manifested by some of them before the reformation, to prefer the Irish to the English interest, although originally English themselves.

In 1464 Edward Plunkett was attainted of high treason, with the Earls of Desmond and Kildare. In 1641 Plunkett, Earl of Fingal and Lord Killeen, and Plunkett, Lord Louth, forfeited their titles and estates for having been concerned in the rebellion. Oliver Plunkett, titular Archbishop of Armagh, was one of the branches of this family; he was also grand-nephew of the first Earl of Roscommon, and great-grandson of John, Lord Culpepper, of Thorsway in England. He was hanged at Tyburn on the 1st of July, 1681; he was taken down before he was dead, his bowels cut out and burned, his head cut off and his body quartered. Lodge, in the first volume of his peerage, rashly asserts, that this unfortunate prelate had been deeply engaged in a treasonable plot to restore, by force of arms, the Romish religion in Ireland in 1688 and 1689; but Bishop Burnett, and other Protestant historians, agree in acknowledging his innocence; and the Rev. Doctor Leland, author of the History of Ireland, says, that he was condemned and executed for a plot which he explicitly denied at his death, with the most solemn disavowel of all equivocation, and which, if he had confessed it, no man acquainted with the circumstances of Ireland could have credited his dying confession. He defended himself with great ability at his trial, and his speech on the scaffold, preserved in

the state trials, (vol. iii., page 315), is one of the most affecting specimens of eloquence in the English language.

Several of the witnesses against him were Franciscan Friars. Adverting to them, he thus spoke towards the conclusion of his dying speech, "I have endeavoured, by preaching and teaching, and by statutes, according to my calling, to bring the clergy of which I had the care, to a due comportment according to their calling, yet some who would not amend, had a prejudice against me, and especially my accusers, to whom I endeavoured to do good,—I mean the clergymen who swore against me; but you see how am I requited, and how, by false oaths, they have brought me to this untimely death; which wicked act, being a defect of persons, ought not to reflect upon the order of St. Francis, or upon the Roman Catholic clergy, it being well known, that there was a Judas among the twelve apostles, and a wicked man, called Nicholas, among the seven deacons; and even as one of the said deacons, to wit, holy Stephen, did pray for those who stoned him to death, so do I for those who, with perjuries, spill my innocent blood, saying, as he died, O Lord, *lay not the sin to them.*"

This meek sufferer was highly connected in England and Ireland; he had his descent and christian name from Sir Oliver Plunkett, the first Lord Louth; but all this did not avail him at this awful hour, when he fell a victim to the angry temper of the times, and the profligacy of two or three nefarious priests of his own religion, whose wicked lives he had censured.

Line 5.—Lord Dungan.

Lieutenant-colonel of the first regiment of the Irish dragoons.

Line 7.—Tyrconnel.

The Duke of Tyrconnel, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and colonel of the above mentioned dragoons. He went not to the Seige of Derry; but his brother, Colonel William Talbot, was mortally wounded in an engagement before the walls and taken prisoner. Five hundred pounds ransom were offered and refused for him; and he died on the 2nd of June, when his widow was

suffered to go out of it to the enemy's camp, attended by some officers.

Stanza vi., *line* 1.—*Purcell.*

Nicholas Purcell, Esq., successively major, colonel, and brigadier-general in the Irish army. He fought at Derry, at the Boyne and at Aughrim, and was the third officer who signed the articles of Limerick, in which his extensive estates in Tipperary and Kilkenny were included. He, however, lost them by going off with James to France,—not remaining at home to maintain his rights. He was killed several years afterwards at a battle in Flanders, leaving an only child, a daughter, Anastasia, of whom the unfortunate James and his queen took good care, she being domesticated with them at their residence in St. Germains, from which they sent her, with strong recommendations to Queen Anne, who received her kindly, and contrived to get back for her a small portion of her father's immense estates.

This lady married Colonel O'Hehir of Clare, a descendant of Loughlin Roe O'Hehir, who had forfeited a large estate in that country. One of her daughters married into the Mahon family, and was the grandmother of Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, late cursitor baron of the Exchequer, and now assistant barrister for the county of Kilkenny.

Line 3.—*Waucop and Buchan.*

Scottish officers in James's army: Francis Waucop, lieutenant-colonel in Lord Iveagh's regiment of foot; and James, Earl of Buchan, a brigadier general, who had been in high favour with Charles II. Bishop Burnett says, these officers regretted much their going with James into Ireland.

Line 5.—*Dublin Mayor.*

Sir Michael Creagh, Lord Mayor of Dublin and paymaster of the Irish army. He was colonel of the thirty-third regiment of foot, of which John Power was lieutenant-colonel, and Theobald Burke major. He is thus mentioned in the Armagh poem on the Siege of Derry—

> "Sir Michael Creagh did at the boom command,
> To stop all succours from the neighbouring land."

Neville, in his map of the Siege, marks the position of this officer and his regiment, at the opposite extremity of the beseiging army on the north west side of the Foyle, namely, at Ballougry.

Line 6.—*The Butlers of the Barrow.*

James Butler, third Viscount Ikerrin, a captain of grenadiers in the army of James II.; dying in London on the 26th of October, 1688, left a son, Richard Butler, who was at the Seige of Derry, at the commencement of it, but soon afterwards fled to France.

James Butler, sixth Lord Dunboyne, was a captain in Colonel Nicholas Purcell's regiment of horse; he escaped attainder by being included with his colonel in the articles of Limerick; and, instead of leaving his property unprotected, as the former did, remained in Ireland and preserved it.

Edward Butler, colonel of the twenty-seventh regiment of foot, was stationed on the western side of the Foyle, at the boom, near Charles fort.

Captain Richard Butler, fifth Viscount Mountgarret, was wounded and taken prisoner when commanding the forlorn hope of the Irish army before Derry, on the 4th of July, 1689.

Line 7.—*Lord Dillon's heir.*

Henry Dillon, or James, as he is called by Archdall in his edition of Lodge's peerage, was colonel of the tenth regiment of King James's foot, and lost his life in the course of this war. He was a descendant of John Dillon, an eminent lawyer in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, son of Edmund Dillon, Lord of Drumrany, by Anne, daughter of William Pettyt, Baron of Mullingar. The said John Dillon purchased divers manors and hereditaments in Ulster, and among them the estate of Castle Dillon in the county of Armagh, which he lost in 1652, although he had been a minor in the year 1641, and not implicated in the rebellion of that year.

Stanza vii, *line* 2.—*Parker.*

John Parker, colonel of the seventh regiment of the Irish horse, which he had raised in the neighbourhood of Kells and Navan.

Line 3.— O'Reilly.

Edmund O'Reilly, colonel of the forty-second regiment of King James's foot, and Philip Reilly, colonel of the twenty-eighth regiment under the command of Colonel Arthur M'Mahon, Hugh Magennis being Major.

Line 5.—Clifford.

Robert Clifford, colonel of the fifth regiment of the Irish dragoons.

Line 7.—Cotter.

Sir James Cotter, although he was not at the Siege of Derry, nor nearer to it than Lisnaskea, where he shared in the disaster of Lord Mountcashel, was a very conspicuous person in the civil war in Ireland at this time. He was a member of the Church of Rome, descended from a Danish family, which came into Ireland with Turgesius, of whom he is said to have been a relative. The name is spelled M'Cotter in the ancient Irish manuscripts, and always pronounced so when spoken in the Irish language. He was the son of Edmund Cotter of Ballinasperrig, in the county of Cork, Esq., a gentleman of considerable property and great respectability, who died A.D. 1660. He received many marks of favour from King Charles II, and James II, and was remarkable for his warm attachment to the Stuart family. He began his military career as an officer in the king's life guards, and rose to the rank of a colonel in the army. It would be foreign to the object of these notes, which must necessarily be brief, to enter into the particulars of his military career, his name being well known to those who are acquainted with the history of the time in which he lived, and it is still remembered and respected in the south of Ireland. He was successively collector of the port of Cork, and governor of that city and the great island near it, in which latter capacity he behaved with great humanity towards the oppressed Protestants, for which he afterwards received grateful acknowledgments from Dr. Edward Wettenhall, Bishop of Cork and Ross, the Very Rev. Francis Pomeroy, Dean of Cork, the Rev. Walter Neale, Vicar of St. Mary's Shandon, and Vicar General of Cork and Ross, from the Rev. Edward

Synge, Rector and Vicar of Christ's Church, Cork, and the Rev. Charles Northcote. Their certificates were added to the following from the mayor, sheriffs, and citizens of Cork:—We, the undernamed inhabitants of the city of Cork, do declare, that during Sir James Cotter's being governor of the said city and county, the Protestants thereof, as much as in him lay, did receive all manner of countenance and favour from him; and instead of being imprisoned upon all alarms, as they were by his predecessors and successors in that government, he desired all such of us as had been by them turned out of the city and our houses to return unto them again; and that during his government there should be no such hardship put upon us, which he justly performed, for which reason, and no other that we could either hear or know, he was to our great prejudice removed from the government by the French faction, who represented him as a man not fit to be trusted where any Protestants were.

All this we hold ourselves obliged to certify under our hands at Cork this 9th day of December, 1691.

Daniel Crone, Mayor.

P. Renew and Samuel Love, Sheriffs.

Sir James Cotter was for some time commander-in-chief of the counties of Cork and Limerick. After his death the Irish House of Commons ordered that his children should be brought up in the Protestant religion; and guardians were accordingly appointed. This order was, however, evaded, and his eldest son, who was about sixteen years of age at his father's death, married in three years afterwards a lady who was a member of the Church of Rome, and an enthusiastic Jacobite. The consequence was, that he made himself obnoxious to the government. His son, however, became a Protestant on his father's death; and all his descendants are now Protestants, one of them a clergyman of the Established Church, and of that denomination in it which, for knowledge and zeal, may be ranked among its ablest supporters. He is the evangelical minister of a religion which is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone,—a religion which has God for its author and truth for its foundation,—a religion which emanci-

pates the soul and gives life and energy to the mind and body,—and a religion, particularly as established in this united empire, which plainly and unreservedly holds up and presents to her highly privileged members, our blessed Lord and Saviour as the way, the truth, and the life; whose most precious blood, and that alone, cleanses from all sin; whose one offering has perfected for ever them that are sanctified; and whose *Holy Spirit* renews, enlightens, sanctifies, and comforts the soul, and makes it fit and meet for an eternal inheritance with the saints in the realms of everlasting life and glory.

Stanza vii, *line* 8.—*Lord Clancarty.*

Donough, Earl of Clancarty, colonel of the fourth regiment of foot, who on King James's arrival at Kinsale, received and entertained him in his house, and was made a lord of the bed-chamber. In 1567 his ancestor, MacCarty More, being encouraged by the O'Neills, despised his title of Earl of Clancarty, and assumed the title of King of Munster. He broke into rebellion with O'Sullivan More, MacSweeny, and others.

This unfortunate nobleman, who accompanied King James to Derry, flushed by wine, and encouraged by one of the old Irish prophecies, made a furious and nearly successful attack upon the Butchers' Gate on the night of his arrival; and he forfeited his titles of Earl of Clancarty and Viscount Valentia with his whole property in 1691. The proprietors of the county of Cork in 1599 were, according to the map of Ortelius,—MacCarty O'Mahown, O'Sullivan More, O'Sullivan Bear, O'Donovan, Barry, O'Mahony, O'Driscol, MacCarty Reagh O'Hea, O'Kearney, De Courcy, Galwey, Boyle O'Daly, O'Reardan, O'Crowley, O'Leary, Waters, Sarsfield, Archdeacon, Stackpole, Skiddy, Fitzgerald, Gould, Carew, O'Lyon, Nagle, O'Callaghan, O'Hely, O'Hennesy, Barret, Coppinger, and O'Falvey.

The Armagh Poem on the Seige of Derry thus notices the Earl of Clancarty.

> "Near Cork, Clancarty raised his regiment,
> Who skipp'd and danc'd along as on they went.
> In ancient times their ancestors were kings."

Stanza vii., *line* 3.—*Mac Mahon.*

This family is descended from Mahon, elder brother of Bryan Boru, and his predecessor on the Irish throne. Those of Carrigaholt, Clonina and Kilmurry, Mac Mahon, in the county of Clare, were the elder branches of this ancient family; a younger branch of which settled at a remote date in the county of Monaghan, and behaved with great cruelty there in 1641; a descendant from them was this Arthur MacMahon, colonel of the twenty-third regiment of King James's foot. Owen Mac Mahon was lieutenant-colonel, and Christopher Plunkett major, of this regiment.

Stanza viii., *line* 3.—*O'Hagan.*

Hugh O'Hagan, one of Tyrconnel's burgesses for the City of Londonderry, thus noticed in the Armagh poem—

> "From Antrim, the MacDonnell's numerous race;
> From Glenwood the O'Hagans came apace."

O'Neill, Colonel Gordon, son of Sir Phelim O'Neill, by Lady Jane, daughter of George, first Marquis of Huntley, and widow of Claud Hamilton, Lord Strabane, who died on the 11th of June, 1638, and was buried in the church of Leckpatrick. On the death of her lord she expended above a thousand pounds in building a castle at Strabane, which was burnt to the ground by Sir Phelim O'Neill in October, 1641. He carried the unfortunate lady to his castle at Kinnaird, where he kept her two or three days, and then sent her to Sir George Hamilton, telling her to inform her friends, that he would never leave off the work which he had begun until mass should be celebrated in every church in Ireland, and that a Protestant should not be suffered to live in it, be he of what nation he would.

She afterwards became his wife, and after his execution, fell into such a state of indigence, that in 1656 she was glad to accept of five pounds from the government towards her relief from starvation. Colonel Gordon O'Neill, her son, distinguished himself with his nephew, Captain Manus O'Kane, at the Siege of Derry, and was taken prisoner at the Battle of Aughrim.

Stanza viii., *line* 7.—*O'Gallagher.*

Francis O'Gallagher, a private soldier in the Duke of Berwick's regiment at the Siege of Derry, when that distinguished officer, in his royal father's army, was severely wounded; and with him also at the Battle of the Boyne, when he was rode over by a troop of dragoons. He afterwards joined the English army, and served in the eighteenth regiment of foot in Flanders, under the Duke of Marlborough. He fought at Blenheim and Malplaquet, and was at the raising of the Siege of Turin in 1705. He received a wound in the leg at the battle of Dumblain in Scotland, and was shortly afterwards discharged from the service.

> "And as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
> Pants for the place where first her breath she drew,"

he returned to his native place at Walshestown, in the county of Donegal, where he died on the 1st of February, 1778, aged one hundred and seven years. He had a namesake among the defenders of Londonderry, several of whose protestant descendants are settled respectably in the neighbourhood of the maiden city. The proprietors of the soil in Tyrconnel, now Donegal, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, were O'Donnel, O'Dogherty, Mac Sweeney Tanad, Mac Sweeney Nathua, Mac Ward, Mac Conway, O'Boyle, O'Gallagher and O'Clery. They were succeeded in that reign, on the forfeiture of the Earl of Tyrconnel, by the Gores, Wrays, Sampsons, Murrays of Broughton, Chichesters and Hansards.

Stanza xi., *line* 1.—*Lord Bellew.*

Walter, second Lord Bellew, colonel of the twelfth regiment of foot, thus recorded in the Armagh poem—

> "About Dundalk Lord Bellew raised his men."

His son, Richard, afterwards third Lord Bellew, was, at this time, a captain in the Earl of Limerick's dragoons, and was outlawed and attainted in 1691; but being comprehended in the articles of Limerick, and conforming to the Protestant religion, his outlawry, and that of his fathers, were reversed, and he took his seat in the House of Peers in 1707. This family is of Nor-

man extraction, and has been settled at Duleek, in the county of Louth, since the reign of King Edward III.

At the instance of Lord Bellew, Sir Patrick Bellew was created a baronet on the 25th of April, 1687.

Stanza ix., *line* 3.—*Fagan.*

Richard Fagan, of Filtrim, in the county of Dublin, brother of Elizabeth, the lady of George Hamilton, fourth Lord Strabane.

Stanza ix., *line* 5.—*Lord Strabane.*

Claude Hamilton, fifth Lord Strabane, and fourth Earl of Abercorn, attended James II. from France into Ireland, where he was made a privy councillor and appointed to command the fifth regiment of foot. He attended the unfortunate king into the north in order to reduce Londonderry, in the vicinity of which his influence was reasonably supposed to have been great, but was effectually destroyed on the occasion by the wisdom of several of his noble relatives, and the indomitable spirit of his Protestant tenantry, who had not forgotten what they had suffered in 1641. When near the city he was sent with a party from the army to persuade the citizens to surrender the place, which they not only refused to do, but, making a sally, killed the horse he rode, and he had a narrow escape, flying on foot and leaving his cloak behind him.

After the defeat of the Boyne, the Earl of Abercorn embarked for France, but was killed on his passage. He was outlawed in 1691, and his title of Lord Strabane forfeited with his estate; but the Earldom of Abercorn devolving on his brother Charles, the outlawry and attainder were both reversed.

Richard Hamilton, brigadier general in King James's army, was second in command at the Siege of Derry, and one of the most distinguished of the Irish officers at the Battle of the Boyne. He fled with James to France, where he died, and his brother John, a colonel in the Irish army, was killed at the Battle of Aughrim.

Stanza xi., *line* 2.—*Bagnal.*

Dudney Bagnal, colonel of the thirtieth regiment of foot,

called, perhaps correctly, Sir J. Bagnal in Captain Francis Neville's map of the Siege of Derry. Lady Blanch Bagnal, widow of a knight of this family, lived and died in Derry, and the following is an extract from her will, now in the registry office of the diocess, dated on the 9th of February, 1642: "I, Dame Blanch Bagnall, of the city of Londonderry, being sick of body, but thanks be to God of a whole mind, do make my last will and testament in manner and form following, that is to say,—first, I bequeath my soul to Almighty God, my Maker and Redeemer, by whose merits, passion and death, I hope to be saved; and my body to christian burial within the cathedral church of St. Columba in said city. Item—I give and bequeath unto the poor, robbed and distressed people of the parish of Tamlaght Ard, the sum of six pounds sterling, to be distributed among them, by the religious care of my beloved son-in-law, William Townham, Esquire, and John Major, clerk, within half a year next after my decease."

In 1622 the Rev. George Major was instituted to the rectory of Tamlaght Ard, commonly called Magilligan, in which he was succeeded by the Rev. John Major in 1630. They were ancestors of the Majors of the counties of Derry and Donegal, and of Alderman Joshua Gillespie, late mayor of Londonderry.

Stanza xii., *line* 2.—*Fitzgerald.*

Nicholas Fitzgerald, lieutenant-colonel of Lord Bellew's regiment of foot.

Stanza xii., *line* 2.—*Lord Louth.*

Matthew Plunkett, seventh Lord Louth, colonel of the twenty-first regiment of foot, of which Maurice O'Connel was lieutenant-colonel.

Harris, in his Life of William III, says, that when the Duke of Tyrconnel had fallen under suspicion of treachery in St. Ruth's camp, near Athlone, Lieutenant-colonel Connel, as he calls him, went to the ruined viceroy's tent and ordered him to begone from the camp, or he would cut his tent cords. Tyrconnel, sensible that this behaviour must have proceeded from a considerable faction among the officers in the Irish army, who had resolved to give themselves and their country up to a French faction,

removed next morning to Limerick.—*See Graham's History of Ireland from the relief of Londonderry to the surrender of Limerick, page* 266. Curry & Co., Dublin, 1839.

Stanza xv., *line* 4.—*Cavenagh.*

Charles Cavenagh, colonel of the sixteenth regiment of horse, of which James Lacy was lieutenant-colonel, and Gros Pordeverande major. Captain Neville stations this regiment, in his map of the Siege, at the rivulet called Craggin. They were raised in that part of the county of Wicklow called the country of the Byrnes, Tooles and Cavenaghs. The other proprietors of this county in 1599 were Walsh, Eustace, Gavan, Brown and Bagnal.

Stanza xv., *line* 1.—*M'Kenna.*

One of the family of that name long settled in the Braeface, near Maghera, in the county of Londonderry; and a branch of the M'Kennas of the barony of Truagh, in the county of Monaghan. Among the inquisitions preserved in the rolls office are the following:

Sir Patrick M'Kenna, June 10, 1625.
Sir Art M'Kenna, October 27, 1627.
Sir Philamenes M'Kenna, April 17, 1629.
Sir Neal Mac Tiuol M'Kenna Buoy, October 2, 1629.

Stanza xv., *line* 4.—*Bradley.*

This was an aboriginal sept in the barony of Loughenshollen and county of Londonderry. Maghera na Brallaghan was, on this account, the name of the principal town in it, when the seat of the see was transferred to it from Ardstraw. The cathedral of Maghera was dedicated to St. Laurochus, whose festival was kept on the 14th of February, and the principal well in the town is still called Tubberloury.

Stanza xv., *line* 6.—*O'Farrel.*

Roger and Robert O'Farrel, Esquires, were members of King James's parliament for the county of Longford; when after escaping, for their adhesion to Queen Elizabeth, all manner of forfeiture, they lost all their possessions in the fine tract of land,

anciently called Annaly, for having been concerned in the rebellion in 1641. They were divided into two great clans, distinguished by their complexions, which, as well as their features, are still hereditary among their numerous and respectable descendants. The O'Farrel Ban, of whom the Prince of Callagh was the chief, is of a very fair complexion. The O'Farrel Buy, of whom the chief was the Prince of Mornin, was very dark yellow, verging towards the hue of a Mulatto. The person mentioned in the text was Lieutenant-colonel O'Farrel, who on Thursday, the 5th of April, 1689, was with two of the Nugents of Coslamber, in the county of Longford, with the Irish army before Derry.

Stanza xvi, *line* 1.—*O'Neill.*

Bryan O'Neill of Ballinascreen, near the Cross, in the county of Londonderry; an humble branch of the noble family of that name, which joined in the Earl of Tyrone's rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, and committed great outrages in the progress of it.

The members of the corporation of Londonderry, according to Lord Tyrconnel's appointment, were Cormack O'Neill, mayor, Horace Kennedy and Edward Brookes, sheriffs; Cavanagh M'Guire, Gordon O'Neill, Constantine O'Neill, Manus O'Donnel, Peter Manby, *(who had been dean of the cathedral and apostatized to Rome,)* Peter Dobbin, Anthony Dobbin, John Campsie, Daniel O'Dougherty, William Hamilton, Roger O'Cahan, Daniel O'Donnel, Nicholas Burnside, Daniel O'Sheill, Roger O'Dougherty, Bryan O'Neill and John Buchanan, Aldermen. Francis O'Cahan, Robert Butler, Cornelius O'Callaghan, Hugh O'Hagan, John M'Kinney, John Campsie, Henry Campsie, James Lenox, John O'Hagan, William Stanley, James Connor, Hugh Eades, John Donough, Alexander Gordon, John Crookshanks, Philip M'Shaghlin, John O'Lynaghan, Art O'Hagan, Charles O'Sheill, Cornelius O'Mullan, John Sheridan, Js. Sheridan, Con O'Rourke, Dominick Buy M'Loughlin, J. Nugent, W. O'Boy, John O'Boy, William O'Sullivan, Dionysius M'Laughlin, Manus O'Cahan, nephew of Gordon O'Neill, Hugh M'Laughlin, Hugh Mor O'Dougherty, Ulick O'Hagerty,

Henry Ash, Thomas Broome, Peter M'Peke, Henry Dougherty, Robert Shenan, Cornelius M'Grah, and Art O'Hagan, burgesses.

Sir Neill O'Neill commanded a regiment of dragoons at the Siege of Derry, and was stationed with it on the opposite bank of the river, between one end of the boom and the Fish-house, near where the river flows at Lough Foyle. He escaped unhurt from Derry, but was severely wounded at the Boyne in his attempt to stop the passage of General Douglas, at the bridge of Slane, with his regiment of dragoons. After the battle he fled with King James to Waterford, where he died from the unskilfulness of the surgeons who attended him.

Stanza xvi., *line* 5.—*O'Rourke.*

Alderman Con O'Rourke, of a family long flourishing at Brefney, in the territory since known as the county of Leitrim.

In the year 960 a battle was fought on the river Inny, near Ballymahon, in Annaly, since called Longford county, between Mahon, King of Thomond, elder brother of Bryan Boru, and Teargal O'Roark, Prince of Brefney, in which the latter was defeated. In his flight he plunged into the river, where he threw away his shield, which fell into the hands of Mahon, and was, with Bryan Boru's harp, for ages afterwards preserved as a trophy by his descendants in Carrigaholt, Kilmurry, Mac Mahon, or Clonina, in Thomond, since called Clare county.

Stanza xvi., *line* 6.—*O'Sheill.*

Charles O'Sheill, one of Tyrconnel's burgesses for Derry: he was of a family still respectable in the counties of Derry, Tyrone and Donegal, several of whom have been, from time to time, ecclesiastics of the Church of Rome, and usually of a peaceable, benevolent and hospitable disposition; one of these living at the time of the Siege of Derry was Jeffrey O'Sheill, parish priest of Clonmany, in the county of Donegal, who was generally kind to his Protestant neighbours in distress, as also were the following parish priests of that community:—Denis O'Hagarty of Templemore, in which parish the city of Londonderry is situated, Dermot M'Feely of Culdaff, Dennis M'Colgan of Carndonagh, Roger O'Hagan of Moville, Dennis M'Closkie of

Banagher, Isage O'Lynchacan of Lifford and Strabane, Connougher O'Mungan of Urney and Termon O'Mungan, Cornelius O'Cassidy of Macosquin, and Patrick O'Scullen of Ballyscullen.

This note is given on the authority of a copy of a parliamentary report from the bishop of Derry, found by the author of these notes among the records of the diocese in 1824, when employed by the late bishop to arrange them chronologically and write an index of them, he being permitted to transcribe historical documents from them.

The above quoted report is undated, but appears to have been from Bishop Hickman, who succeeded to this see on the translation of Dr. King to the Archbishopric of Dublin. It contains the following character of the Romish ecclesiastics of the diocese in 1689 or 1690.

Culdaff.

Owen M'Colgan, a friar; a man of ill character and dissolute life, very offensive to the neighbourhood for his marrying people clandestinely, as well protestants as papists.

Cumber.

Shane O'Cahan, reputed a most malicious, ill-inclined, dangerous man.

Ardstra.

James O'Kelly, reckoned a very weak man.

Badony.

Shane MacAnally, a close subtle man, educated in Flanders.

Ballynascreen.

Bryan O'Cassidy, aged fifty years; cunning and contentious. Neill M'Conway aged thirty-nine. He went beyond sea before the year 1688, and came back again about two years ago. He is reputed guardian to the Franciscan Friary they design to have in Ballinascreen. He is a close subtle fellow, and a regular priest.

Philip M'Hugh, a confident dissembler. Those friars reside mostly in Munterlony.

Maghera.

Murtagh O'Brennan, a peaceable man, minding only his meat and his mass.

Stanza xvi, *line* 6.—*M'Conway, MacAnally.*

Roger MacConway, commonly called Roger MacBryan Mac Con Modherua MacConway, James MacAnally, burgesses of Strabane, of which John O'Neill, usually called Shane MacCon Baccagh, was provost.

Stanza xvii, *line* 2.—*O'Dougherty.*

There is no record of this ancient and princely family having been among the besiegers of the city of Londonderry. They are mentioned in the Armagh poem as intruders on the violated corporation of the city, namely Hugh More O'Dougherty and Henry O'Dougherty. Their ancestor, Sir Cahir, son of Sir John O'Dougherty, both favourites with Queen Elizabeth, and confirmed in their possession of their hereditary estate. The whole of the barony of Innishowen, except the church lands, unfortunately for himself and his family, broke out into rebellion in 1608; the immediate cause of his indiscretion, has been recorded by a Protestant historian, Captain Ash, a distinguished defender of Londonderry in 1689, and ancestor of William H. Ash, Esq., of Ashbrook, who inherits a considerable part of the large estates once in possession of that distinguished family. It is to be found in a journal of the Siege, published by Miss Ash of Magherafelt, granddaughter of the gallant author, in 1792, of which a copy is now very difficult to be found. Sir Henry Dowkray having built, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a fort on the Foyle, now called Culmore, began to erect a garrison in Derry. He and the governor of Derry walking together in one of the streets, some angry words ensued, on which Sir Henry gave Sir Cahir a box on the ear. The latter being enraged at this insult, went back to Ennishowen, where he assembled his vassals, and in a rage acquainted them with the usage he had met

on going with a peaceable disposition to Derry. The younger and more giddy proposed to march at once into Derry to destroy the governor and burn the town; but the elder and more cautious class advised Sir Cahir to send a large fish, which they had just caught, to the governor as a present. They accordingly sent the fish, with directions to the messenger not to deliver it except in the presence of Sir Henry Dowkray, and the man got particular directions to observe how the governor would behave on receiving it. He, however, seeing the present, probably a sturgeon, as sent by Sir Cahir, said, in a haughty manner, that he perceived "THE IRISH WERE LIKE SPANIELS, WHO THE MORE THEY WERE BEATEN, THE MORE THEY FAWNED ON THEIR MASTERS."

The messenger related on his return how the governor behaved, on which Sir Cahir and those he had assembled went directly to Derry, killed the governor and the few Protestants who were with him, and burned the town: Upon this event, notice was sent to Dublin; and Sir Arthur Chichester, the Lord Deputy, marched to Derry, and with a small party of soldiers pursued Sir Cahir so closely, that he took him in one of his hiding places in Ennishowen, enclosed him within four walls, and starved him to death. His fate is represented on the shield of the Derry arms by a skeleton sitting on a stone, reclining on its arm, quilted on the back of a cloak to be worn by the common scavenger. Soon after this, Sir Arthur Chichester represented his service as of so much consequence to King James I, that he was gratified with Sir Cahir O'Dougherty's whole estate in Ennishowen.

So far Captain Ash, who seems to have taken O'Sullivan's Catholic History of Ireland for his authority; but *audi alteram partem* from Cox's Extracts from the Lambeth manuscripts and Archdall's edition of Lodge's Peerage.

Queen Elizabeth dying and King James VI. of Scotland succeeding to the throne of England, Ireland, and Scotland, the new king, on the 28th of April, 1603, renewed to Sir Richard Wingfield the post of Mareschal of the army in Ireland, calling him also into the privy council of that kingdom.

In 1608, Sir Cahir O'Dougherty raising new commotions in Ulster, and among other outrages, burning the new city of

Derry, Sir Richard Wingfield and Sir Oliver Lambart were sent from Dublin on the first of May in that year, with a small body of men to suppress him, and no sooner did they enter the territory of Tyrconnel, than the traitors withdrew within their fastnesses, whom they diligently pursued and harassed ; and on the fourteenth of June taking Sir Neill O'Donnell prisoner in the camp at Raphoe, conveyed him on board a king's ship lying in the harbour of Lough Foyle, and coming to a battle, Sir Richard slew O'Dougherty, took Castledoe, and dispersed his rebellious followers. This signal service was rewarded on the twenty-ninth of July, 1609, with a grant to Sir Richard Wingfield of the lands of Powerscourt in the county of Wicklow ; and the following extract from the preamble to the grant of the Powerscourt title, stamps unquestionable authority on the latter account of the death of Sir Cahir O'Dougherty :—" Postea denique dicta rebellione de Tyrone extinctâ et universâ pace in hoc regno stabilitâ, cum audacissimus Proditor O'Doghertie, novum civitatem de Derry incendio destruxisset, magnosque tumultu, in ultonia concitasset, prefatur Mareschallus noster parva manu militum Octum O'Doghertie in aperto prolio occidit cohortesque illi adherentes subito dissipavit."

Stanza xvii., *line* 3.—*O'Kane.*

Captain Manus O'Kane, of Dungiven, nephew to Sir Phelim O'Neill.

This family is of great antiquity, and in ancient times of high rank in the county of Coleraine, since called Londonderry.

They were proprietors of the barony called Kenaght after them, a part of which, called Magilligan, they granted to St. Columba for the maintenance of the abbey of Duncrun. One of their chieftains, with a strong body of troops, was engaged at the Battle of Bannockburn, doubtful it is said at the commencement of it whether he would join the English or the Scottish army.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the head of this house, resident in a princely castle situated on the river Roe, near Limavady, was made keeper of the castle of Coleraine ; but, in the reign of James I., his descendant and representative, although he disco-

vered to Bishop Montgomery the rebellion meditated by O'Neill O'Donnel and O'Dogherty, lost his property in the general *escheat* of the nine counties of Ulster, about the year 1608. When only eighteen years of age, John, afterwards third Earl of Kingston, married Margaret, the daughter of Florence O'Cahan, a descendant of this family; and the consequence was, that leaving the Protestant church for that of Rome, he was made a gentleman of the bedchamber to King James II. and following his master's fortunes into France was outlawed; but he afterwards returned into Ireland, and submitting to the government, the outlawry was reversed, and succeeding to the estates and title of the family on the death of his brother Robert, the second Lord Kingston, a distinguished officer in King William's army, he took his seat in the House of Peers on the 11th of May, 1697, and on the 2d of December following, in the same year, signed a declaration and association entered into by that house in defence of the king's person and government, and the succession in the Protestant line, settled by act of parliament.

The direct descendant of Captain Manus O'Kane is now in the service of Sir Henry Hervey Bruce, at Downhill, in the county of Londonderry.

The Duchess of Buckingham, who married the Earl of Antrim, who had raised a thousand men in that county to send to the Marquis of Montrose in aid of King Charles I.; the Lord Deputy, Wentworth, ordered they should be marched to be embarked at Derry by the route of Newtown Limavady. In passing through the town, curiosity induced the duchess, who with her lord accompanied the troops, to visit the wife of O'Cahan, whose beautiful residence had been dilapidated, he himself being in banishment. It was situated on a level bank of the river R, now called Deerpark, on the projection of a perpendicular rock hanging over the river, and nearly an hundred feet high; on the land side the defence consisted of a moat; the terrace, orchard, and pleasure-grounds beyond it, are still to be traced, though the castle has been levelled to the foundation, and its materials carried away. In the midst of the half ruined edifice, was kindled a fire of branches, and the window cases were stuffed with straw to keep off the rigour of the season. Thus lodged, the

aged wife of O'Cahan, who had merited better treatment from the English government, was found by her noble visitant on her bent arms in the smoke and wrapped in a blanket. Sic transit gloria mundi—every thing in this world changes and passes away. Dunluce castle, then the splendid residence of the Earl of Antrim and Duchess of Buckingham, has been in ruins for a century and a half.

We find by an inquisition in one of the public offices in Dublin, that Manus O'Kane was possessed of some property in the county of Londonderry, in the reign of James II., which he forfeited in 1689. A very respectable branch of this house, as did one of the O'Donnels, settled in the west of the county of Clare, with one of the Mac Donnels of Antrim, nearly two hundred years ago, and are all Protestants; Ross, Kilkee and Ballyvoe were their residences.

Stanza xvii., *line* 6.—*Maguire.*

Cohannaugh Maguire, colonel of the forty-third regiment of King James's army,—the lieutenant-colonel being Alexander Maguire, and the major, Cornelius Maguire. The colonel was governor and high sheriff of the county of Fermanagh. On the 18th of November, 1644, Sir Patrick Mac Arle Roe Mac Mahon, the rebel chieftain of Monaghan, was tried at the bar of Westminster and shortly afterwards executed at Tyburn. The following copy of the examination of Sir Henry, second Lord Blaney, is an awful record of the extent of this man's guilt, and a condensed epitome of the sufferings of the Protestants of Ulster in 1641. The examination was taken on the 11th of July, 1642, and this copy of it is preserved in Archdall's edition of Lodge's Peerage, long since out of print, vol. vi., page 310.

"That on the 23d of October, 1641, Arle Roe Mac, Sir Patrick Mac Arle and Moyle Mac Mahon, of Trough, Esq., with divers other rebels, by force and arms entered into his castle of Monaghan, ransacked and despoiled him of the goods and chattels therein, robbed and plundered the town of Monaghan, killed divers English Protestants there, and deprived him of his lands and tenements, worth eleven hundred pounds a year. That on or about the same time, the rebel, Hugh Mac Patrick Duff Mac

Coll Mac Mahon, Esquire, with several others, force can plundered the castle and town of Castle Blaney, expelled him from the same, and took his lady, seven of his children, two sisters, and many of his kindred and servants prisoners.

"That he was thus despoiled of his goods and chattels, taken, despoiled and burned, including a library of books worth five hundred pounds, two hundred and sixty pounds in ready money, and five hundred pounds worth of plate, to the amount of £13,873 at least."

He was killed at the battle of Benburb, fighting against Sir Phelim O'Neill, and his widow, the daughter of Lord Drogheda, was reduced to the utmost distress by means of the rebellion.

Lord Maguire, whose trial is to be found in the first volume of the state trials, made such a defence for himself after the condemnation of Mac Mahon, that his trial was not concluded until the middle of February, 1645. Another chief actor in the rebellion escaped the hands of justice, namely, Rory Maguire, governor of the county of Fermanagh, who hanged seventeen Protestants in the church of Clones, in the county of Monaghan, on the 23d of October, 1641.

Lord Maguire, with his fellow conspirator, Mac Mahon, had been sent over to the parliament of England, and imprisoned in the tower of London; but on the 18th of August, 1644, they, with a thin steel instrument, sawed asunder a two inch oak door in the night time, and with a rope let themselves down from the white tower, waded the ditch and got away. They took lodgings in Drury-lane, and on the night of the 16th of the next month, hearing a woman crying oysters in the street, one of them put his head out of the window to call her, and was at that instant recognised by a servant of Sir John Clotworthys, who had known him, and who immediately gave notice to the lieutenant of the tower, who had them apprehended and sent back to their old prison. Maguire was afterwards hanged, and his title and estate forfeited.

DEFENDERS OF LONDONDERRY.

What could the maiden city do by all these foes invested?
She raised her standard of true blue, by freedom's foes detested.

At tuba terribili sonitu procul æra canoro
Increpuit, sequitur clamor cælumque remugit.
Virgil.

Stanza xxi, *Line* 1.—*Forward.*

From Colematrain, from Burt and Ennishowen,
Squire Forward brought his horse and foot.
Armagh poem, &c., on the Siege of Derry.

John Forward, Esq., ancestor of the Earl of Wicklow, and a colonel in one of the regiments defending Derry in 1689. He was the son of the Rev. Robert Forward, who came into Ireland with the Lord Deputy, Wentworth, in the year 1640, when he was appointed first, Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin, and afterwards, Dean of Dromore. This gentleman married the sister of Primate Bramhall, by whom he had issue this distinguished military officer. His prompt and eminent services attracted the particular, but unavailing notice of King William, as appears from the following extracts from the records of the English privy council:—

"Present, the King's Most Excellent Majesty in council, at the Court of Kensington, on the 15th of April, 1690.

"The Lords of the committee for the affairs of Ireland, have recommended to his Majesty the particular and early services of Lieutenant-colonel John Forward, in the defence and preservation of the city of Londonderry, and the Protestant interest in

Ireland, as also his great sufferings in his estate and family by the rebels there, his Majesty in council is therefore pleased to declare, that in regard nothing offers at present which might be a suitable reward for his said services and sufferings, his royal intentions are, that upon the reduction of Ireland, the said Lieutenant-colonel Forward shall be provided for." But no opportunity afterwards occurred to fulfil the king's intentions.

Stanza xxi, *line* 3.—*William Stewart.*

William Stewart of Ballylawn, in the county of Donegal, Esquire, great grandfather of the present Marquis of Londonderry, and great grandson of John Stewart, Esquire, who obtained a grant from King Charles I, of the manor of Stewart's-court in that county, where he built the castle of Ballylawn. He raised a troop of horse at his own expense for the defence of Londonderry in 1689, and did essential service in that part of the country. He was lieutenant-colonel of the regiment commanded by Lord Mountjoy, in which his eldest son, Thomas Stewart, Esquire, served as a captain. Another and still more distinguished officer of that name, was Brigadier Stuart, colonel of the fifth now the ninth regiment of foot. He was descended from the Stuarts of Blackhall in Scotland, one of whom, a member of the Church of Rome, settled in Ballylusk, in the county of Antrim: he and his family being implicated in the troubles of 1641, forfeited their Irish estates and fled back to Scotland. Joining the Spanish service, he was killed in 1688 at Dunkirk, by the side of his royal master and relative, James, Duke of York, afterwards James II. He left a family in Spain; the last of his name there, being an abbess of a nunnery, she offered immense wealth to the grandfather of the present family if he would send his eldest daughter to her: he having conformed to the Protestant religion, and becoming a clergyman, did not accept of the tempting offer. The younger brother of the Stuart who had forfeited his Irish property, as had been frequently the case with Scottish families, happily for himself took an opposite side to that which his elder brother had attached himself to, and he attained to the above mentioned rank in King William's army, in which his career was a brilliant one, few equalling and none surpassing the

courage and conduct which he manifested on several trying occasions.

While James's army was besieging Derry, in which they were attempting to starve thousands of Protestant men, women, and children, shut up within its walls, parties issued from the Irish camp plundering in surrounding districts and driving countless families from their homes, Brigadier Stuart provided in the island of Inch, in Lough Swilly, a safe refuge for twelve thousand of them, where he completed the fortifications which had been commenced there, and made that strong post a medium of important communication between Londonderry and Enniskillen. From the men he had trained and disciplined there, he sent, about the time of the relief of the maiden city, a strong body of men to reinforce Captain Henry Hunter at Rathmullan, on the opposite shore of Lough Swilly, which enabled that gallant and indefatigable officer to repulse the Duke of Berwick and a strong division of the Irish army, from that town. For this important service he obtained a grant of the island of Inch in perpetuity, which he was inconsiderate enough to part for a white charger to which he had taken a fancy. Towards the end of June, 1690, he headed an assault on a battery hastily erected by St. Ruth on the Leinster side of the Shannon, near the Dublin gate of Athlone, and rapidly succeeded in driving the Irish soldiers, who manned it, over the narrow bridge, where many of them were crushed to death by their violent pressure against each other, and a considerable number of them were forced over the battlements into the river, where they were drowned. A French lieutenant of grenadiers, who headed what might well be called the forlorn hope on this occasion, was killed in the onset just as he had mounted the wall of the battery and had called on his men to follow him. Sixty of the Irish were killed and a greater number of them wounded in this brilliant action. The English lost about twenty men, and forty of them were wounded. Among the latter was their gallant commander, Brigadier Stuart, and one captain. It was reported that the brigadier was killed that day; but he recovered from his wounds. This achievement, important as it seemed at the time to be, did not prevent General Douglas and the besieging army from

being obliged, by the vigour of the heroic governor, Grace, and his garrison, to raise the siege of Athlone, and retire in disorder towards Dublin.

On the 8th of August in this year, he was sent by King William with the Earl of Portland, and nine hundred horse and twelve hundred foot, from Cahirconlish towards Limerick, for the purpose of viewing the avenues to that city, and ascertaining the situation of the enemy. As they approached the outposts, a party of Irish advanced towards them, but were obliged to return by the advanced guard. At four o'clock in the morning of the day after the blowing up of King William's artillery, on its way to Limerick, by Sarsfield, Brigadier Stuart, with a detachment of his own and Lord Meath's regiment, marched out of the English camp with four field pieces of cannon to take Castleconnel, a strong fortress seated on the Shannon, between Limerick and Killaloe, which he compelled to surrender at discretion. This was a seasonable service; for it was performed on the morning of the day after Sarsfield had blown up King William's train of artillery on its way to Limerick, and it greatly facilitated the success of the second siege of that city; for the Castleconnell garrison had been very formidable to the foraging parties of the besieging army.

No more is known of Brigadier Stuart during the war. He had married, according to a family tradition, a daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, by whom he had one son, who was a captain in his own regiment. But father and son were both treated by King William's ministers with the same neglect experienced by Murray and Cairnes, Forward, Hamill, and many other men who had been the chief instruments in preserving the British interest in Ireland, and their conduct in this respect can find a parallel in that of Charles II, who sacrificed the estates of his royal father's adherents in Ireland to the most atrocious of his enemies. Brigadier Stuart, however, found means to purchase an estate in the county of Leitrim, on which he settled after the war; and some lands in the counties of Cavan and of Cork, which remained in the family until sold by Bernard Stuart, Esq., since 1798, after which he went abroad. The Rev. Irwin Stuart, grandfather of the present family, being a younger son, went

into orders, and obtained the curacy of Ballywillan in the county of Antrim, by the interest of a brother-in-law, Mr. M'Daniell of Belle Isle, who was the proprietor of large estates in the county of Antrim. The Gracehill family are not connected with any other Stuarts in Ireland.

Stanza xxi., *line* 3.—*Grove.*

William Grove, Esq., of Castle Grove, in the county of Donegal. His residence, at the time of the Siege of Derry, was called Castle Shannaghan. He was murdered in the mountains near Newry after the war had ended, and is thus mentioned in the Armagh poem—

> "Groves, of Castle Shannaghan, here brought
> The Kilmacrennan men, who bravely fought;
> This valiant man after the wars was slain,
> When on the Fews he was by tories ta'en.
> He died, lamented for his worth and zeal,
> And suffered greatly for the common weal."

His descendant and representative is Thomas Brooke, Esq., of Castle Grove, who is also descended from Sir Basil Brooke, baronet, a distinguished undertaker in the planting of Ulster, who died on the 25th of July, 1633. Thomas, son of Sir Henry Brooke, preserved the town of Donegal in the rebellion of 1641. He died in August, 1671. His son, by his wife Anne, daughter of Thomas Leicester, of Toft, in Cheshire, Esq., died in Dublin on the 11th of February, 1695, leaving a numerous issue by his wife, Anne, daughter of Sir Richard St. George, of Carrickdrumruske, in the county of Leitrim, knight. The present baronet is Sir Arthur Brooke, of Colebrook, in the county of Fermanagh.

Stanza xxi., *line* 6.—*Rawdon.*

Sir Arthur Rawdon, of Moira, baronet, ancestor of the late Marquis of Hastings: he was born in the year 1662. He was captain of a troop of horse in his father's life time, and after his decease was appointed, in 1682, by the associated Protestants of the county of Down, to be the commander of a regiment of dragoons. He was proclaimed by Lord Tyrconnel, on the 7th of March, 1689, as one of the principal actors of what the viceroy called

a rebellion, one of these, as the proclamation stated, who had advised and fomented the same. His health delicate, from the fatigues he endured in defending of the cause of civil and religious liberty in Ulster, finally gave way, and a dangerous illness obliged him to leave the kingdom, and hastened his death, which occurred on the 17th of October, 1699. His lady was Helena Graham, daughter and heiress of Sir James Graham, third and youngest son of William Graham, Earl of Mentieth. The lady was endowed with the virtues, which for many ages had characterised the noble house from which she sprung. Her good sense and literary taste were exquisite, her charities numberless, she being uniformly found to be the munificent friend to worth in distress. She was a great heiress, her mother being eldest daughter and co-heiress with her brother, Sir Thomas, son of Dr. John Bramhall, successively Bishop of Derry and Primate of Ireland.

Stanza xxi., *line* 6.—*Lord Blaney.*

Henry Vincent, fifth Lord Blaney. He was a captain of foot in 1678. On the preparations made by Lord Tyrconnel to send an army into Ulster, the Protestants of the counties of Monaghan and Armagh, chose this nobleman for the commander in chief of their forces; and immediately after his appointment he suddenly took possession of the city of Armagh with a strong body of his men, in order to secure that frontier garrison, which he did by disarming the Irish dragoons; posting himself there he found himself at the head of eighteen hundred men, and he caused King William and Queen Mary to be proclaimed, not only in Armagh, but in Hillsborough and other places: and he sent a summons to the fort of Charlemont, requiring the Irish garrison to surrender by the 10th of April. Three thousand of James's army were garrisoned in that strong place at this time, and, attempting to plunder the Protestants of the surrounding districts, had frequent skirmishes with them, in which he was constantly successful, until the 13th of March, when, being informed that his castle of Monaghan had been taken by the Irish, and that all the Protestants of the country had retreated to Glaslough, where they were besieged by the enemy; that Sir

Arthur Rawdon had quitted Loughbrickland, and that the Irish, under General Hamilton, had possession of that place, he resolved to march on the next day to relieve those who were besieged at Glaslough, and then proceed through Dungannon to Antrim, and join his friends there. But Lady Blaney and the besieged Protestants in Glaslough being in the meantime relieved by Matthew Anketell, Esquire, at the expense of his life, Lord Blaney continued at Armagh, until Colonel Lundy omitting to send him promised reinforcements, and the enemy surrounding the town, he was obliged to quit it and force his way to Coleraine, with seven troops of horse and eight companies of foot, with which he narrowly escaped from the garrisons of Charlemont and Mountjoy, who had notice of his march and endeavoured to intercept him at Arbrea Bridge, where he killed an hundred and fifty men on the spot, and forced several others into the river, in which they were drowned. On King James coming to Ireland, he invited Lord Blaney to join him, with a promise of pardon for what had passed and of royal favour for the time to come; to which his lordship replied, that he was thankful to God for having then a king, upon whose word he could rely, but that he never would rely upon his (James's) word without a sword in his hand. It does not, however, appear that he was in any of the actions in defence of Derry, being only recorded as being present at some of the councils held there on the approach of the besieging army. He died without male issue on the same month in which Londonderry was relieved, and was succeeded by his brother, Henry Vincent, who then became the seventh Lord Blaney; who also had been a sufferer in the preceding troubled time, as his estate was sequestered, his house plundered, and a considerable quantity of cattle taken from him. After the revolution he was made governor of Sligo.

Stanza xxii., *line* 1.—*Mac Naghten.*

The family of Mac Naghten is acknowledged to be of the greatest antiquity in the western Highlands of Scotland, on which they had immense possessions, particularly in Argyleshire.

In the reign of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, a man of distinction in that kingdom had several sons, who, his name being Naghten, were known by the name of Mac Naghten—Mac in the Celtic language signifying a son.

In the eighth year of the reign of King Alexander III., and on the 12th of July, 1257, Gilchrist Mac Naghten was appointed, by royal patent, heritable keeper of the castle of Trechlan. The terms were, that the grantee should preserve the castles and entertain the king when he came to Trechlin. The heads of this family were anciently called Thanes of Lough Tay. They took for their supporters two roebucks proper, having been hereditary foresters of Benburg to the kings of Scotland. The family badges and plaid may be seen in the Scottish Gael, vol. ii.

Gilchrist was the grandfather of Duncan Baron Mac Naghtane, who joined with his kinsmen the Mac Dougals of Lorne, against King Robert Bruce, but was so charmed by the valour of that heroic king at the battle of Dalree, that he became, and continued an attached subject to him for the rest of his life.

The prowess of this old lord is thus celebrated in the antiquated verses of Archdeacon Barber, in a poem called the life and acts of Robert Bruce, published in black letter type by Andrew Hart, at Edinburgh, in 1620.

" There was a Baron Mac Naughtane,
That in his heart great keep has tane
Unto the king, his chivalry,
And praised him in heart greatly,
And to the Lord of Lorn said he,
Sickerly now, sir, ye may see
Betane the starkest pundelane,
That in your life time you saw tane,
For yon knight, through his doughty deed,
And through his outrageous manheed,
Has felled in a little tide
Three men of mickle might and pride;
And 'stonished all men so,
That after him no man dare go,—
And turns so many times his steed,
It seems of us he had no dreed,
And sickerly in all my time,
I never heard in song or rhyme,
Tell of a man, that so smartly
Achieved so great chivalry."—Page 45.

His eldest son, Duncan Mac Naghten, in the reign of King David Bruce, accompanied Lord James Douglas in the attempt to deposit King Robert Bruce's heart at Jerusalem. This was ordered by the Bishop of Rome, to be done in atonement for the king's having slain John Cuming in the church of Dumfries.

This chieftain had several sons and daughters, connected by marriage with the families in the west of Scotland. One of his sons, Donald by name, was elected Bishop of Dunkeld, A.D. 1436.

Sir Alexander Mac Naghten, a descendant of Duncan, fell with King James IV. and many of the Scottish nobility, on the field of Flodden, in the year 1513.

His son and heir, John, married Anne, daughter of Murdoch M'Lain, Laird of Loughbuy in Mull, by his wife, the daughter of Sorley Buy, the father of Randal Mac Sorley Mac Donnel, the first Earl of Antrim.

By this lady John Mac Naghten had three sons, the eldest of whom, Alexander, died without issue; the second son, Malcolm, called Glenshira, whose descendants finally forfeited their property in Scotland by their adhesion to the unfortunate house of Stuart. One of them, with a considerable force, joined Graham, Viscount Dundee, and was said to have been very instrumental in gaining the victory over General Mackay's army at Killicrankie, on the 16th of July, 1689. The third son, John Mac Naghten, came with his uncle, Randel Mac Sorley, to Ireland as his chief secretary, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. His second son, Daniel Mac Naghten, married Catherine, neice of the famous Primate Dowdall.

Daniel's son and successor was John Mac Naghten, of Benvarden, Esq., who married Helen, a daughter of Francis Stafford, of Portglenone, Esq., who represented one of the boroughs of the county of Antrim in parliament. Francis Stafford was the son of Sir Edmund Stafford, of Portglenone, knight, a descendant of Thomas, of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, third son of Edward III., King of England.

A portrait of Sir Edmund Stafford was in the possession of the late Edmund Alexander Mac Naghten, Esq., at Beardaville, in the county of Antrim, at his death some years ago.

The above mentioned John Mac Naghten had several children by his wife, Helen Stafford; from one of them, Bartholemew, who had issue by his wife Charlotte, daughter of Robert Giveen, of Coleraine, Esq., had issue—four sons and three daugthers, viz.: Edmund Bartholemew Mac Naghten, late of Clontarf, Esq., deceased, Henry, who married Francis, daughter of Robert M'Causland, Esq., of Coleraine, by whom he had issue, Bartholomew Mac Naghten, Esq., of Ballybogie, in the county of Antrim, and the late Robert Cary Mac Naghten, of Mountjoy-square, Dublin, who left issue by his wife, the daughter of Thomas Orr, Esq., three sons and two daughters.

The youngest son of the above mentioned John Mac Naghten, Esq., of Benvarden, by his wife Helen Stafford, was Edmund Mac Naghten, of Beardaville, in the county of Antrim, who was born on the 10th of August, 1679. In December, 1688, when he was in his tenth year, he was conveyed by his mother, then a widow, to the city of Derry. There they were protected by the lady's brother, the Right Honourable Edmund Francis Stafford, one of the gallant defenders of that place during its memorable siege.

This gentleman died in the year 1781, aged one hundred and two years. He had married, when far advanced in life, Leonora Vesey, of the De Vesci family, who died childless. He afterwards, in the year 1761, married Hannah, daughter of John Johnston, of Belfast, Esq., by whom he had issue—first, the late Edmund Alexander Mac Naghten, of Beardavill, born on the 2d of August, 1762, who for many years represented the county of Antrim in parliament, and was lord of the treasury. He died on the 15th of March, 1832. Second, Sir Francis Workman Mac Naghten, Baronet of Clogher House, in the county of Antrim, born on the 2d of August, 1763, who upon the death of his brother, in addition to an estate in the county of Antrim by his father's will, succeeded to the patrimonial entailed estates. He was appointed judge of the supreme court at Madras, and received the honour of knighthood in the year 1809. In 1815 he was appointed a judge of the supreme courts at Bengal. In 1806 Caroline, daughter of Meridith Workman, and Mary Mac Naghten, first cousin of Sir Francis, had settled

upon him the Workman estates in the county of Armagh. He obtained his majesty's license to take the name of Workman in addition to that of Mac Naghten, and in the year 1823, upon the death of Caroline Workman, he assumed it accordingly. On the 16th of July, 1833, he was created a baronet.

Stanza xxii, *line* 3.—*Moore.*

James and Patrick Moore were among the defenders of Londonderry who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, on the relief of that city in 1689. The family were then and still is highly respectable in the county of Tyrone, and none more so than the late Edward Moore, Esq., of Aughnacloy, one of the most active and efficient justices of the peace ever known in this or any other county. He died lately, honoured and regretted by all who knew him.

Stanza xxii, *line* 6.—*Hill.*

Michael Hill, ancestor of the Marquis of Downshire, grandson of Doctor Michael Boyle, Archbishop of Armagh and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. He was afterwards a member of King William's privy council, and successively representative in parliament for Saltash in Cornwall, and for Hillsborough in the county of Down. He died in 1699. His descendant, the Marquis of Downshire, is one of the most benevolent landlords in Ireland; and although once a supporter of the popish claims for power in the legislature, now a determined friend to the Protestant interest, as all other Protestant proprietors will eventually be, if they regard their own interest and that of their tenants in time and eternity.

Stanza xxiii.—*Lord Massereen.*

Sir John Skeffington, bart., succeeded his father-in-law, Sir John Clotworthy as Viscount Massereen, and was privy councillor in 1663, custos rotulorum for the county of Londonderry, and had several grants of lands under the act of settlement. On the accession of James II, he was appointed governor of the county of Londonderry and sworn a privy councillor. He became, however, a strenuous asserter of the Protestant interest,

in consequence of which, he was perhaps the greatest sufferer in the province of Ulster. He was exempted from mercy by the Duke of Tyrconnell's proclamation on the 7th of March, 1689, when the Irish army, under General Hamilton, took Hillsborough. In the same month they plundered Lisburn, Belfast, and Antrim, and particularly Lord Massereen's castle at the latter place, from which they took to the amount of three thousand pounds in money and plate, which having been concealed near the castle was discovered by his lordship's servants for the reward of ten guineas. They also took all the furniture, to a great amount in value; and during the Siege of Derry the Irish army seized sixty tons of salmon in a house near the city, except forty barrels that the Derry men secured. He and his son, afterwards Viscount Massereen, were attainted by James's parliament, and their estates, to the amount of £4340 a year, sequestered: but all was set to rights by the victory of Aughrim. The present Lord Massereen was a leading member of the Orange Institution until the 14th of April, 1836, when he voted for the dissolution of the metropolitan lodge.

Stanza xxiii, *line* 3.—*Captain Stafford.*

Captain Stafford already mentioned. He was the son of Sir Edmund and grandson of Sir Francis Stafford of Portglenone, from which town he brought a company of foot for the defence of Derry in 1689.

Stanza xxiii, *line* 5.—*Cairnes.*

David Cairnes, of Knockmany in the county of Tyrone, Esq., lieutenant-colonel of Murray's regiment of horse.

This family has been settled in the Province of Ulster for more than two centuries, and possessed of considerable estates in it. In a geological account of the English and Irish baronets, and their families, published by Thomas Wotton, London, in 1727, p. 122, we find, under the head of Cairnes of Monaghan, the following record of this military house, and it is for the greater part corroborated by Debrett's, Lodge's, and other Peerages:—

This family is descended from Thomas Cairnes, of the house

of Orchardstown, in Scotland, who came to Ireland with Murray, Earl of Annandale. He married Jane, daughter of John Scott of Colefadd, in Scotland, Esq., of the house of Buccleugh, by Mary Anne Murray, neice to the Earl of Annandale. By her he was the father of John Cairnes, of Donoughmore, county of Donegal, in Ireland, who married Jane, daughter of James Miller, of Millhugh, Esq., and Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of —— Muir, of Rowallon, (ancestor of the Marquis of Hastings,) and sister of Lord Darnley, father to King James I, founder of the order of Baronets.

James Miller's mother was Isabella Hamilton of Orbiston, grand-daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and (reverting to this lineage) James. the second Lord, married, 1474, the Princess Mary, eldest sister of King James III, and relict of Thomas Boyd, Earl of Arran, and by her had James, the third Lord, and a daughter, Elizabeth, married to Matthew Stewart, Earl of Lennox, and by him was grandfather of Henry, Lord Darnley, father of King James VI, of Scotland, and First of England.

John Cairnes aforesaid, had issue by Jane Miller aforesaid, Sir Alexander Cairnes, baronet, who was advanced to that dignity in the seventh year of the reign of Queen Anne; and he married Elizabeth, sister to Sir Nathaniel Gould, of Newingham, in Middlesex, knight. In case of failure of male issue, the title was entailed by the patent on Henry, and was succeeded by his younger brother and his heir, Sir William, successor to the baronetcy, upon whose death, without issue, it became extinct. The arms of the baronetcy—argent, three markletts, gule, within a border; or, the crest out of a tower, proper, martletts as in the arms. Motto—"*Effloresco.*" Seat—Cairnes' Castle, near Monaghan, in Ireland.

Sir Alexander Cairnes was born in the year 1665. It does not appear that he took any active part in the troubles of the Revolution; in the early part of the eventful year 1688, he seems to have taken a retired and religious turn, as appears from a declaration, of which a copy will be found in the Appendix, No. I. He, however, going into the army in a short time afterwards, rose to high rank in it, and distinguished himself at the battle of Blenheim. For his services there, he was created a Baronet by Queen Anne, on his return to England with the Duke of

Marlborough, to whom he had been so much endeared, that the families were bound by mutual esteem and attachment (and by the ties of friendship, strengthened by the uniform and continued pious disposition of Sir Alexander Cairnes), to each other for succeeding generations. At the request of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Cairnes, only daughter of Sir Alexander, was left to her care on his death, and educated by her as her own child, with her ladyship's only daughter, under the superintendence of Madame de Vie, who was a relation of Lady Cairnes, and the daughter of a French refugee. Sir Alexander Cairnes had two sisters: the elder, whose name was Margaret, married John Henderson, Esq., of Castletown, near Strabane, whose eldest son by her, Cairnes Henderson, married his cousin-german, Mary, daughter of Mary, the second sister of Sir Alexander, who had married Colonel Boyd. Cairnes Henderson had by this lady three sons and three daughters. The eldest of those, Joseph Henderson, was father of Elizabeth, who married a gentleman named Singer, by whom she was the mother of Paulus Æmilius Singer, Esq., barrister, Temple-street, Dublin, of the late Major James Singer of the 7th Fusileers, (who was killed heading a division of his regiment at Badajos,) and of the Reverend Joseph Henderson Singer, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and three daughters.

Sir Alexander dying without male issue in October, 1732, was succeeded in the baronetcy by his brother Henry, who lived in the county Donegal, and died there. His tombstone yet remains, with a legible inscription on it, in the churchyard of Donoughmore.

Though not recorded in the baronetcy, William Cairnes, his brother, succeeded Henry in the title, a full length portrait of whom has been preserved in Rossmore Castle. On his death the title became extinct; and his extensive estates devolved upon Sir Alexander Cairnes's daughter, Mary, already mentioned. She married Cadwallader, the seventh Lord Blaney, who died without issue by her, on the 19th March, 1732; and she married secondly her cousin-german, the Right Hon. Colonel Murray, a Privy Councillor of Ireland, and the successor of his father, as representative of the county of Monaghan in parliament.

He also left her a widow. He died on the 20th February, 1752, on his way to Dublin, leaving issue by her four daughters, viz., Frances, who died 29th of February, 1752, had married Wm. Henry Fortescue, afterwards created Earl of Clermont, who had no issue by her. Elizabeth, who died on the 29th of May, 1754, married the Rt. Hon. Lieutenant-general Cunningham, Commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland, member of parliament for Monaghan, and had no issue. Mary, who died unmarried in 1774, and was a lady of great literary abilities, specimens of which she left after her, though never published, and yet extant among the Blenheim archives. Anne, married in 1761, to the Right Hon. Theophilus Jones, (by whom she had issue, but all died under age); and Harriet, who, on the 29th of November, 1761, married Henry Westenra, father of the present Lord Rossmore, who, in right of her, enjoys the large estates of this branch of the family of Cairnes.

The Westenras came to Ireland in consequence of the persecution of the Protestants in the Netherlands, by the Duke of Alva, in the reign of Charles V. of Spain. Afterwards, in process of time, they became possessed of considerable estates in the King's and Queen's County, as also in Meath, Dublin and Louth. Several of them were attainted by King James's parliaments, as appears by Archbishop King's state of the Protestants of Ireland; and there is a credible tradition, that five of the distinguished name fought for King William at the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, and Lord Rossmore, the present representative, was equally zealous in support of the crown and constitution during the disastrous period of 1798. His lordship's Survey of the River Shannon, between Athlone and Portumna Bridge, was considered a most useful and important document of that day, having been the first that had been made. He was engaged in the defeating the Vinegar Hill army of rebels, and driving it back from its position there. With the king's army he cleared Ferns, and the bishop's palace there, of the rebels, who had taken possession of both—overawed Wexford—relieved General Loftus, who had been nearly surrounded near Ferns—interposed the division under his lordship's command between the Gorey army of rebels and the city of Dublin;

thus intercepting the combined movements of two great Wexford armies on the metropolis, which they had intended to make for the purpose of burning it, or becoming masters of it. He thus chained them both to their positions until Generals Lake and Needham came up with the king's army, which finished the rebellion.

Lord Rossmore afterwards drove Holt from Roundwood, on the eastern side of the Wicklow mountains, until the outlaw found it prudent to surrender. By these movements and successes he inspired the British troops with confidence, who had been dispirited and were falling back and giving up their posts after the defeat and death of Colonel Walpole and Major Lombard, of the North Cork militia. (*See Gordon's History of the Rebellion of* 1798.) By training the yeomanry brigade of Monaghan, of 3,000 men, to chain, order, and guerrialla service, Lord Rossmore contributed much to the safety of the country at this awful crisis; so that if his ancestors rendered services worthy of remembrance in 1688 and 1689, the same may be said of their noble descendant in 1798 and 1799.

The family of Westenras, descended from that of Van Wassenear, of Wassenburgh, were of great antiquity in Holland, and bore the augmentation of the sea-horse, in reference to the valour of an ancestor, who, during the Duke of Alva's campaign, was actively employed against the enemy, and undertook to swim an arm of the sea, with important intelligence to his besieged countrymen.*

The act is worth recording, as history has handed down to us the anxiety with which Cæsar recruited the armies from that country, when in alliance with Rome. On some occasions he went so far as to deprive the Roman cavalry of their horses,

* Arms.—Quarterly; first and fourth per bend or. and ar. in chief a tree, and in base a sea horse, reguardant, on Waves, all appar for Westenra. Second and third quarterly; first and fourth az. three bullets within a bordure ar. for Murray; second and third ar. three birds, martetts, close within a border, as for Cairnes; crest, a lion rampant.—*Burke's Peerage.*

Rossmore.—Ry deed dated 25th, and enrolled the 27th November, 1667, Colonel Grace sold to this Warner Westenra, of the city of Dublin, merchant, the town and lands of Clonleagh, Rahenhennagh and Lyagh, in the King's County.—*Note from the Westenra History—see Burke's Peerage.*

on which he mounted those new allies, who managed them better than their Italian riders. He had no reason to repent those measures. Almost all his subsequent victories, and particularly that of Pharsalia, having been decided by the valour of the auxiliaries he obtained from the Low Countries, (*vide des Roches Hist. de la Belgique.*) There is no doubt they formed the best cavalry of the Roman armies, and signalized themselves on many occasions by the skill with which they swam across several great rivers, without breaking their squadron's ranks.

When civil and religious liberty were assailed by the Spaniards in the Netherlands, the family of the Westenras suffered severely from the support they gave to truth and freedom, by being compelled to migrate from a country in which their family had long flourished in the possession of wealth, and transferred themselves and their possessions to our island, at a time when the accession of intelligence and capital was of incalculable advantage to it, as it proved in the case of the Huguenots and other Protestant settlers in Ireland, from the days of Elizabeth to the present time.

The advantage of such families settling in our island is not more evident in any circumstances connected with them, than the hereditary disposition manifested by them, with few exceptions, to maintain the true religion established amongst us; and it is due to them and to the Church, to record them as they occur, to the encouragement of others to imitate their generosity, for "one good deed dying tongueless, slaughters a thousand waiting upon that."

The declaration of Sir Alexander Cairnes in the early years of a life devoted, with the immortal Marlborough, to the cause of his Queen and his country; the evangelical preamble and the conclusion to the will of the renowned David, mark that of those brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, who turn humbly and faithfully to the Rock of Ages in subsequent life.

Such documents, when blessed by divine mercy, have a direct and strongly salutary effect upon successive rising generations, and this was evinced by both the branches of the noble family of Cairnes, and others with whom they intermarried.

The aunt of the present Lord Rossmore, (Elizabeth Murray, daughter of Lady Blayney, the grand-daughter and sole heiress of Sir Alexander Cairnes), bequeathed £1,200 for the building of the Church in Monaghan, which has been followed up by the Hon. Henry Westenra, with a splendid organ which cost £800, with a salary to the organist of £40 a year.

The late lamented lady, whose sudden death under peculiarly painful circumstances, deprived her lord of a source of comfort and happiness which may be more easily conceived than expressed, was Augusta, fourth daughter of Francis Lord Elcho, and sister of the Earl of Weyms (Weymms.) Her ladyship had made arrangements, which will, no doubt, be followed up by an endowment for the building and support of ten alms-houses, for poor widows and orphans.

It is no adulation of the rich and the noble to record such deeds, and in days of trouble, rebuke, and blasphemy, when good Samaritans like these are seldom found, it cannot be irrelevant to the present work to brighten its pages by such details.

Though last, not least, we may record another departed member of this honourable family, in justice to the late Major, the Hon. Richard Westenra, second son of Lord Rossmore. In his respective duties as a son, husband, brother, parent, and friend, his worth was only known to those who knew him, and could appreciate his value. They were, indeed, pre-eminent, and the loss of such a parent to a young family, must have been as afflicting as irreparable. His departure, however to them untimely, may have been to himself a mercy. The ways of heaven are inscrutable, and "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," as we trust this noble and gallant gentleman did, after the example of more than one of his ancestors, whose eminent piety, as well as indomitable courage, are on record in the pages of history. Possessed of a large portion of that uncommon attribute called common sense, he had, moreover, a very considerable portion of literary attainments, which, under controul of native talent and cultivated taste, made him a delightful companion, particularly at the festive board, where the enjoyment, soaring above that of mere animal life, was "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." It is scarcely necessary to add, that this gentleman's death left a

blank in society not easily to be filled, and he departed this life universally regretted.

But the most distinguished of all the members of this family, was David Cairnes, of Knockmany, in the county of Tyrone, Esquire, counsellor at law. He was born on the 15th of November, 1645, and was the first gentleman in Ulster, who went into Derry, on the arrival of Lord Antrim's regiment at the waterside of that city, on the 7th December, 1688.

To enter into a detail of his services on this memorable occasion, or those of any of his companions in arms, Walker, Michelburne, or Murray, would be foreign to the purpose of these notes, and swell the volume to an inconvenient size. So for them, reference must be made to the author's history of the Siege of Londonderry and defence of Enniskillen, in 1689, the second edition of which was published by Messrs. Curry and Co. Dublin, 1829.

After the relief of the city he became representative of it in parliament, faithfully discharging that sacred trust for thirty years.

On the 29th of May he wrote the following record on the back of what he termed "a general plat of the lands belonging to the City of London, as they are divided and let out to the Twelve Companies, and as they doe butt and bound upon each other:"—

"MEMORANDUM.

"The within draught was taken for the Book of the Survey of the Plantation of the County of Londonderry, by Sir Thomas Philips, Knight, and Richard Hadford, Esquire, by virtue of his Majesty's commission to them, in that behalf directed, beginning the 20th day of August, 1662, and ending the 10th day of October next following; which book is in the beginning inscribed to the most high and mighty monarch, Charles, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c., and is now in custody of the Company of Drapers, London, containing a particular account and survey of all the Twelve Proportions of the several companies. This

draught was copied at my desire and paid for by me, Augus 29th, 1693.

(Signed,) "D. CAIRNES."

This is a coloured map on parchment, by David Cairnes, and is in possession of Colonel Cairnes, at Portstewart, to whom it descended, with other records of the Tyrone branch of this distinguished family.

It is recorded in the journals of the Irish House of Commons, for 1695, that David Cairnes, Esq., with Colonel Creighton, was member of a Committee of the House of Commons, on a petition from the Mayor and Commonalty of Londonderry, praying that their condition might be taken into consideration upon account of their great services and sufferings, and that such a representation of them might be given to the Lord Deputy, to be laid before the King, as to the House should seem meet.

On the 5th of December in the same year, Mr. Saunders reported, from a Committee of the House of Commons appointed to take the above-mentioned petition into consideration, that they, upon due investigation, had found that the extraordinary losses, disbursements and debts, contracted by the inhabitants of Londonderry, from and after November, 1688, in securing and fortifying the place, and buying and laying in of arms, and ammunition; in subsisting with provisions of all sorts, clothes and other necessaries, those who were in that garrison for its defence during the siege; in houses ruined thereby; and for the maintaining of the place, amounted to a great sum. They stated, that it appeared to them, that David Cairnes, Esquire, member of parliament for the city of Londonderry, had been remarkably instrumental in first securing of the said city against the Irish, and that he afterwards underwent several hazardous journeys for the preservation of it, and that he had been a great sufferer by the siege; they added, that it was their opinion, that in regard to these services and sufferings, which had been of so great importance to these kingdoms, and the whole Protestant interest, it was their recommendation to the Lord Deputy, to lay the petitioners' case before the King, and recommend the same in the most effectual manner to his princely consideration; and that the Viceroy should also take notice therein of David Cairnes, Esq.,

in regard of his early services to Londonderry, his hazards in the course o fthe siege, and his .oss by it.

The House of Commons, on this report being read to them, ordered that Mr. Vanhomrig, and such members of the house as might please to accompany him, should attend the Lord Deputy with an address upon this subject, and present it to his Excellency as that of their house. Similar proceedings were adopted at the same time in a petition from the Enniskilleners.

On the 12th of the same month, in 1695, the House of Commons sent the address to Lord Capel, Baron of Tewkesbury, Lord Deputy of Ireland, but it does not appear that this strong representation of his claims on the government and legislature had any favourable result; and by an affecting passage in his last will and testament, which will be quoted in its place, there is no doubt of his having been, like Michelburne and other distinguished men of this day, treated with gross ingratitude, while estates were restored to many who had justly forfeited them by their conduct during the Irish war of the Revolution.

In the year 1707, Cairnes succeeded to be the Recorder of Londonderry, on the promotion of Robert Rochfort to be Attorney General, and he resided in the city, where he had some houses and other property in right of his first wife, whose first name was Margaret Edwards. He had before this time usually resided at Knockmany and Cloneblaugh, in the county of Tyrone, to the minister of which, the Rev. Nehemiah Donaldson, whom he usually heard whilst there. he left a gold ring by his last will and testament, leaving similar marks of regard to others, and among them to the Rev. Samuel Ross, whose house of worship he usually attended when in Londonderry.

The will of this distinguished gentleman is a voluminous one. An extract from the preface and conclusion of which will be appropriate:

"I, David Cairnes, of the city of Londonderry, Esq., being at present under much weakness and indisposition of body, but of sound mind and memory, for which I bless the Lord, beseeching Him graciously to guide and direct me in what I am now about, and in all that concerns me, that I may have always His approbation therein, and the testimony of a good conscience

towards God and man, as the best ground of my own solid peace, comfort and support, in all I am doing here upon earth. But being very sensible of my own frailty, and the great uncertainty of life, and of all temporal enjoyments, and that my times are in God's hands, who has fixed the date and period thereof in His own secret purpose, but requires us to watch and be ready for His call, which comes after He has forewarned us, at an hour we expect not. Having in November last, 1726, about the middle thereof, finished, as I compute, and accomplished full seventy and five years upon earth, and entered into the seventy and sixth year of my age; having, as I may truly say, had for the most part a very sojourning and discurrent time of it all along, seldom long fixed in any place, but traversing oft to and fro, in and through these kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, yet still, by the Divine power and goodness of God, mercifully preserved, and that many times in very great and signal dangers. I need not here enlarge on having been so well known to many, which I hope I have never forgotten, but with all thankfulness remember and acknowledge, and not knowing how near my frail life may be to an end, but desiring, as my duty, and as in prospect of my change, to set my affairs and concerns in what order I can at this time, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament, this nineteenth day of October, 1721, as followeth, whensoever it shall please my gracious God and heavenly father to remove me hence by death, for which I humbly beseech him to prepare me, and that all his calls and warnings to me, in that respect, may ever have their due influence and effect upon me. I desire, I say then, to give up and commit my departing soul into his most gracious hands, who has dealt with me, I most humbly and thankfully acknowledge, in great tenderness, mercy, and favour all my life long, though I have been most unworthy thereof and given him manifold great provocations to the contrary, to my great grief and sorrow; and my body, that earthly and mortal part, which God was also very gracious to me in giving me for so long a season, so healthful, so vigorous, and active a body as he did—blessed be his name for it. I desire, I say, to leave the same to be dealt with at the discretion of my executors hereinafter named, not with too

great expense, but in a decent christian manner, suitable to my station, repute, and concerns, believing and hoping for a joyful resurrection at that great and awful day of the Lord, when the last trumpet shall sound, the dead be raised from the dust to hear and receive their final and everlasting doom, and a retribution be made to the just and unjust, as they and their ways and works have been, and that I shall then obtain eternal life, through my blessed and dearest Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose I am, and whom I serve and adore—who came down from heaven to seek and to save what was lost, and loved us and washed us from our sins in his own most precious blood, in whom, as the eternal and only begotton Son of God, and my alone Saviour, I firmly believe, and on his merits and mediation do entirely rely, for remission of all my manifold sins and iniquities, for my perfect and everlasting righteousness and eternal life; and now as to what temporal estate it hath pleased God of his goodness to vouchsafe on me," &c. &c.

[Here follow many folio pages of bequests to his relations and friends, who seem to have been numerous, and he thus apologizes for the smallness of each of the legacies at the close of his will, which portion of it forms an interesting though melancholy historical document.]

"I did, indeed, once think and expect, and had much reason for it, to have been, ere this, in a much greater and ampler condition as to my outward state and concerns in the world, and in a capacity to have left my children and offspring, and other friends, also, much more than I have here done, and might also soon have obtained it, would I but have bartered my conscience for allurements of that kind, which, I bless God, I never did, nor ever inclined to do; and had matters but any way answered my reasonable expectations from the state and government, for the faithful and important services I did them, and the whole Protestant interest in these kingdoms, both in the first securing of Londonderry in December, 1688, that proved of so very great consequence afterwards to these kingdoms, and the many sore and most dangerous journeys and travels I had both by sea and land, with many signal hazards of my life in the spring and summer then following, for the saving and preserving of that city,

being sent and employed by the Honourable Lords of the Privy Council in England at that time, who have amply attested it under their hands and public seals, yet extant. All these matters, for which I had many good words and promises of great things I had to be done for me, that nev· yet had any effect or performance, but put me to much trouble and expense in making several applications on that behalf, without any effect. I may, indeed, truly say, I found but few grateful or suitable returns, either from the state or divers other persons and people, I had laboured and done much for, and to their manifest advantage, which I need here say no more of; but that how I myself and that city of Londonderry, for all its services and sufferings that were of such high consequence to these kingdoms, and so amply confessed by their parliaments, both of England and Ireland, come to be so strangely overlooked and neglected as they have been, reflects not a little shame on the honour of these nations, so that all these assurances which I had should be buried in utter oblivion. And lastly, I do hereby earnestly charge and exhort all my offspring, as if by their parent's last dying words, that they live and walk in the fear and love of God, and in the steadfast observance of his commands, worship, and ordinances, while they breathe upon his earth here; that they may be serious and constant in humble prayer to him, and in reading the Holy Scriptures daily; that God may own and bless them in all that they do or set about—that they carefully and watchfully abstain from and avoid, so far as they reasonably can, the society and intimate converse with all notorious, lewd and dissolute persons and company, being of much contagious, and pernicious consequence; that they associate themselves, and converse, as far as they can, with sober, serious and prudent persons; and crave from such, and expect them, that if they, or any of them, come to dispose of themselves in marriage, they do it with much seriousness and earnest prayer to God, for his direction and blessings therein, and with the advice of their best and most faithful friends, lest they repent it all their lives after, when it is too late; that they learn and study patience and submission to the good will of God, in all his providences towards them, and dealings with them, and be affectionate, and

assist one another, and their other relations as their conditions may afford, and as by nature they ought; and be also charitable to the poor, according as their abilities may allow them, and grow not proud nor haughty, nor set their hearts immoderately on anything it may please God to bestow on them, lest he blast both them and it. And I beseech the Lord God my precious Heavenly Father, to have them in his merciful care and keeping, and to bless them with his best blessings from above, both for time and for eternity, and keep them from all evil of every kind, and that they may be for ever his own in a peculiar manner, and that I may at length see and rejoice with them and all the redeemed of the Lord, in those happy and blessed mansions above, when we have finished our course and time of trial here below. I do also heartily forgive all that have any way injured or offended me, as, indeed, I know but few, if any at all, that have done so, and I desire most earnestly that all may forgive me, if I have injured or given offence to any, which I should be very sorry to do, and hope they are but few, if any at all. And I do hereby revoke and disannul all former Wills by me at any time heretofore made, and I declare this to be my last Will and Testament: in witness whereof, I do hereby set my hand and seal, the day and year before and above written, viz., the 19th of October, 1721, and have also set my hand on one part of the margin of each of these two sheets whereon this Will is written. "DAVID CAIRNES.

"Witnesses, James Anderson, William Scott, Patrick Mackey, Coningham M'Alpine."

He died (as it appears by the registration of this Will in the Prerogative Court of Dublin) some short time before the 11th of May, in the ensuing year, 1722, and his remains were interred in the cathedral church-yard of Londonderry, where his broken tomb-stone remains, separated from his violated grave, and part of it is preserved in the entrance to the church. In 1822 it was removed from the grave on the building of the new sessions house, and thrown behind the gate of the back entrance into Bishop-street. A few lines of the inscription, of which the following is a copy, were taken by the author of these memoirs:—

"Hereunder was interred the body of David Cairnes, Esq, counsellor-at-law, generally known and respected for the many and great services done by him for the city of Londonderry, and its preservation and safety, when in the utmost danger, which proved so conducive to that grand revolution which we had in these kingdoms in 1688 and 1689, with many sore wounds and hazard of his life. He was also for thirty years"——

Here the inscription terminates, the rest of the stone having been broken off and lost; but tradition supplies the remainder of what it may have recorded. He was thirty years representative of the city of Londonderry, in the Irish House of Commons, and during that period filled the office of recorder of the corporation. He received the thanks of both houses of parliament for his distinguished services in 1688 and 1689.

This renowned defender of the maiden city married Margaret Edwards, of Straw, in the county of Londonderry, by whom he had issue one son and two daughters. His son, Captain John Cairnes, died unmarried before his father, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 28th of March, 1719. His eldest daughter, Jane, married Thomas Edwards, of Castlegore, Esq., in the county of Tyrone, her cousin-german, the brother of Edward Edwards, of Straw, Esq. Her issue was Hugh Edwards, who had four daughters, all of whom died before him, except Olivia and Margaret.

Olivia married Richard Gore, second Earl of Ross, by whom she had no issue. She married, secondly, a Mr. Bateman, by whom she left no issue.

Her younger sister, Margaret, married Robert Stewart, Esq., of the Irry, in the county of Tyrone.

He was descended from Stewart, Baron of Ochiltree, and Duke of Albany, in Scotland, and was ancestor of the present Earl of Castlestewart and of Sir James John Hamilton, of Woodbrook, in the county of Tyrone, baronet.

Edward Edwards, of Straw, in the county of Londonderry, Esq., brother of the above mentioned Hugh Edwards, a grandson of David Cairnes, was the grandfather of the late Major Edwards, of Raveagh, in the county of Tyrone, who married a daughter of the late James Hamilton, senior, Esq., of Stra-

bane, in the county of Tyrone, a relative of the Marquis of Abercorn, by whom he had two sons; Edward, who died a major in the army; and Major Hugh Gore Edwards, who possesses the townlands of Cator, Corkhill, Eskeragh, Larnagtar, and Raveagh, in the county of Tyrone.

We now revert to the collateral decendants of David Cairnes, among whom, numerous and highly respectable as they are, none contributed more to the preservation of the history of his ancient family, than the descendant of his sister Margaret, who married Captain William Elliott, of Lisnaskea, in the county of Fermanagh—namely, Lieutenant-Colonel John Elliott Cairnes, of Portstewart.

The family of Elliott had been long settled in the county of Fermanagh, amidst the border families of Foster, Armstrong, Noble, and others planted there in 1609. The Elliotts had originally been settled at Stobbs, in Roxboroughshire, in Scotland. The above-mentioned Captain William Elliott was cousin-german of the lady he married, and also of the Right Hon. Colonel John Murray, M. P. for Monaghan, who married the sole daughter and heiress of Sir Alexander Cairnes, Bart.

A descendant of these Elliotts, of Stoobs, was General Sir Gilbert Elliott, created Baron of Heathfield for his gallant defence of Gibraltar.

The aforesaid Captain William Elliott distinguished himself during the Siege of Derry, in 1688, at the head of the garrison of Ballyshannon, in the county of Donegal, against the Connaught army of James the second. By his wife, Margaret Cairnes, he had an only son, John Elliott, of Killyfaddy, who married a daughter of Hans Montgomery, Esq., of Springvale and Greyabbey, in the county of Down, by whom he had issue one daughter, Anne, and four sons. Anne married Alan Bellingham, Esq., of Castlebellingham, in the county of Louth, by whom she had issue the late baronet, Sir Alan Bellingham, and two other sons, Henry and William. The second daughter of the above-mentioned Hans Montgomery married Alan Bellingham, Esq., of Castlebellingham; the third daughter married Colonel Ford, of Seaford, in the county of Down, M.P., and the fourth married Edward Hardman, Esq., of Drogheda, M.P.

William Cairnes, a major in the 30th regiment of foot, and

cousin-german of Sir Gilbert Elliott, married Anne Bellingham, of Castlebellingham, sister to the late Sir William Bellingham, Bart., and had issue one son, John William Cairnes; married, secondly, Jane, daughter of the Rev. Robert Heyland, of Coleraine, and had issue two sons, Robert Mac Pherson, James Webber, and three daughters; the three sons, aforesaid, died unmarried; Jane, the eldest daughter, married the Rev. Philip Le Gette, of Marsden Vicarage, Maidstone, Kent; the second, the Rev. Mr. Graham Canterbury, and Margaret, the youngest, to the Rev. Mr. Bruce Canterbury.

John Elliott Cairnes, the next brother of Major Cairnes of Knockmany, married, in 1783, Catherine, eldest daughter, of William Moore, of Moore-hall, Esq., Killinchy, county Down, whose younger sister married the late Dean of Down, father of the late bishop of that name and diocess, and ancestor of Sir Jeremiah Dixon, K.C.B., and the Rev. Mr. Dixon, Prebendary of Rathsharkin, in the county of Antrim, and had issue one daughter, Anne, and five sons, John Elliott, William Montgomery, Alan Bellingham, and Henry Moore Cairnes. The third brother of Major Cairnes married a sister of the late Jonathan Seaver, of Heath-hall, Newry, Esq., and had no issue; and James, the fourth and younger brother, died unmarried.

Stanza xxiii., *line* 8.—*Maxwell.*

Sir George Maxwell, of Killyleagh, knight, is mentioned in the Armagh poem, but there is no record of him to be found elsewhere. This family had been a distinguished one in Scotland from the reign of Malcolm Canmore, in the year 1058; at which time a chieftain, called Macus, possessed the tract of country called from his family Macuswell, which, in the lapse of time, verged into the name of Maxwell, their most ancient possessions being in the county of Roxborough.

Sir John Maxwell, the tenth in descent from Macus, was the great grandson of Sir John Maxwell, by Isabella, daughter of Sir James Lindsay, the ancestor of the Earls of Crawford and Lindsay. This lady was grandaughter of Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, and her son, Sir John Maxwell, junior, coming into possession of the estates of the Lindsay family in the shires of

Lanark and Renfrew, was a great promoter of the reformation in Scotland.

By his wife, Elizabeth Hamilton, he had two sons, James Maxwell his heir, ancestor of the Maxwell's of Calder, and Robert Maxwell.—(*See Douglas's Peerage in Scotland, page* 52.)

The latter came into Ireland on the same errand with Sir James Hamilton and a gentleman named Fullerton, who were sent here in the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, to secure an interest for the King of Scotland, on that prince's expectation of succeeding to the throne of England.

This Dr. Robert Maxwell having taken holy orders was appointed to the Deanery of Armagh, which he held with other considerable preferments in the Church of Ireland, but he lost the high preferment which he had reason to expect, on account of his opposing a grant of the see lands of Armagh to the Duke of Buckingham, who had solicited them from Primate Henry Usher for one of his favourites. He married Isabella, daughter of Robert, Lord Seaton, the representative of one of the oldest and most chivalrous families in Scotland. By this lady Dean Maxwell had issue, a daughter, Phœbe, and three sons,—viz., Henry, ancestor of the family of Finnebrogue, in the county of Down; Robert, ancestor of the Earl of Farnham, and James of Mullatiny, since called Elm Park, in the county of Armagh, he married Jane, daughter of Doctor Echlin, bishop of Down and Connor; Robert, the eldest of these gentlemen, entered into holy orders, and obtained the degree of doctor of divinity in the University of Dublin. In the year 1628, he built his house at College-hall, in the county of Armagh, and he was rector of Tynan in the year 1641, from which he was afterwards successively promoted to the Archdeaconry of Down, and the Bishoprics of Kilmore and Ardagh. Being absent on a visit when the massacre of the Protestants commenced, he escaped suffering personally by it; but his younger brother James, who had married Jane, daughter of Mr. Norris, was with her inhumanly murdered at College-hall, which was demolished by Sir Phelim O'Neill and his followers. His books and papers were all burned and he was obliged to take refuge in Dublin, from whence

he was sent into England as a commissioner from the distressed clergy of the Church of Ireland to the King. He resided at Oxford as long as it continued in the hands of the loyalists.

He married Margaret, daughter of Doctor Echlin, Bishop of Down and Connor, sister to Jane Echlin, the wife of his brother Henry Maxwell, Esq., of Finnebrogue, above mentioned. He died on the 16th of November, 1672, leaving £200 to the University of Dublin, to which he had before been a considerable benefactor.

Henry Maxwell, Esq., of Finnebrogue, had by his above mentioned marriage an only son, Robert, who married Jane, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Chichester of Belfast, and grandaughter of his uncle Robert, Bishop of Kilmore; by her he had issue the Right Hon. Henry Maxwell, Esq., his heir, Robert and John who died without issue, and several daughters. The above-mentioned gentleman succeeding at Finnebrogue, served in every parliament from the revolution to his decease, except that of 1692, and was a member of the Privy Council. He died of apoplexy on the 12th of February, 1729-30, universally regretted.

His sister, Isabella, was the wife of the Rev. George Walker, the renowned governor of Londonderry, whose sister, Anne, married William Maxwell, Esq., of Falkland, high sheriff of the county of Monaghan in 1691. This latter gentleman was in that year murdered by some of his own followers and dependants, in revenge for the protection he had given through the whole of the preceding war to the Protestants of that part of the country, and for his activity in the cause of the revolution.

A picture of the Right Hon. Henry Maxwell, of Finnebrogue, is in fine preservation at the seat of Mrs. Maxwell, of Jackson-hall, in the county of Londonderry.

We find by a printed petition to the House of Commons of Captain Henry Hunter, a distinguished officer in King William's army, that, in the year 1689, the proprietor of Finnebrogue, then in extreme old age, was, with a considerable number of his tenants and other Protestants of that part of the county of Down, imprisoned in Downpatrick goal, from which he was liberated by that active officer, after he, with a strong force under his command, had repulsed Lord Iveagh and the troops

with him, at Coile Bridge, and taken a piece of cannon. The son of this Mr. Maxwell, already mentioned, was the Right Honourable Henry Maxwell, ancestor of the present proprietor of the estate of John Waring Maxwell, Esq.

At the second battle of the Windmill-hill, during the Siege of Derry, Captain Maxwell, who had behaved with great courage that day, had one of his arms broken by a cannon ball, of which wound he died in three days afterwards. It has not been ascertained to what branch of this family he belonged.

Stanza xxiv.—*Johnston.*

Robert, Henry, and William Johnston, were among those who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary on the relief of Londonderry. One of these, as recorded in the Armagh poem so often quoted in these notes, brought a strong body of horsemen from Glasslough for the defence of the city; the others were probably members of the respectable border family of that name, long settled and still resident in the county of Fermanagh.

Stanza xxiv., *line* 5.—*Graham.*

Alderman James Graham was the eleventh among one hundred and forty-four of the defenders of Derry, who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary on the relief of the city. His ancestor, Richard Graham, was one of the sheriffs in the first corporation of Londonderry.

Olaus Magnus, Archbishop, of Upsal in Sweden, gives the earliest account we have in history of this family, which he says was a Danish one; the first considerable person of it being *Graam*, son of Scioldus, King of Denmark, who after some romantic adventures, detailed in an interesting manner by the archbishop, carried off and married the daughter of Sigthunius, King of the Goths—an exploit attended by disastrous consequences to both princes and the people of their respective kingdoms. In one of the wars which ensued, the Dane killed his Gothic father-in-law, and in another he was himself killed by Sibdager, King of Sweden, who had brought an army to aid Sigthunius. The result was, that Denmark became tributary to Sweden; but the

victor allowed Guthormus, the eldest son of his fallen enemy, to succeed him on the throne of his conquered kingdom.

Of the second son of Graam, the archbishop has left the following record in his curious book, which may be found in good condition among the books of Bishop Hopkins, now in the Diocesan Library of Derry, the present bishop having got it bound.

Hadingus autem Guthormi Frater, et filius Grami homo magni et præstantis animi, cum cogitaret se fortissimo patre genitum, elegit potius honestum exilii conditionem, quam in in patriâ servitutem turpitudine conjunctam, sustinere. Nec tamen, nobiliora fuissent ejus facinora, si in patrio solo Victitasset, quam modo sunt inter eos heroas quorum acta magis miranda quam imitanda proponuntur; siquidem, post æditos longe, lateque militares triumphos exercitum navalem in sueticum mare a devictis Russis reduxit, âtque SIBDAGERUM. In Gotlandia, oppressit.

Fergus II., King of Scotland, marrying a daughter of the house of Denmark, her father, Græme, went with her, and became general of his son-in-law's army, with which he fought the Romans with more success than Eugenius, King of Scotland, who had been defeated and killed by Maximus, the Roman legate of the fatal battle of Dun. It was in the year of our Lord 404, that Fergus II. regained the kingdom, and shortly afterwards Græme, with the army under his command, repulsed the Roman forces and broke the wall erected by the Emperor Severus, between the Friths of Forth and Clyde, at a place near Dumbarton, since called *Graham's Dyke*.

After the death of King Fergus, he became Regent of Scotland during the minority of his grandson, who, on coming of age, made war upon the Britons for the restitution of his grandfather, Graham's lands. He was the common ancestor of the Scottish, English, and Irish branches of this family, the name of which, in the ancient Danish language, denotes the commander of an army.—*Buchanan on the Ancient Scottish Surnames, Glasgow*, 1820.

The first of this family in record afterwards was Graham, who with Dunbar, and the forces of Lothian, appeared in the rere of the Danes, when in battle with King Indulph's army, which

occasioned their defeat; this, with other subsequent occurrences of a similar description, gave rise to one of the family mottos, "Auxiliante Vinco." The next was Constantine Graham, who, in the year 1030, married Avila, daughter to Kenneth, one of the ancestors of the Stewarts. In the reign of King David I., William De Graham was one of the witnesses to the foundation of Holyrood House. His son, Sir David Graham, died in the year of our Lord 1270, leaving issue by his lady, the sister of Robert, Earl of Stratherne, three sons, Sir Patrick, Sir John, and Sir David Graham.

Sir Patrick, the eldest of these, was employed in several embassies by King Alexander III., and was killed fighting for the liberties of Scotland at the battle of Dunbar in 1296.

The second son, Sir John Graham, was the constant companion and bosom friend of Sir William Wallace, and was killed at the battle of Falkirk, in 1298. The inscription on his tombstone near the spot on which he fell, was,

MENTE MANUQUE POTENS
ET VALLÆ FIDUS ACHATES
CONDITUR HIC GRAMUS
BELLO INTERFECTUS
AB ANGLIS.

—*See Old Harry's Life of Wallace.*

Sir David Graham, his grandson, was one of the Scottish chiefs who was carried into England prisoners, and he was excepted out of the general pacification made by King Edward I., with the Scots.—*Debrett's Peerage, Vol. i., page* 678.

On the 8th of February, in the eighth year of the reign of King Alexander III., Allan Graham, with Malise, Earl of Stratherne, and others, witnessed a royal charter granting to Gilchrist Macnaughtan and his heirs, the keeping of the castle and islands of Frecklan.

In 1320, Patrick Graham, of Elieston, married the only daughter of David, Earl of Stratherne, by whom he obtained that earldom.

His son, Malise Graham, the second earl of that name, was deprived of that earldom by King James the First, but in exchange for it the king gave him the Earldom of Mentieth, in

the year of our Lord 488, which title has been dormant since 1698, from the difficulty of ascertaining the male heir to it.

In the reign of King Henry VI. of England, John Graham, sirnamed John with the Bright Sword, in some disgust retired with many of his kindred and clan to the English borders, where they became a numerous and powerful sept.

The account of the noble houses of Montrose, Dundee, and Lyndoch, of this family, being minutely detailed in the Peerage, need not be inserted here; but the following note from the journal of King Edward VI. records the importance of the Border Grahams, from whom those of Ireland are descended. "On the 16th of August, 1550, the Earl of Maxwell came down to the North Border with a good force to overthrow the Græmes, who were a certain family that were yielded to me, but the Lord Dacre stood before his face, with a good band of men, and so put him from his purpose, and the gentlemen called Græmes, skirmished with the said Earl, slaying several of his men."

On the 14th of May, 1814, the late Sir Walter Scott wrote a letter to the author of these notes on this subject, which was published at length in the University Magazine for March, 1833, detailing the strength of the clan and the names of twenty of their leaders in 1600, each of whom Lord Scroope, warden of the marches, held responsible for the conduct of their followers.

The following is an extract from that letter—"James I., on his accession to the crown of England, banished the Græmes to the north of Ireland. This measure was a political, rather than an arbitrary one, but I suspect that much of James's animosity against the Græmes arose from their constant adherence to the English interest."

There was a tax imposed on Cumberland for transporting them, the total of which amounted to £408 10s. 9d. sterling. Nicholson has published the names of those who were removed at the second and third transportations. Most of the particulars I have mentioned are extracted from the introduction to the Border History, and are taken from a folio manuscript written by Richard Bell, warden of the marches in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. If this could be consulted, it might throw light on the subject of our enquiries; but I could never learn whereit is now

deposited, or if it be in existence. I omitted to say that the song of "the gallant Graham's, which you mention, seems to have been originally written upon their deportation in 1603, but afterwards from a similarity of the name, and popularity perhaps of the tune, it was re-written, and applied to the banishment of Montrose."

The leaders of the Grahams on the English and Scottish borders in 1603 were, according to Sir Walter Scott, in the above-mentioned letter—

Walter Grame, the good man of Netherby.
John Grame, of Aughhouse-well.
Fergus Grame, of Sowport.
David Grame, of the Millens.
John Grame, of the Pear-tree.
The Good Man of the Moate.
Young Hutchin's Clan.
William Grame, son to Hutchins.
David and brother Andrew Grame.
Hutchin's Arthur.
William Grame of the Fold.
William Grame of the Rose-trees—these two had a great number of followers.
Davie of Bankhead.
Jock of the Lake.
Dicks Davie, and
William Grame Goodman of Meclop

They were landed at Groom's Port in the county of Down, and proceeded in different directions through Ulster, making their chief settlements in the counties of Donegal and Fermanagh—two of them, who were afterwards knighted, got grants of land in the county of Cavan, others settled in the counties of Westmeath, Louth, and Wicklow.

SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

The 152d anniversary of the shutting of the gates of Londonderry was celebrated on Friday, the 18th of December, 1840, in a manner worthy of the glorious event commemorated. At

an early hour an effigy of the traitor Lundy was suspended from the roof of the Corporation-hall by the Apprentice Boys: flags were hoisted at the Royal and South-west bastions, on the Testimonial, and above the Chancel window of the Cathedral, also on Corporation-hall, while the joy-bells were heard pealing forth their merry notes, which continued at intervals throughout the day. Owing to the deplorable circumstance which occurred last August, by the explosion of a cannon on the walls, the 'Prentice Boys, in a spirit of praiseworthy moderation, consented to discontinue a part of the celebration observed hitherto, viz., the firing of cannon.

A short time before 12 o'clock, the Mayor and Sheriffs, Sir Robert Bateson, Bart., Sir George Hill, Bart., John Dysart, Esq., Thomas P. Kennedy, Esq., Joshua Gillespie, Esq., James Gregg, Esq., Harvey Nicholson, Esq., and other members of the Corporation, in their civic robes, attended by a great number of the Apprentice Boys, a large body of Citizens, and a vast concourse of Protestants from the neighbouring districts, went in procession from Corporation-hall to the Cathedral, the Rev. James Graham having kindly consented to preach.

After Divine Service, the individuals who had composed the procession returned in similar order to Corporation-hall, and his Worship the Mayor having been called to the chair, it was moved by Alderman Kennedy, and seconded by Alderman Dysart:

Resolved—That a loyal and dutiful address be forwarded by this meeting, congratulating her Majesty on the birth of the Princess Royal.

Sir George Hill then called on Mr. A. M. Alexander to read an address to the Queen, which had been drawn up.

Mr. Alexander said he esteemed it a high honour that he had been requested by his brother Apprentice Boys of Derry to read an address which had at that moment been put into his hands. It embodied the sentiments of the Apprentice Boys of Derry, whose loyalty to the Queen need not be attested by him. He did not deem it necessary to say anything to recommend the address, but would at once read it. (Mr. Alexander then read the address, and afterwards moved its adoption.)

Sir G. Hill seconded the motion.

Sir R. Bateson proposed—That an address of congratulation be also forwarded to his Royal Highness Prince Albert. The honorable baronet said he trusted they would never give up the celebration of the Shutting and Opening of the Gates of Derry, and would ever be happy to join with them in celebrating these events, as his father before him had done, who fifty years ago, presided on a similar occasion.

Mr. James Gregg seconded the address.

A vote of thanks was then passed to the Rev. J. Graham for the excellent sermon he had preached in the Cathedral that day.

The Mayor having vacated the chair, and Sir George Hill being called thereto, the thanks of the meeting were voted amidst loud cheers to his Worship, for his proper conduct in the chair, and for his services on all occasions as Chief Magistrate of the city.

At the close of these proceedings, an excellent amateur band, composed of young men of the city, played "God save the Queen," which was followed by hearty applause; and during the time occupied in burning Lundy, they also performed a number of appropriate airs with considerable skill, which had a most happy effect in adding to the enjoyment of the vast assemblage in the Hall.

A little before 3 o'clock, p. m., the effigy of Lundy was ignited, amidst the groans and hootings of assembled thousands, who continued to look on with the most intense interest till the figure of the traitor was entirely consumed. Hundreds of fair faces likewise gazed with anxious curiosity on the scene from the windows of the houses in the Diamond and Shipquay-street, seeming to participate in the feelings of the other sex.

The 'Prentice Boys met as usual in their club-rooms, and supped together, and the evening was spent in the most harmonious and agreeable manner.

Not a single occurrence took place to mar the happiness and joy which the anniversary brought with it, and the celebration was conducted in so decorous and gratifying a manner, as not to leave the slightest feeling of regret behind for any other cause than that it came so quickly to a conclusion.

Stanza xxv. *line* 1.—*Newcomen and Fane.*

Lieutenant and Adjutant Newcomen, one of the family of Sir Thomas Newcomen, of Kenagh, in the county of Longford, was taken prisoner by the Derrymen, along with Lord Netterville and others, at the battle of Windmill-hill, in which Brigadier-general Ramsay was killed. But another of the family, Thomas Newcomen, who is mentioned in this stanza, was a defender of Derry, and, with Richard Fane and others mentioned, either signed the address, or were among those who fought in the defence of Derry at this time.

Line 2 *and* 3.—*Lindsay, &c.*

"Lieutenant Lindsay, Lord Duntrode's brave son,
Fresh honor in this hot engagement won."

Armagh Poem.

This was at the battle of Elagh. A skilful surgeon and apothecary of the same name was killed in the course of the Siege, and his death was a severe loss to the garrison. Edmund Rice, Philip Dunbar, and Edward Rice, are recorded in Walker's Diary. Kerr, was sometimes spelled Carr, as it is pronounced still: one of this name was a child, at nurse in a cellar in Derry, during the Siege, and he lived to be present at the centenary celebration of the anniversary of the relief of the city in 1688. —(See Derriana, page 65.)

"Lieutenant Kerr, the Laird of Gradon's son,
In the pursuit great reputation won."

Armagh Poem.

This was at the battle of Pennyburn-mill.

Stanza xxv., *line* 5.—*Kinnaston and Wright.*

Charles Kinnaston was the fifth, after Michelburne, who signed the Derry address in 1689. Wright was one of a family of that name, settled in the county of Monaghan, and possessed of property in perpetuity in the neighbourhood of Ballinode, in that county. The present representative of it is John Wright, Esq., of the constabulary.

Stanza xxv., *line* 6.—*Sherrard, Garnett, and Hanna.*

Robert and Daniel Sherrard were among the apprentice boys, who closed the gates of Derry on the 7th of December, 1688.

Garnett: there is no record of this name except from tradition. A gentleman named Garnett, resident in the county of Meath, attended the dinner at one of the celebrations of the Siege a few years ago.

Hanna. Captain Hanna, and other officers, are thus celebrated in the Armagh Poem, for their gallantry at the second battle of the Windmill-hill:—

> "The Irish pressed our trenches on the strand,
> Till noble Captain Ash did them withstand;
> Captain Armstrong came boldly up to fight,
> And put the bravest Irishmen to flight.
> Porter his pike away in fury threw,
> And with round stones nine Irish soldiers slew;
> Gladstones and Baird encouraged well our foot,
> And Captain Hanna very stoutly fought."
>
> *Section* xvi., *line* 24, *&c.*

Stanza xxv., *line* 7.—*Lance.*

Captain Thomas Lance, one of the chief defenders of the city. He died from his sufferings about six weeks after its deliverance. The Armagh Poem says he came from Coleraine.

Stanza xxv., *line* 8.—*Church.*

George and William Church, Esquires, gentlemen possessed of considerable property in the neighbourhood of Coleraine, Garvagh, and other parts of the county of Londonderry. On the 27th of May, the remains of Major William Church, who had been killed on a foraging party; were interred, and about the same hour the enemy fired three pieces of cannon at the city; a ball from one of which entered a window of the cathedral, but did no other damage. John, James, Thomas and William Church, Esqrs., are the descendants and representatives of this family. The hereditary residence being Oatlands, in the county of Londonderry.

Stanza xxvi., *line* 1.—*Obre.*

Francis Obre, one of those who signed the Derry Address to King William and Queen Mary on the relief of the city.

Stanza xxvi., *line* 1.—*Stiles.*

James Stiles, who also signed the above mentioned address. There is no evidence to connect this name with that of Sir Thomas Charles Style, baronet, the date of whose title is April, 1627. The family was originally seated in Suffolk.

Stanza xxvi., *line* 3.—*Cust.*

Henry Cust, of Coleraine, also signed the address to King William. His family, which was a respectable one, lived many years afterwards in Magilligan.

Ibid.—*Cross.*

John and William Cross, ancestors of Lieutenant Colonel Cross, and of Maxwell Cross, Esq., of Darton, in the county of Armagh, signed the Derry Address to King William and Queen Mary, after the siege. One of them was great grandfather to the writer of this note, whose grandfather, Lieutenant James Graham, of the county of Fermanagh Militia, in 1742, married Anne, daughter of John Cross, Esq., of Darton.

Stanza xxvi., *line* 3.—*Pooler.*

Robert Pooler, of Tyross, in almost every sortie made from Derry during the siege, followed Colonel Murray, and was always in the thickest of the battle, and yet escaped unwounded; but when the Irish army had commenced its retreat, on the relief arriving to the city, he was looking through an embrasure in the battlements, in hope of witnessing the long desired departure of the besieging army, a random shot from one of those who had lingered in the rear, struck him on the head and killed him on the spot,—the last man slain at the Siege of Derry.—*See Stuart's History of Armagh.*

Stanza xxvi., *line* 4.—*Cochran.*

Captain Cochran, of Ballyrath, in the county of Armagh, who preserved the poem so often quoted in these notes: it consisted of fifty parts, of which eight have been lost in a most interesting part of it. The versification is below mediocrity, obviously from the pen of an illiterate man, but the matter, corroborated

as it is by other authorities, is of such a description, as to be well worthy of preservation, as has been attempted in this catalogue, a difficult task from the uncouthness of many names to be arranged in verse.

Captain Cochran signalized himself greatly in the defence of Derry, particularly in the battle of Pennyburn-mill, and in a desperate sortie from the walls of the city. His name is to the congratulatory address to King William and Queen Mary. He survived the war and returned to his farm, where he died suddenly in one of his own fields with his sword half drawn. His body was found by one of his old companions in arms, who is said to have exclaimed on the occasion, that "Death must have taken him treacherously, for if John Cochran had got but time to draw the remainder of his sword from the scabbard, he would have killed Death himself." The ingenious historian of Armagh, from whose work (History of that City) this account has been taken, quotes these old lines in reply to the exclamation on Cochran's death :—

> "Who killed Kildare,—who dared Kildare to kill?
> Death killed Kildare, who dared kill whom he will."

The lines in the Armagh Poem, which celebrate Cochran, are these :—

> "In a few hours Cochran revenge demands,
> Who in the lines with a battalion stands;
> Brave Wilson and M'Cullagh gave their aid,
> And in the Irish ranks great slaughter made."

A sun dial and some plate, which had belonged to Captain Cochran, and bore his name, were dug up about fifty years ago in Ballyrath.

Stanza xxvi., *line* 6.—*Noble.*

Captain Noble, of Lisnaskea, in the county of Fermanagh, was one of the most active officers engaged in the defence of Derry. He was foremost in almost every sally from the city. On the 8th of May he went with Captain Cunningham, and a large party of the garrison, to Creggan, where they met the enemy, and were nearly surrounded before they were aware of their danger. Cunningham and several of his men were mur-

dered after quarter had been given to them, and many were wounded, several of whom died in a few days. Noble escaped unhurt.

Stanza xxvi.—*Monro.*

Colonel Monro commanded one of the regiments raised in Derry at this time, it contained twelve companies.—*See History of the Siege, p.* 137.

Stanza xxvii., *line* 1.—*Michelburne.*

Colonel John Michelburne, joint governor of the City of Londonderry, with the Rev. George Walker. He was grandson of Sir Richard Michelburne of Broadheart, Stanmore, in the County of Sussex, and distinguished himself highly, not only in the defence of Derry but through the whole course of the war. For an account of his great services, see the History of the Siege of Derry, and the History of Ireland, from the relief of that City in 1689, to the Surrender of Limerick in 1691· Curry and Co., Dublin, 1829 and 1839.

He had thanks, and only thanks, from King William for his invaluable services, and his great sufferings in the course of the revolution. He was falsely accused of having plundered some towns after he had taken Sligo by storm, and two of his own officers were his accusers, who employed one George Rob, a tobacco merchant in Derry, to go to Dublin and complain of him to the Lord Lieutenant, when they could get no magistrate in the city or neighbourhood to receive their informations against him.

After much trouble the result proved highly favorable to him, and testimonies greatly to his credit were signed, and sent to the government by the mayors and other influential persons, resident in Londonderry and Coleraine, on February 3, 1690.

He made several journies to London, soliciting in vain for the expected re-imbursement of his own expenditure, and that of his gallant fellow-sufferers in defending Derry, and so contributing in a high degree to the settlement of William and Mary on the throne. Upon one occasion he was induced to stay in London long enough to contract a debt, for which he suffered confinement in the Fleet Prison.

He died, however, in good circumstances from his private means, at his house on the water side, near Derry, on the 1st of October, 1721, in the 76th year of his age, desiring his remains to be interred in the church-yard of Enagh, a request not complied with, for they were buried in Clondermot, where, in place of worn out moss grown tombstones, the Irish Society have lately erected handsome monuments to honour his memory and that of his fellow-soldier, Colonel Murray.

He left some legacies to the poor, and one for the ringing of the bells of the Cathedral of Derry on the anniversaries of the Siege. It is said that these intentions have been frustrated, and that the legacy has been lost by neglect.

Stanza xxvii., *line* 2.—*Baker.*

Colonel Henry Baker, governor of Londonderry, who died in that command, on the 30th of June, 1689, deeply deplored in the city. In 1575, Sorley Buy Macdonnell, of Dunluce, attacked the English garrison at Carrickfergus, with a company of Scots; he slew Captain Baker and his Lieutenant, forty soldiers, and some inhabitants of the town. Sir Henry Sidney, however, marching to the relief of the town, on the 19th of October, in the above-mentioned year, brought Sorley Buy to terms of agreement and submission.

The remains of Colonel Baker were buried in one of the vaults under the Cathedral, the pall being borne at the funeral by governors Walker and Michelburne, Colonels Lance and Campbell; the Rev. Seth Whittel, Rector of Ballyscullen, preached the funeral sermon. History of the Siege, p. 203.

Stanza xxvii., *line* 3.—*Lord Leitrim's heir.*

Dalway Clements, ancestor of Lord Leitrim, one of those who signed the Derry Address to King William and Queen Mary.

Ibid.—*Blair.*

James Blair, who also signed the above-mentioned address.

The Protestants at Fagivie, under the command of this Captain Blair, beat back some of the Irish who had crossed the river there.—*History of the Siege, page* 70.

Stanza xxvii., *line* 5.—*Fortescue.*

Charles Fortescue, Esq., eldest son of Sir Thomas Fortescue, of Dromiskea, Esq. He was for some time colonel of a regiment of foot, and accounted one of the best swordsmen in Ireland.

In the early part of the reign of James II. he resided at Donaghmore, in the county of Down, from which he was drawn by the commotions that ensued; and after he had been plundered and stripped of almost all his substance, he raised a troop of dragoons at his own expense, with whom he marched to Londonderry, in defence of which city he continued until within eight days of its relief, when he died of dysentery, occasioned by the misery and distresses of the siege.

Line 6.—*Sinclair.*

The Rev. John Sinclair, of Holy Hill, rector of Leckpatrick, in the county of Tyrone, and of Aghanuncion, in the county of Donegal. He was son of the Rev. James Sinclair, rector of the former of these parishes, who was the second son of Sir James Sinclair, of Caithness, and married Anne, daughter of James Galbraith, Esq., member of parliament for the borough of St. Johnstown, in the county of Donegal.

On the 21st of March, 1689, Mr. Sinclair was one of those who, with the governor and sheriffs of Londonderry, signed a declaration of union contradicting a report, that he, with Lord Blaney, Sir Arthur Rawdon, Lieutenant-colonel Maxwell and others, had resolved to take protection from the Irish, and desert the general service for the Protestant interest.

His church at Leckpatrick, with the adjoining village of Ballymagorry, was burned by James's retreating army, and the house of Holy Hill narrowly escaped the same fate.

Line 6.—*Sanderson.*

Alexander and Archibald Sanderson signed the Address from Derry to King William and Queen Mary on the relief of the city. Some of their descendants reside in the neighbourhood of Ballyshannon.

Line 8.—*Kennedy.*

Horace Kennedy, one of the sheriffs of the city, during the siege a leading man in it; thus mentioned in the Armagh Poem—

> Horace Kennedy went into Scotland,
> And moved the council some relief to send.

He was ancestor of the late Rev. J. Pitt Kennedy, and of Conolly Skipton, Esq.

Line 7.—*Ash.*

Captain Thomas Ash, ancestor of William Ash, of Ashbrook, Esq. He wrote a Brief Journal of this Siege, which was published by his grandaughter in 1792, and is now out of print, scarcely a copy of it to be had. Upwards of five hundred persons subscribed to it. It appears from it, that the author was at Derry in 1671; that the gaol over Ferry-quay Gate was built in 1676; the city prison before that, having been over Butcher's Gate; that the magazine, then called O'Dogherty's Castle, had been built two or three hundred years before.

Stanza xxviii., *line* 1.—*Crofton.*

Richard Crofton was the first man, after Governor Michelburne, who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary after the relief of Londonderry.

Line 1.—*Campsie.*

Henry Campsie also signed the address. This family was a mercantile one in Derry; some copper coins, with their names impressed on them, have been found in the city, and a townland on the river Fanghan is called by their name.

John Campsie was mayor of Londonderry in 1688, until the 12th of October, when he was displaced by Tyrconnel to make way for Cormick O'Neill, of Broughshane, in the county of Antrim. Henry Campsie was one of the apprentice boys who shut the gates against Lord Antrim's regiment, and he was wounded by one Linegar, a suspected man, when endeavouring to secure the magazine. This was the first blood shed in Derry

on this memorable occasion, and it kindled great indignation there.

Line 2.—*Irwine.*

Alexander Irwine, one of the thirteen apprentice boys who shut the gates of Derry on the 7th of December, 1688. The Armagh poet thus mentions him and others, whose names I take this opportunity of recording:—

In a few days the governor sends forth
Full fifteen hundred soldiers to the north
Of Cregganburn, and this undaunted band
Noble and Cunningham conjoined command;
The fort towards Inch they seized with matchless force,
But were surprised by Galmoy's troop of horse.
Thirty stout men in this affair were lost,
And in brave Cunningham alone a host;
A prisoner on articles, the foe
Broke trust and martial law, and laid him low,—
In many a bloody fray, severely tried,
By a base murderer the hero died.
Such deeds as these, grown frequent, caused disgust,
And no man would an Irish promise trust.
Meantime brave Noble makes a safe retreat.
At Fairbrook hall the enemy we beat,
And burn their fascines, there the strong Monro
Cut down an Irishman at every blow.
Irvine, a captain, admirably fought,
Until he was disable by a shot;
His father, brave Sir Gerrard, dead and gone,
Had been renowned for worth in forty-one,—
The bolts and bars of Londonderry gaol,
To keep him captive proved of no avail,
When Coote for loyalty a sentence gave,
Which doomed Fermanagh's hero to the grave.
The foe our worsted men began to chace,
And toward the city they retreat apace.
The enemy their army to secure,

A trench began across the boggy moor.
It grieved our general's great heart and soul
To see them at this work without control;
He therefore led three thousand soldiers out,
And beat them in a trice from the redoubt,
And cleared the trenches; but some troops of horse
In turn repelled thereby their greater force:
Three times our general the trenches gained,
And on our side success would have remained,
Had not bold Waucop, with a fresh supply,
Compelled our forces to the town to fly.
For which, because no timely succour came,
Our governor for once got worthy blame,
While in the glory valiant Captain Blair
With our commander bore an equal share.

This specimen of the Armagh Poem, somewhat rectified in the versification of it, is, in the opinion of the writer of this note, truly epic; there is no detail in the Iliad or Æneid more finely so. It is therefore to be regretted, that eight pages of the homely, but valuable, original have been lost, without much probability of being recovered.

Line 2.—*Hall.*

Albert Hall, a distinguished defender of the city, maternal ancestor of John Chambers and the late Hall Chambers, of Dublin, Esqrs. He died on the 28th of April, 1701, aged forty-eight years, and was interred in the cathedral church-yard of Derry, where a handsome monument has been erected over his remains.

Line 2.—*Barry.*

John Barry was one of eighteen who set forward a resolution in Derry on the 13th of April, 1689, to assemble and fight for their liberty at Cladyford and the long causeway, near Lifford. The Protestants of this name attainted in James's parliament were—

Richard Barry, Lord Santry,
Laurence Barry, Lord Buttevant,
And Richard Barry, Esq., of the county of Cork.

Line 3.—Crookshank.

Lieutenant Crookshank from our walls
Dismounts the enemy's cannon.
Armagh Poem.

William Crookshank was one of the sheriffs of Derry in 1692, and John Crookshank an alderman in 1704. This family is still highly respectable in the city.

Line 3.—Upton.

Arthur Upton, of Castle Upton, in the county of Antrim, Esq., a loyal Presbyterian, married Dorothy, daughter of Michael Beresford, of Coleraine, in the county of Londonderry, and by her had eight sons and ten daughters. His son Thomas was recorder of Londonderry, which city he represented in parliament until his death.

Oliver Upton, the person mentioned in this stanza, was the fourteenth person who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, at Derry, on the relief of that city.

Clotworthy Upton, of Castle Upton, representative in parliament for the county of Antrim, raising a party of men, joined the army of King William at the siege of Limerick in 1691. In an attack through a breach in the walls of that city, with the forlorn hope, he entered it, sword in hand, and most of the men with him having been killed, he mixed with the enemy, and remained under cover till the affair was over, when he surrendered himself a prisoner to the commanding officer, with whom he had been formerly acquainted. His brother John was a captain in King William's army. His brother Arthur also was a captain in King William's army, and was killed at the battle of Aughrim.

The family was ennobled by the title of Baron Templetown, of Templetown, in the county of Antrim, on the 3d of August, 1776. From them the ancient family of Hawthorn-hill, in Killevy, are maternally descended.

Line 5.—Squire.

Gervais Squire, a leading man among the defenders of Derry, thus mentioned in the Armagh Poem—

"And Gervais Squire, with all his might assists
In council, and our troops with stores assists."

He served as mayor in 1691, and died on the 7th of January, 1694, leaving a considerable property. His descendant and representative resided near Manor Cunningham, in the county of Donegal, in 1823.

Line 6.—Major Bull.

Then all with one consent
Agreed upon a form of government—
Baker and Walker governors they chose,
And form eight regiments to meet their foes;
The horse to Colonel Murray they bestow,
Him general in the field they do allow.
From Philiphaugh, near Tweed, his father came,
A race well known to ancient Scottish fame;
The noble name of Murray is well known
For gallant service to the royal throne.
Cairnes, of Knockmany, is his colonel.
From Meath's fair county came his Major Bull;
Cochran, Carlton, Moore, Herd and Murray,
His valiant brother captains to him be.
The borderers did fill his regiment,
Which to the field with noble courage went.

Armagh Poem.

Line 7.—Adams of Strabane.

The foot in following manner they dispose:
Baker and Walker colonels they choose;
Whitney and Michelburne that honour gain;
To Parker, the brave regiments of Coleraine;
Crofton and Hammil the same station grace.
These and the volunteers defend the place;
Watson's made master of the artillery;
Two hundred gunners in his ranks had he.
James Murray was conductor of the train,
Our engineer was Adams of Strabane.

Stanza xxix., *line* 1.—*Caulfield.*

"From Charlemont came Caulfield's corps."

Captain Thomas Caulfield, seventh son of Sir William Caulfield, second Baron of Charlemont. He was the founder of the family of Donamon, in the county of Roscommon, his mother being Mary, daughter of Sir John King, knight, ancestor of the Earls of Kingston; a lady who, in twenty-one year's widowhood, suffered severely from the Irish insurrections, and rebellion which succeeded the massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

Line 2.—*Chichester from Dungannon.*

Captain John Chichester, an officer in King William's army, who died in Duke Schomberg's camp, near Dundalk, in the autumn of 1690. He was brother of Sir Arthur Chichester, Earl of Donegal, father of the Rev. William Chichester, who died in 1736.

Arthur Chichester, third Earl of Donegal, commanded a regiment of foot in King William's army.

Line 5.—*Porter.*

Robert Porter, who, according to the Armagh poet, knocked the brains out of nine Irish soldiers with stones, at one of the sallies from the city,

Line 5.—*Leslie.*

John Leslie, who died unmarried, being killed at the head of his father's troop of dragoons in the battle of Aughrim. He was son of the patriotic rector of Urney.

Line 6.—*Macartney.*

James Macartney, one of the Derrymen who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary on the relief of their city, ancestor of the present rector of Urney.

George Macartney, removing from Scotland to Belfast in 1649, acquired a large estate. He was a captain of horse, surveyor general of the province of Ulster, and in the year 1678 was high sheriff of the county of Antrim. In 1688, he, at the

head of his troop, proclaimed King William and Queen Mary at Belfast, for which he was obliged to fly into England, and he was afterwards attainted by King James's parliament. He was ancestor of the late Lord Macartney and the family of Lissanoure in the county of Antrim,

Line 6.—Downing.

Captain Adam Downing, a distinguished defender of the city, ancestor of the late Rev. Clotworthy Downing, rector of Leckpatrick, in the county of Tyrone. The family has been long respectably settled in the county of Londonderry.

Line 7.—Spike.

James Spike was one of the apprentice boys who closed the gates against Lord Antrim's regiment.

Line 7.—Spaight.

James Spaight was lieutenant in Captain Tompkins's company of foot. His family settled in Clare.

Line 8.—Browning.

Micah Browning, captain of the Phœnix of Coleraine, the provision ship which, under the convoy of the Dartmouth frigate, broke the boom and relieved the distressed city of Derry. He was killed in the successful attempt. King William settled a pension on Browning's widow, and in presence of the court placed a gold chain about her neck. A portrait of this lady, in full dress, ornamented by the royal present, was, in 1823, in the possession of her descendant, Mr. George Hamilton, late of Hollymount, in the county of Londonderry.

Stanza xxx., *line* 1.—*Hindman.*

This name rests only on tradition. The writer of these notes can find no trace of it in the Diary of Walker, or narrative of Mackenzie.

Line 5.—Dalton.

A confidential servant of Governor Baker.

Line 6.—*Evans, Mills and Ewing.*

The authority on which these three names rest is that of tradition and the Armagh Poem.

Line 7.—*Bacon.*

Robert Bacon, of Magilligan, Esq., father of Doctor Bacon, rector of Tamlaghtard, and other parishes in the diocess of Derry.

Stanza xxxi., *line* 1.—*Hamilton.*

Captain James Hamilton, afterwards Earl of Abercorn, who was the bearer of five thousand pounds to the Derrymen, and a steady defender of the city, when invested by an army commanded by his near relative. William, Andrew, and John Hamilton were among those who signed the Derry Address to King William and Queen Mary, on the relief the city.

Line 3.—*Montgomery.*

William Montgomery was one of those who signed the Londonderry Address on the 2d of July, 1689.

Line 5.—*Stroud,*

On the 13th of April, 1689, Major Stroud made some proposals to Governor Lundy for the defence of the city, but no notice was taken of them.—*History of the Siege, p.* 78.

Major Stroud had some cavalry at Cladyford, which were so disadvantageously posted that he could not bring them on, though he earnestly endeavoured to do so; and in the mean time, for want of assistance, those who had defended the breastwork at the broken bridge were obliged to fly from it, and when they did several troops of the enemy's horse rushed into the river and swam across it.

Line 5.—*Shaw.*

Lieutenant-colonel Shaw had charge of the trenches at Portglenone, on the 7th of April, 1689, where, after a vigorous resistance, he was overpowered by numbers, and the Irish compelled him to fall back.

Line 6.—*Macklin.*

John Macklin signed the Derry Address to King William and Queen Mary from Derry in 1689.

[*Line* 6.—*Young.*

James Young was one of those who signed the address from Derry to King William and Queen Mary. The family had been long settled at Culdaff, in the barony of Ennishowen, of which property they were the proprietors. They are descended from a clergyman, who was rector of that and the adjoining parish of Cloncha, in the reign of Charles II.

Line 6.—*Harvey.*

Harvey, of Malin Hall, a family highly respectable, and identified with the History of Ireland during all the wars in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., Charles II., and James II. One of them was store-keeper in Derry during the siege, and eminently serviceable to the garrison. The present representative of this ancient military family is John Harvey, of Malin Hall, Esq., in whose possession are several very curious documents relative to his ancestors.

Line 8.—*Cooke.*

His name and residence are recorded in the Armagh Poem.

"An ancestor of mine was driven from the county of Down, at the point of the bayonet, and fled to Derry. All his family were murdered, save one little boy. His father carried him with him, and when he arrived at Derry he had no cover for his child, but placed him beside him at the embrasure of the walls beside the guns. It pleased God to protect the boy—and here am I, the humble individual who addresses you, a descendant of that child."—*Dr. Cooke's Speech at Belfast in January*, 1841.

Stanza xxxii., *line* 1.—*Lenox and Leckey.*

Families of high respectability in Derry.

> Lenox and Leckey, who are aldermen,
> For speedy succour went into Scotland;
> Out of their stores our army clothes received,
> Thus all the aldermen themselves behaved.
>
> *Armagh Poem.*

Alderman James Lenox, Mayor of Londonderry in 1689, and representative of the city in parliament, died on the 6th of August, 1823, aged seventy-one years. Alderman Leckey died in 1718. Conolly Lecky, Esq. is his representative.

Line 5.—Babington and Brooke.

William Babington, a descendant of Brutus Babington, Bishop of Derry in the reign of King James I., was one of those who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary, on the relief of Londonderry, in 1689. The persons of this name attainted by King James's parliament were, Matthew Babington, of the county of Tyrone, Gentleman, and William and Uriah Babington, Esqrs., of Cork. Their representative is Major Babington of Portstewart.

Line 6.—Major Philips.

Old Major Philips, a chief in forty-one,
Had to the city in his old age gone,
Endured the siege, and with sound wisdom taught
Our brave commanders who the Irish fought.

Armagh Poem.

Sir Thomas Philips, of Newtown Limavady, who had given a timely warning to the Irish Society, and the London companies, of the results inevitable from encouraging an Irish tenantry on their estates in the county of Londonderry; and who, with his two sons, had been highly distinguished through the rebellion and civil wars that succeeded. His services at Derry are recorded in the History of the Siege. He and his sons were attainted by King James's parliament, with Captain John Philips, of Westmeath, Edward Philips, Gentleman, of Cork, and Richard Philips, Gentleman, of Mayo. His wife was Alice, daughter of Sir William Usher, Knight; and his only daughter married Chidley Coote, Esq., of Killester, near Dublin, who had been instrumental in preserving the Protestants of the King's County in 1642, for which he had lands granted to him after the restoration in the county of Kerry. This lady was the mother of Sir Philip Coote.

Line 7.—Godfrey of Coleraine.

Next him brave Captain Godfrey, of Coleraine,
Into the city with his party came.

Armagh Poem.

Captain Warren Godfrey was a distinguished officer during the siege of Derry; he escaped attainder, but Sankey and William Godfrey, of Tipperary, ancestors of the family of Ledger, in that county, and William Godfrey, of Donegal, Esq., were attainted by James's parliament.

Line 8.—*Jemmett.*

Warham Jemmett, Esq., collector of Derry, and captain of a company of foot, raised for the defence of the city in 1689.

In some years after the relief of the city he removed with his family to Cork.

With this gentleman's name is connected a story, which might form the foundation for an interesting tale of romance, or a comedy; it is often told among his descendants as an instance of singular good fortune. None of the surviving defenders of Derry were overburthened with wealth, and many of them, like Colonel Hamill, had been ruined by their patriotism; nor is it likely that Mr. Jemmett had greater means of living than his collectorship. There was at this time a rich alderman in Cork name Browne, who having an only son, in whom, as the hope of his house, all his pride and happiness was centred. He had taken unwearied pains in his education, which, in order to render as complete as possible, he had sent the young man to finish abroad, and provided him with a tutor competent to direct the course of his foreign travels and acquirements.

After a few years Alderman Browne recalled his son, informing him at the same time, that considering him now, as every thing he could desire, his wish was to see him married and settled near to himself for the rest of his life. The youth prepared to obey, and he landed at Cork in no very pleasing mood, being greatly annoyed, but not daring to express his displeasure, at the entire disposal of himself, without so much as consulting the wishes which all in such cases are supposed to have, particularly in early youth. However, all the premium in these good old times was for prompt obedience, and no idea of a contrary course entering the arbitrary head of the father, or the confounded one of his son, the affair had been agreed upon, and all the arrangements to conclude it carried into effect—the old people not

deeming it necessary to consult even the lady most deeply interested in the matter.

It was on the Sabbath day, at the hour of divine service, when young Browne landed on the quay of his native city, and finding that his father had gone to church he followed him to it, where he beheld in a young lady who was near him, all that he had ever imagined in his youthful aspirations to be her to whom it would be his happiness to be united. This, as he remarked to his tutor, who still accompanied him, completed his misery. He was quite fascinated, and the tradition is, that he never took his eyes off the beautiful apparition; and instead of following his father homeward, as his dutiful intention had been, he went after the young lady, until he saw her enter her father's house. He then broke forth into exclamations against his father and his fate. His tutor, who was the celebrated arithmeticiam, Voster, brought him back in some degree to a sense of duty and forbearance, till accompanying his father on the following day to Mr. Jemmett's house, found it to be the abode of his affianced bride, one and the same with her with whom he had fallen in love on the preceding day. The marriage was not long delayed, and the first issue of it was the late Dr. Jemmett Browne, who was promoted to the see of Killaloe in 1743, translated to that of his native city, Cork, in 1745, and afterwards to the Archbishopric of Tuam in 1775, in which see he sat for seven years, and dying in 1782 was succeeded by the late Earl of Mayo.

The mother of the Archbishop was the lovely Judith Jemmett, whose earliest years were passed in the renowned maiden city; and Jemmett has been a favourite christian name amongst the Brownes.

This account has been obligingly communicated to the writer of these notes by the lineal descendant of Archbishop Browne, Mrs. Stopford, wife of the venerable Archdeacon of Armagh, formerly Miss Browne.

Stanza xxxiii., *line* 1.—*Parker.*

Colonel of the Coleraine regiment, which consisted of twelve companies of foot. He behaved with gross treachery in the battle of Elagh, on the 25th of April, 1689, and deserted to the

enemy that night. He was succeeded in this important command by Colonel Thomas Lance, of Coleraine, an officer of the highest character for conduct and courage, who died at Derry shortly after the relief the city, worn down by the effects of fatigue and famine.

Line 2.—*Canning.*

Ancestor of the late Right Honorable George Canning, and of the present Lord Garvagh. This gentleman raised a regiment of foot on his estate at Garvagh, in the county of Londonderry. He behaved through the whole of the defence of the city in the most distinguished manner.

His father lost his life in his own town of Garvagh immediately after the breaking out of the rebellion of 1641, on the same day with Colonel Rowley and six hundred Protestants, who were killed by Sir Phelim O'Neill's insurgents in the streets of Garvagh.

Line 5.—*Morgan.*

The Rev. Robert Morgan, curate of Cappagh, a Scotch gentleman, maternal ancestor of the late Captain Paterson, of Magherafelt.

Line 5.— *White.*

Colonel White, who succeeded to the command of Governor Walker's regiment, on the veteran's resignation of it after the Siege of Derry. The family has been long one of high respectability in the county of Cavan, the family seat being near the town of Red hills.

Line 6.—*Murray.*

The first of this ancient family we find on record is—

1. Archibald de Moravia, who lived towards the end of the reign of Alexander III.* The author of the critical remarks upon Rugman's Roll is of opinion that this Archibald was descended from the Morays, lords of Bothwell, one of whom, by

* Chartelary of Newbottle, p. 188.

a marriage with a daughter of Sir David Olifard, got considerable possessions in that country, where this gentleman was settled. This Archibald de Moravia was amongst the Scots nobility and gentry, who took the oath of fealty to Edward I. king of England, Anno 1296.* He died in the reign of Robert Bruce, and left issue, a son.

2. Roger, who succeeded him, and got a charter from James, Lord Douglas, superior of his lands, "*Rogero de Moravia, filio Archibaldi de Moravia, terrarum de Fala*," &c., dated Anno 1321.† These lands were afterwards called Falahill, which continued long to be the chief title of this family. He died about the year 1380.

3. Alexander, his son, is mentioned in a charter under the great seal, from Robert II. before A. D. 1380, and left a son,

4. Patrick, who succeeded him in the lands and barony of Falahill. He died in the reign of James II. and was succeeded by his son,‡

5. John, who got a charter from James III.—"*Johanni de Moravia de Falahill*," of part of the lands of Philiphaugh, dated 20th July, 1461.§

6. Patrick Murray, his son, succeeded him, and obtained several charter grants of land about Philiphaugh—A. D. 1477, 1480, and 1492;‖ issue,

7. John, his son and heir, and a daughter Margaret, married to James, Earl of Buchan, from whom the Earls of Traquair are descended. John got a charter from James IV.—"*Johanni Murray, filio et hæredi apparenti Patricii Murray de Falahill, terrarum de Gervastoun, Cranstoun, Riddlesdale*," &c. dated 5th November, 1497.¶ Also a charter, upon his own resignation, to half of the lands of Philiphaugh, dated 10th October, 1508. John was in great favour with James IV. who confirmed to him the heritable sheriffship of Selkirkshire; which office continued

* Prynne's Collect. vol. 3, p. 659.

† Cart. in Archiv. fam. de Philiphaugh, and Preface to Sir J. Dalrymple's Collect. p. 69.

‡ Cart. in Archiv. fam. de Philiphaugh.

§ Ibidem, and Col. of Dal. p. 69.

‖ Ibidem.

¶ Chart. in Public Archiv.

in his family till the government acquired all such jurisdictions by 28 Geo. II. Anno 1748.*

He married Lady Margaret Hepburn, daughter of Patrick, first Earl of Bothwell, which is instructed by charter under the great seal, "*Johanni Murray de Falahill, et Margereta Hepburnie egus sposal,*" &c. &c. dated 27th March, 1511. He left issue, two sons and three daughters.

1st, James, who continued the house of Philiphaugh.

2nd, William, progenitor of the Murrays of Stanhope.

1. This William married Janet, daughter and sole heiress of William Romano, of that ilk, with whom he got that estate.† He had issue, William, who succeeded him.

3. William got a charter under the great seal—"*Willielmo Murray. filio et hæredi Willielmi, inter eum et Jonetam Romanno, de eodem procreat—terrarum de Romano, Calthorpe,*" &c. in the county of Peebles, 8th December, 1531. He married Margaret, daughter of —— Tweedie of Drumelzie, by whom he had two sons.

1. John, his heir.

2. William, of whose posterity no account can be given. He died in the reign of Queen Mary, and was succeeded by his son,

3. John, who married Agnes Nesbit, and got a charter under the great seal, 10th January, 1587.‡ By said Agnes he had a son,

4. William, who got a charter under the great seal, 16th July, 1612. He married, first, Susan, daughter of John Hamilton of Broom Hill, by whom he had a son, David, afterwards Sir David Murray; who having acquired the lands and barony of Stanhope in Peeblesshire, he and his posterity have since been designed by that title. He married, secondly, Elizabeth Howieson, a daughter of the ancient family of Brachead, by whom he had three sons and a daughter.§

1st. Adam, of whom are the Murrays of Cardon.

* Chart. in Public Archiv.

† Ibidem.

‡ Ibidem.

§ Ibidem.

‖ Doug. Bar. of Scotland.

2nd. Gideon, who came to Ireland, anno 1648, and settled at Ling, in the county of Derry, where, in addition to other property, he held a considerable interest in the lands granted to the Skinner's Company, the lease of which passed from the family about 1805. By his marriage with Miss Macky, (a Scotch lady,) he had issue, Adam, (the subject of this memoir,) afterwards Colonel Murray, who so distinguished himself during the siege of Derry in 1688 and 1689, and two daughters, Mary and Isabella. He died A. D. 1690.

The services of Colonel Murray, although acknowledged by King William, were never rewarded; it, however, appears from the Journals of the Irish House of Commons, that he did not claim any recompense. He died anno 1690, and was interred in the grave-yard of the old church of Glendermot, where, by order of the Hon. the Irish Society, a monument was lately erected over his remains, commemorative of his heroic bravery and determined exertions in forwarding the cause of civil and religious liberty at the siege of Derry. By his marriage with Isabella Shaw he left issue, a son and a daughter. The latter enjoyed a pension from the crown during her life.

James, his son, married Anne, daughter of Thomas Patterson, Esq. then Provost of Strabane, by whom he had issue, two sons and a daughter, Anne, who married Hercules Ellis, of Donain Castle, county of Antrim, Esq. and mother of the late Henry Ellis, of Innisrush House, Esq in said county.

Adam, his eldest son, married Hannah, daughter of Thomas Richardson, Esq. of Bloom Hill, in the county of Tyrone, by whom he had issue, two sons and five daughters. He died anno 1812.

1. James, his eldest son, succeeded his uncle, James Richardson, in the Bloomhill property, and died unmarried, anno 1822. The writer of this note was well acquainted with this gentleman.

Thomas, his second son, at an early age obtained a company in the Londonderry Regiment, which being shortly afterwards disembodied, he was appointed to the 18th Royal Irish, and and died a major of that regiment, anno 1807, in his thirty-second year. He married Rose, daughter of Andrew Bond of

Bond's Hill, Esq. county of Londonderry, by whom he had issue, four sons, two of whom survive.

1. Adam, a medical officer in the East India Company's service; and,

2. James Murray, of Bond's Hill, in the county Londonderry, Esq.

ARMS OF THE MURRAYS OF PHILIPHAUGH.

The arms are blazoned thus—Argent, a hunting horn sable, stringed and garnished gules, on a chief azure, three stars of the first. Crest—A demi-forester, winding his horn, proper. Motto—*Hinc usque superna venabor.*

The acquired arms of the Stanhope family of Murray are—Three coats quarterly. 1st, the arms of Philiphaugh; 2nd, azure, three faizes argent for Frazer; 3rd, argent on a chief gules, three crescents; and 4th, again the arms of Philiphaugh. Crest—A dove with an olive branch in her beak. Motto—*Pacis nuncia.*

For the brilliant actions of Colonel Adam Murray in defence of Derry, reference must be made to the History of the Siege of that city, written by the author of these notes, the second edition of which, now out of print, was published for him in 1829, by Messrs. Curry and Co. of Dublin.

The following is an extract relative to him, from the Armagh poem, so often quoted in this book, somewhat improved in the structure of the verses, &c. :—

"Now Hamilton had got intelligence
That Murray's father lived not far from hence,
Aged above eighty years. For him he sent,
And brought the old man captive to his tent.
'Pray,' said the sage, 'your business with me tell.'
'Your son,' said he, 'sir, ventures to rebel
Against his king. He holds that city out.
Him you may counsel better without doubt.
On yon tall gibbet rising to the sky
Your bones shall hang, if he will not comply
And yield the town. Go tell him so or die;

And here you must your word of honour pawn,
To bring his answer e'er to morrow's dawn.'
Old Murray answers. 'He will not disown
His due allegiance to king William's throne:
But as I must obey you, I will try
If with such cruel terms he will comply.
I found my son, sir, from his early youth
A paragon of steadiness and truth,
A scion worthy of his ancient line,
Respecting law both human and divine,
Form'd, mind and body, for some great design.'
In haste the veteran's guarded to the town
And meets his son, then cover'd with renown.
As on the street the youthful hero stood,
His steel still reeking with the Frenchman's blood!
'Son,' said the sire, 'this BIBLE in my hand
Must give due sanction to my last command;
Swear now, I charge you, that in town or field
To James's power you will never yield;
That for our faith you'll spend your latest breath,
And choose with me sweet liberty or death.'
'Father,' said Murray, as he dropped a tear,
'That voice I love so dearly wounds my ear,
Imputing treachery or slavish fear.
The deeds I do I need not stoop to tell,
For all my gallant friends here know me well.
Why then through danger have you made such speed
To give me counsel which I do not need?'
'Adam, said he, I never could have meant
Such imputation, but I have been sent
By Hamilton, to tell you I must die,
Unless with his commands you now comply,
Give up the town, or from its ramparts fly.
But now, my long lov'd son—my darling child,
Who on my knee so oft have sweetly smil'd,
Cheering your father's and your mother's heart,
I've made my last request and I depart
To meet, like Regulus, an angry foe;

He may command my instant execution,
But Murray's blood will seal the Revolution.
In such a cause I would die ten times o'er,
And count it gain to die at eighty-four.'
'Stay,' said a voice, 'stay Murray with your son,
His race of glory is but just begun;
Maumont's career arrested by his steel,
His swords sharp edge proud Hamilton shall feel.
Ill fare the man whose cunning could engage,
In such a task your venerable age.'
'No, no,' said he, 'not thus is glory won—
My word is pledged, a soldier's course I run—
Take honour from me and my life is done.'
Then peals of thundering cannon rent the air,
And warlike trumpets from the city bear
Defiance to the foes detested arts,
As for the camp the veteran departs.
Repentant Hamilton forgives the fraud,
If such it was, and ventures to applaud,
Without reserve, a more than Spartan deed,
Which well became a MURRAY of the TWEED;
From PHILIPHAUGH this hero's fathers came,
A line long known in rolls of Scottish fame.
No longer forc'd through hostile bands to roam,
A guard of honour guards the old man home,
Where he was suffered undisturbed to dwell,
Though by his son the Irish army fell."

THE BATTLE OF PENNYBURN MILL.

Fought on Sunday Morning, 21st of April, 1689.

"On Sunday morn, the shades of night just gone,
By break of day the Irish force came on
In two divisions, well prepared to fight,
Horse on the left and footmen on the right;
Maumont their horse, Hamilton their foot command;
At Pennyburn Mill they made their stand:

The sound of drums and trumpets rend the air—
The flow'r of all king James' men were there.
Heroic Murray hastens to the strand,
And in like manner does his troops command.
Murray like thunder through their squadron broke,
A gallant Monsieur fell at every stroke.
Maumont did also with like terror ride
Thro' troops retreating round on every side.
Both squadrons fight with equal force and rage,
And in close combat mutually engage;
Till prostrate bodies covered all the shore,
For both reserves had fled the spot before.
Ours in the city their protection found,
Theirs was unable to maintain their ground.
For Luddle brave, an English buccaneer,
A thousand footmen marching in his rere,
Made the proud enemy soon disappear.
In this pursuit stout Captain Taafe was slain,
Brave Captain Cochran did that honour gain.
Lieutenant Kerr, the Laird of Graddon's son,
In this affair great reputation won.
The strand thus clear'd, Murray and Maumont meet,
Who with dire threat'nings one another greet.
For they had often sought each other out,
But still were parted in the bloody rout.
They first discharged their pistols on the spot,
In which brave Murray's fiery steed was shot.
Yet the brave beast ne'er felt the deadly wound,
But pranc'd and wheel'd upon the bloody ground:
Redoubled blows they gave with sword in hand,
Which the strong armour scarcely could withstand.
At last their swords in several pieces flew,
And with their rapiers they the fight renew.
'Twas then Maumont began to falsify,
And all the arts of horsemanship to try;
He wheel'd his horse, which then began to spurn,
But noble Murray made a quick return,
Till at his neck the purple gore out burst.

His fleeting soul with the free blood expir'd,
And our great hero to the foot retir'd,
Where they the Irishmen had soundly beat,
And caused them all to make a quick retreat.
Brave Major Blair the hottest fire sustain'd,
And by great feats a reputation gain'd.
Young Francis Crofton to the battle flew,
And with his sword a multitude he slew.
Noble like light'ning fell among their foot,
Dunbar's red coats too put them to the rout.
The valiant Cooke from Lisnagarvey fought,
And conquer'd many who his ruin sought.
Lieutenant Rankin hew'd the Irish down,
And in that bloody battle gain'd renown.
Tom Barr, a trooper, with one mighty blow
Cut off the head of an opposing foe.
Two thousand slain the river side they fill'd,
And many officers of note were kill'd.
On our side some; brave Cornet Brown was slain,
Mac Phetrix died upon the purple plain.
Lieutenant Mackay fell upon the spot,
M'Cleland's son was wounded with a shot.
The ancient father did the son revenge,
And with the foe full many a blow exchange.
The parents view'd their sons' exploits that day,
From the strong walls above the broad Ship-quay,
For near that place upon the shore they fought.

* * * * * * * * *

Then backward to the town
Our host return'd in triumph and renown.
Great was the spoil and plunder of that day,
For all return'd with some substantial prey.
One brought a pyebald horse, which Columkill
Foretold if taken at Pennyburn-mill,
The Irish might expect no more success;
This fatal horse was taken in the chase."

Line 7.—Logan.

John Logan was one of those who signed the address to King William and Queen Mary on the relief of Derry.

Line 7.—Lane.

Thomas and Henry Lane also signed that address. This family has been long and respectably settled in the county of Londonderry; they held the fishmonger's proportion of the county for sixty years, and one of them, William Lane, Esq., of Coleraine, who died in 1725, was agent of the Irish Society. The native freehold of Ballycarton, in the haberdasher's proportion, forfeited by M'Gilligan in the rebellion of 1641, is now the property of their representative, Benjamin Lane, Esq., of Ballycarton.

Line 7.—Fisher.

Daniel Fisher was one of those who signed the above-mentioned address

On the 6th of November, 1690, the Rev. Edmund Harris, registered in the records of baptisms for the parish of Templemore, in which the city of Derry is situated, which is complete from 1642 in vellum, bound in oak of this family, record the baptism of twelve children of Mr. James Fisher of that city. Some of their descendants have gone to America, others to Liverpool, and Mr. Archibald Fisher, of Garvagh, is the remaining representative of the family.

Line 8.—Conyngham.

This family has been highly respectable in the city and county of Londonderry. There were those branches of them in the city during the siege, all ardent defenders of it.

Their representative is William Lenox Conyngham, Esq., of Spring-hill, in the county of Londonderry; and the family of James M'Crea, Esq., of Londonderry, and those of Tyrone and Donegal are branches of it. Alexander Conyngham was one of the apprentice boys of Derry, who closed the gates of Derry against Lord Antrim's regiment. His direct descendant is Mr.

Alexander Conyngham, of Castlecooley, near Bews, in the county of Donegal.

Line 8.—*Curry.*

James Curry, a leading man in Derry during the siege, the sixth of those who signed the declaration of union there on the 21st of March, 1689. He was ancestor of the respectable family of that name in Derry, and of the Honorable Judge Torrens, the Venerable Archdeacon of Dublin, and the late Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B., whose military talents and valour rendered him a worthy descendant of a defender of Derry.

Stanza xxxiv., *line* 1.—*Tompkins.*

Alderman Tompkins, an opulent and distinguished defender of the city, thus recorded in the Armagh Poem—

> Alderman Tompkins from Torkerin sent
> Into the camp a gallant regiment;
> He also raised a valiant troop of horse,
> And laid in stores against the Irish force.

He was a maternal ancestor of John Barre Beresford, Esq., of Learmont, to whom part of his property has descended, the rest went to the Knoxes of Prehen. He died on the 29th of April, 1692. Some monuments of his family remain in the cathedral.

Line 4.—*Guthredge.*

Thomas Guthredge signed the Derry Address to William and Mary.

Hunt.

Samuel Hunt was one of the apprentice boys who closed the gates against Lord Antrim's regiment on the 7th of December, 1689.

Hering.

John Hering signed the Derry Address to the throne, in 1689.

Line .—*Murray.*

James Murray, brother of the renowned Adam, was killed on

the day of his heroic brother's triumph at the battle of Pennyburn-mill.

Line 7.—*Radcliffe.*

Alexander Radcliffe was one of the defenders of the city who signed the address on the relief of it.

Line 8.—*Lord Mount Alexander.*

Henry Montgomery, second Earl of Mount Alexander, being in London in the year 1686, and perceiving the design of the crown against the Protestants of Ireland, he returned to this country, having sold a troop of horse, which he had obtained from the Earl of Essex a few years before, and retired to his estates in the county of Down, resolved to live there unconcerned, as long as he could honourably be so, in public affairs.

But the intentions of the Irish becoming obvious by their providing themselves with arms, and being alarmed at a letter dropped in Cumber, which he promptly sent to Derry, in the beginning of December, 1689, he confederated with the Protestants of Ulster for mutual defence. They of the county of Down chose him as colonel of a regiment of horse, which they raised; and he was very active in his opposition to the army sent into Ulster under the command of General Hamilton.

After the revolution he was called to the privy council, appointed governor of the county of Down, made master of the ordnance, and a brigadier-general. The title has been long extinct.

The wife of Francis Mansfield, of Mount Hall, in the county of Donegal, was of this noble family, she being the grand-daughter of Sir James Montgomery, of Ballylesson, a distinguished officer during Cromwell's usurpation, commanding a regiment of foot and a troop of horse, which he had raised at his own expense. His memoirs, in the first edition of Lodge's Peerage, now out of print, and very scarce, would furnish admirable materials for an historical romance. The issue of Francis Mansfield, by Elizabeth Montgomery, was a son named Ralph, and a daughter named Anne Helena. The Mansfields of Castlewray, in the county of Donegal, and of Killegordon, in the county of Tyrone, are their descendants.

Stanza xxxv., *line* 1.—*Beatty.*

Captain William Beatty, of Lissan, near Cookstown, one of the most active defenders of Derry until disabled by sickness—he was obliged to take protection in the end of June, 1689. He was ancestor of the late Archdeacon Beatty, of Moydow, in the county of Longford, of Ross Beatty, Esq., of Clones, in the county of Monaghan, the father of Captain Vincent Beatty, of the Cross, in the county of Londonderry.

Stanza xxxv., *line* 3.—*Knox.*

This ancient family derives its descent from Adam, the son of Uchtred, who lived in the reign of Alexander II., King of Scotland, who obtained a grant of the lands called Knox, in the barony of Renfrew. The royal Stewarts of Scotland, granted also to the common ancestor of this family, the lands of Ranfurly, Upper Craegends, and Griffith Castle, all in fee of which their family continued to be possessed until the last century but one, when they were sold to the Earl of Dundonald.

See Archiball's edition of Lodge's Peerage for a farther account of this family, which, like that of others, would be too voluminous for these notes. The justly renowned reformer, John Knox, the vindicator, as he may be justly called, of the reformed faith of Scotland, is said to be descended from this noble house.

Andrew, second son of Uchter Knox, of Ranfurly, entered into holy orders and was minister of Paisley, after the reformation—he was promoted to the bishopric of the Isles in 1605. In the year of 1610 he was translated to the See of Raphoe, in Ireland, and was soon afterwards called to the Privy Council. He died on the 7th of March, 1632. He had one son, Thomas, who succeeded him as Bishop of the Isles, and died before 1628, without issue; and he had one daughter, Mary, who married James Nesbitt, Esq., of Woodville, in the county of Donegal. Of this family was the late Right Reverend Doctor William Knox, late Bishop of Derry, whose private worth and princely charities justly endear his memory to all denominations of men in his extensive and populous diocess. His only surviving brother is the present Bishop of Limerick. The defender of Derry mentioned in this stanza of the catalogue was Alexander Knox, who was one of those who signed the address from this city to King William and Queen Mary in August, 1689.

The Reverend John Knox, of Glasslough, was among the clergy of the Established Church who took refuge in Derry at the time, and he read the funeral service over the remains of Captain Bell, who was shot by the incensed populace of the city, when attempting to desert from it at the commencement of the siege.

Andrew Knox, Esq. was nephew of Provost Andrews, the learned and eloquent representative of Londonderry, in the Irish House of Commons.

The following tribute to the memory of an eminent literary gentleman of this name and family, appeared from the pen of one of his numerous friends, a few years ago, in the columns of the Londonderry Journal:

DEATH OF ALEXANDER KNOX, ESQ.

We have the painful task of announcing the death of this gentleman, at his house in Dawson-street, Dublin, on the 17th inst., in the 71st year of his age.

So many years have passed over since Mr Knox ceased to reside in Derry, that there are now few amongst us who recollect what he was—but by them he never can he forgotten.—Talents of the highest order, cultivated under circumstances of ill health and seclusion, that would have quenched an ordinary spirit, early qualified him for a distinguished place in society; and, during an interesting period, comprising the last twenty years of the late century, there was no event, civil or political, involving the interests of his native city, in which Mr. Knox did not take a zealous and efficient part.—Eloquent as a speaker—still more eloquent as a writer—his tongue and his pen were always ready to assist and maintain our rights, as might be proved abundantly from the early volumes of this journal, of which he was a constant patron. Nor was Mr. Knox less estimable in private life; as son and brother, exemplary—a friend, fast in adversity as in prosperity—an adviser, candid, and judicious—polite and courteous in his manners—munificent in his benefactions; above all, or rather as the foundation of all his good qualities, Mr. Knox was an humble but firm believer in the Blessed Jesus.

Such had the writer of this sketch the happiness of knowing Mr. Knox while he resided here; but Derry was too limited a space for such a mind as his, His character and abilities had been discovered, and duly appreciated by the late Marquis of Londonderry. As his lordship's private and confidential secretary, Mr. Knox entered into public life; and in Dublin he soon became, as he had been in his native city, the active promoter of every good work, and the centre of a circle of friends, more numerous and enlightened perhaps, though not more attached than those he had left; still contributing by his pen to the advancement of sound principles—still delighting, by his unequalled powers of conversation, those who had the happiness of his intimacy.

For many years past Mr. Knox had retired much from public life, and passed most of his time in the bosom of his family, with whom he had formed the strictest friendship. Until the death of the late Peter La Louche, sen., Esq., of Bellevue, that place was Mr. Knox's chosen home, its owners and inmates his most beloved friends; and the disposition (by his will) of the greater part of his fortune to Mrs. La Touche and her nearest relations, proves the deep sense he entertained of their unremitting kindness.

Some permanent memoir of this distinguished man, and some collection of his works, may be hoped for from the gentleman to whom he has bequeathed his papers. In the mean time, this prompt tribute to his memory, faint and feeble as it is, may be acceptable to the old friends of Mr. Knox.

Stanza xxxv., *line* 3.—*Hunter.*

Henry Hunter, Esq., was one of the gentlemen who associated themselves at Armagh for the Prince of Orange, in the month of January, 1688, and he was chosen to be captain of Colonel Francis Hamilton's regiment of foot.

At his own expense, he raised and armed this company before he received his commission, dated on the 5th of February, 1688.

On the marching of General Hamilton's army towards the North, Captain Hunter was posted with his company at Market-hill, to rescue and bring off the Protestants of those parts, which

he accomplished, and set them and their families safe over Knock-bridge, on the river Bann, into a safer country than that from which he had brought them; the inhabitants of many districts around them being members of the Church of Rome. In performing this service he and his men were several times assaulted by the enemy. He attacked the Romish insurgents at Tandragee—defeated Lord Kingsland's dragoons and a considerable body of the enemy's foot, beating them out of the town, and setting the Protestants, their families, and goods, safely over the Bann, at the above mentioned Knock-bridge.

In his march through Lurgan and Portumna, into the county of Antrim, he repulsed five troops of Romish dragoons, which had attacked him and his company.

Marching seven miles farther he met Lord Dungan, with a considerable party of horse and dragoons, whom he surrounded and obliged him to surrender, and who then brought them prisoners into Antrim, threatening to hang him, but after seventeen days imprisonment there he made his escape.

A reward was offered for apprehending him dead or alive; on which he went to Donaghadee, where he raised a body of youthful Protestants who had fled from other places, by which means he prevented several parties of Popish soldiers from plundering this town, and Cumber and Portaferry, out of which latter town he repulsed Lord Iveagh's regiment, which had occupied it. He pursued them all night, so that they fled over the ferry in great haste, and left all the Protestant goods that they had plundered behind them. He then delivered the ships laden with grain, which had been seized by Lord Iveagh, restoring their cargoes to the right owners.

A long and authenticated series of such important services as these, may be found in the printed copy of this officer's petition to the House of Commons, and is too voluminous to find a place in these notes. It may be sufficient to record, that driving Lord Iveagh and his forces out of the county of Down, he went to Downpatrick and set all the prisoners with which the gaol had been crowded free, and amongst them the venerable proprietor of Finneybrough, the Rev. Mr. Maxwell, an aged clergyman, who, with many of his tenants and followers, had been plun-

dered and imprisoned by the Irish. He had a sharp engagement with Lord Buchan at Killileagh: he was worsted and ridden down, and after being taken prisoner, made his escape to the castle of that town, where he had left fifty of his men as a body of reserve, but finding they had gone away he went out of the kingdom.

He then made his way to the river Clyde, in Scotland, and from thence to General Kirke, in the Lough of Derry, where he offered his services to that officer. He gave such information, as induced him to send four hundred men to the island of Inch, within four miles of Derry, under the command of the Honourable William Stewart, an officer who soon became a brigadier, and afterwards a lieutenant-general, and one of the most distinguished commanders in King William's army. Kirke soon followed with the most of his men into the said island. Here Captain Hunter opened a communication between the distressed city and the commander of the relief sent to it, but most cruelly delayed; and such intelligence came to Kirke, as to induce him to protract his operations no longer.

Captain Henry Hunter was with Captain, afterwards Lieutenant-general Echlin, at Ramelton, on the mainland of Donegal, opposite the island of Inch, when the Duke of Berwick, with his regiment of dragoons, attacked the said Echlin, who had only sixty men with him, whom Hunter had been entrusted to post in different parts of the town. His steadiness and valour that day contributed much to the repulse of the unfortunate Duke, to whom his misguided father, untaught by the disasters of his army before Derry, had sent order to proceed without delay to Enniskillen, and besiege that town; flushed as the gallant men of it had for a few days before been by their glorious victory over Lord Mountcashel, and the flower of the Irish army at Lisnaskea.

Captain Hunter saved the town of Letterkenny from being burned by the Irish army on their repulse from Ramelton.

He was afterwards so serviceable to Duke Schomberg, that, by a letter under that great man's hand, he was appointed Governor of Carlingford, where he continued, until the remains of the English army decamped from the neighbourhood of Dundalk.

He stated in his memorial to parliament, that he never had received any compensation for his services, or the losses he sustained in the support of the Protestant cause. The death of the Duke of Schomberg, at the Boyne, having deprived him of a friend, who had resolved to see justice done to him, he therefore prayed that the House of Commons would take his case into consideration, and recommend him, through the lord lieutenant, to the princely favour of her majesty Queen Anne, &c. &c. &c.

On the 25th of August, 1710, Mr. Hans Hamilton, from the committee appointed to take into consideration the petition of Henry Hunter. Esq., and the case thereunto annexed, reported that they had examined into the several allegations thereof, and were, therefore, come to several resolutions; that it was the opinion of the committee, that the petitioner had fully proved the facts and allegations in his petition. That it was their opinion that the house should be moved that an humble address might be made to the lord lieutenant, that in regard to the many services performed by the petitioner for the Protestant interest in the late war in this kingdom, his excellency might be pleased to move her majesty to make such provision for the petitioner, as her majesty in her princely wisdom should think fit. To these resolutions, the question being severally put, the house agreed with an amendment, which ordered that such members of the House of Commons as were of her majesty's privy council, should attend the lord lieutenant with a copy of the said petition case and resolutions, and humbly address his excellency, that he might be pleased to move her majesty to make such provision for the petitioner, as her majesty in her wisdom should think fit.

The Duke of Ormonde, in a letter from Whitehall to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, returned the petition of Henry Hunter, Esq., with the votes and the resolutions of the House of Commons on it, stating that he concurred in the opinion of this gentleman being worthy of the favour of the queen; that he had also received a very good character of the petitioner, and had most humbly submitted it to her majesty, to consider him in such a manner as she in her wisdom and goodness should think fit.

Captain Hunter, however, shared the fate of many other deserving officers in these days;—he died without a reward for his services, or a remuneration for his sufferings and losses.

It would appear that his eldest son could be considered a proper object of the queen's consideration; but that princess and her ministers in these latter years of her reign, had other thoughts in their heads than doing justice to those gallant men, by whose indomitable valour her guilty father had been hurled from a throne which he had dishonoured; and her supposed brother was at the time cherishing hopes, that he might ascend the throne through the secret machinations of her falling ministry.

Another person, of the same name, ancestor of the Rev. Mr. Hunter, the respectable seceding minister of Coleraine, was John Hunter, of Maghera, in the county of Londonderry, who, in a kind of diary which he kept, details very minutely the several deliverances he had from death, beginning in early youth, and continuing to his discharge from the army, after having served gallantly at the Battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, and the taking of Limerick in 1691.

His manuscript, many parts of which are now illegible, is in the possession of his great-grandson, the above mentioned Rev. Mr. Hunter, and the following is an extract from it, respecting the sufferings of this brave defender of Derry, in the course of the siege.

THE TENTH DELIVERANCE.

During the Siege of Derry a cannon ball carried off the heads of two men who were standing at my right hand, and made their brains fly about the place where I stood.

NINETEENTH DELIVERANCE.

I could not get a drink of clean water, and suffered heavily from thirst, and was so distressed by hunger, that I could have eaten any vermin, but could not get it. Yea, there was nothing that was any kind of flesh or food, that I would not have eaten if I had it. May the good Lord, if it be his pleasure, never let poor woman's son meet with such hardships as I met with at that great siege, for I cannot mention them as I ought. Oh, none will believe, but those that have found it by experience, what some poor creatures suffered in that siege. There were

many who had been very curious respecting what they put into their mouths before they came to the Siege of Londonderry, who, before that siege was ended, would have eaten what a dog would not eat,—for they would have eaten a dead dog, and be very glad to eat it, and one dog will hardly eat another.

I speak from woeful experience, for I, myself, would have eaten the poorest cat or dog I ever saw with my eyes.

The famine was so great that many a man, woman, and child, died for want of food. I, myself, was so weak from hunger that I fell under my musket one morning as I was going to the walls, yet God gave me strength to continue all night at my post there, and enabled me to act the part of a soldier, as if I had been as strong as ever I was, yet my face was blackened with hunger.

I was so hard put to it by reason of the want of food, that I had hardly any heart to speak or walk, and yet, when the enemy was coming, as many a time they did, to storm the walls, then I have found as if my former strength returned to me. I am sure it was the Lord that kept that city and none else, for there were many of us that could hardly stand on our feet before the enemy attacked the walls, who, when they were assaulting the out-trenches, ran out against them most nimbly and with great courage. Indeed it was never the poor starved men that were in Derry that kept it out, but the Mighty God of Jacob, to Him be praise for ever and ever—Amen.

Stanza xxxv., *line* 3.—*Cowan, Clarke, and Ross.*

Captain John Cowan, of St. Johnstown, in the county of Donegal, brought a considerable body of men to the defence of Derry. He was of thirty-six who signed the declaration of union on the 21st of March, 1684, and was attainted by James's parliament.

Matthew Clarke was one of the Derry men who signed the address to William and Mary after the raising of the siege of Derry.

Captain David Ross was one of a court-martial which sat in Derry about the middle of July, 1689, to ascertain and rectify all misdemeanours in the garrison. He was murdered in the city on the 23rd of that month, by Samuel Lindsay, a trooper in Colonel Michelburne's regiment, on his attempting to search

Colonel Murray's bed-chamber for some saddles belonging to Sir Arthur Rawdon, the colonel being at the time confined to bed by his wounds. The ancient and highly respectable family of Ross has been long settled in the county of Londonderry, chiefly at Newtown-limavady, "true as the dial to the sun."

Line 5.—Mulholland.

Bernard and David Mulholland, of Eden, in the parish of Maghera, were among those who remained in Derry during the siege, and signed the address to King William on the termination of it. Their descendants hold this townland in perpetuity and reside on it.

Line 7.—Comyn.

On the approach of the besieging army to Derry orders were given, on pain of death, that no man should fire a shot until the demand they wished to make should be known, but General Hamilton wishing to commence his operations, vigorously approached rapidly to the city, contrary to a previous engagement not to do so. This gave sudden alarm to the garrison, and while others were desirous to commence firing but were afraid of suffering punishment for disobedience of orders, Comyn fired the first shot at the enemy, saying he was the oldest man on the walls, and as such had the best right to do so.

Line 7.—Houston.

James Houston, whose descendants reside in the neighbourhood of Lifford, was one of those who signed the Derry address to King William in August, 1689.

He was born at Garvitragh, near Castlederg, and joining the Protestant army at Castlefin, assisted in their retreat to Derry. He soon signalized himself there as an expert marksman, and firing from the wall on the 17th of April, killed the bearer of King James's standard as he advanced with it in the front of the Irish army from Ballougry hill towards the city.

He was afterwards attacked by disease, and when slowly recovering from it, and from weakness of body unable to load the long fowling-piece which he had been in the habit of

using with the precision of a rifle-barrelled gun, he got assistance to charge it, and to raise it to his shoulder, and hold it while he pulled the trigger, and by the discharge killed a French officer on the opposite side of the river, who had appeared there daily for some time before, riding at the head of a troop of horse.

After the relief of the city, Houston remained with King William's army, and having served at the Boyne, Aughrim, and Limerick, returned to the county of Donegal, and died at Tinklerstown, in the parish of Raymochy. Dr. Houston, of Dublin, represents this Donegal family.

Stanza xxxvi., *line* 1.—*Hillhouse and Boyd.*

Abraham Hillhouse of Coleraine.

Boyd. On the 3rd of June the Irish army discharged thirteen bombs into the city, the first of them killed a man and a woman, the second or third killed Mr. James Boyd in his own house, and wounded Anne Heath, who died shortly afterwards. The rest did no other harm than tear up the streets.

On Friday, the 5th of June, twenty-six bombs played against the city for a considerable time. They broke down houses, raised stones and made great holes in the streets, killing Major Browne and Surgeon Lindsay, to the severe loss of the sick and wounded. Mr. Henry Thompson also, a wealthy burgess, was killed by them. One of the shells fell into the house of Captain James Boyd, broke down the side of it, and killed himself. Several officers who were then at dinner in the house escaped the danger, though the shell fell near the room in which they were sitting. The Boyds are still respectable families in Londonderry, Coleraine and Donegal.

Line 3.—*Dobbin.*

Anthony Dobbin, Esq., a Justice of the Peace, was not among the defenders of Derry, but approached near it with the Rev. Andrew Hamilton, of Kilskerry, the residence of the Enniskilleners, on an errand from Fermanagh to General Hamilton, on the 25th of April, when they witnessed the savage murder of an old Scotch woman taken by the Irish soldiers for a witch.

Major J. Dobbin sat on a court-martial in Derry on the 23rd of July, with Colonel White and others.

Line 5.—Tracy, Fullerton, and Hume.

James Tracy, Ralph Fullerton, and John Hume, signed the Derry Address to King William.

Stanza xxxvi., *line 5.—Tracy.*

James Tracy was one of those who signed the address from Derry to King William and Queen Mary in 1689.

Sir William Tracy, Sheriff of the county of Gloucester, was, in 1513, a person of distinguished abilities and sound learning, and is memorable for being one of the first that embraced the reformed religion in England.

In the year 1530, the twenty-second of the reign of Henry VIII., he made the following will, which is worthy of a place in the ecclesiastical history of this yet Protestant empire:

"In the name of God, amen,—I, William Tracy, of Toddington, in the county of Gloucester, Esquire, make this, my testament and last will, as hereafter followeth:—First and before all other things, I commit myself to God, and to his mercy, believing, without any doubt or mistrust, that by his grace and the merits of Jesus Christ, and by the virtue of his passion and resurrection, I have, and shall have, remission of all my sins, and resurrection of body and soul, according as it is written,—'I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and that, at the last day, I shall rise out of the earth, and, in my flesh, shall see my Saviour.' This, my hope, is laid up in my bosom, and touching the wealth (welfare) of my soul, the faith that I have taken and rehearsed is sufficient, and I suppose without any other man's works or merits. My ground and belief are, that there is but one God, and one Mediator, between God and man, which is Jesus Christ—so that I accept none in heaven or in earth to be Mediator between me and God but Jesus Christ; all others to be but petitioners in receiving of grace, but none able to give influence of grace, and, therefore, will I bestow no part of my goods for that intent, that any man shall say or do to help my soul, for therein I trust only to the promise of Christ—'He

that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned.'

"As touching the burying of my body, it availeth me not whatsoever may be done thereto, for St. Augustine saith, '*De curâ agendâ pro mortuis*,' that the funeral pomps are rather the solace of them that live than the wealth (welfare) and comfort of them that are dead, and, therefore, I remit it wholly to the discretion of my executors.

"And, touching the distribution of my temporal goods, my purpose is, by the grace of God, to bestow them as the fruits of faith, so that I do not suppose that my merit shall be by the good bestowing of them, but my merit is the faith of Jesus Christ only, by whom such works are good, according to the words of our Lord, 'I was an hungered and thou gavest me meat,' &c.: and it followeth, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' And ever should we consider that true saying, that 'a good work maketh not a good man, but a good man maketh a good work, for faith maketh a man good and righteous, for a righteous man liveth by faith, and whatsoever springeth not of faith is sin.'"

The will, of which this was the preamble, was condemned as heretical in the bishop of London's court, and an order, on that account, issued to Parker, chancellor of Worcester, to *raise the body*, according to the law of the church which had been exercised at Lutterworth on the bones of Wickliffe. Parker, however, too officiously burning the corpse, was, in two years afterwards, sued by the heirs of Sir William Tracy, fined four hundred pounds, and turned out of his chancellorship.

Richard Tracy, the second son of the eminent christian knight, was well educated, as might be expected, and had part of the possessions of the Abbey of Tewksbury, granted to him by the crown, on the dissolution of monasteries; and he wrote several learned treatises in defence of his father's faith. Among these was that remarkable one entitled "Preparation to the Cross," written experimentally, he having suffered much in his estate for his father's reputed heretical will.

He also wrote, prophetically, in 1550, two or three years before the accession of Queen Mary to the crown, and another

treatise "To Teach one to Die," which was annexed to the former, when re-printed. It was one of the three found in the belly of a cod, brought, in 1626, to be sold in the market of Cambridge, wrapped in canvass, which probably had been devoured by that voracious fish, ont of the pocket of some shipwrecked seaman. On this occasion the wits of that University diverted themselves; one of them, in some verses on this subject, wrote the following lines:—

"If fishes thus do bring us books, then we
May hope to rival Bodley's Library."

An account of this singular occurrence may be found in one of the letters appended to the life of Primate Ussher. The little books contained melancholy warnings of the sufferings of England during the usurpation of Cromwell.

The appropriate motto of the noble family of Tracy is "*Memoria pii æterna*"—it was ennobled on the 12th of January, 1642. The last peer of the name mentioned in Lodge's Peerage, vol. v., p. 14, was Thomas Charles, the sixth Viscount Tracy, of Rathcoole, in 1789. The title is now in abeyance.

Ralph Fullerton signed the address to King William.

Hume. On the approach of the war of the revolution, Sir John Hume, the third baronet of that name, possessing, as Lodge alleges, the best estate in the county of Fermanagh, raised about one hundred horsemen and two hundred footmen of his own tenants. He armed them at his own expense, and they behaved well at every action. He sent for his eldest son from England, who had been several years in the army there, and the young gentleman lost his life in the Irish war.

Sir John fortified Castle Hume, near Lougherne, and furnished it with provisions at great expense. It contained a large garrison, and contributed much to the defence of Enniskillen, from which it was distant only three miles. Being obliged from the infirm state of his health to retire to England, he and his eldest son were outlawed by James's parliament, and his second son John being in England before his arrival there, he sent him, under the command of General Kirke, with the relief for Derry; but he died of a fever on his passage. The Marquis of Ely and the Bishop of Clogher are descended from this family.

Stanza xxxvi.—*Mansons, Smith, Wilkins, Keys, and Wilson.*

Theophilus and James Manson, James Smith, Benjamin Wilkins, Thomas and Frederick Keys, of Cavanacor, in the county of Donegal, and Francis Wilson, signed the address to King William and Queen Mary from Derry, in the month of August, 1689. The family of Wilson, of Tullywilson, in the county of Longford, were settled there for a considerable time—their representative in 1791, was the late Francis Wilson, Esq., a respectable solicitor.

The family of Keys resided on their estate at Cavanacor, in 1689, and there is a credible tradition that King James dined there on his way to the siege of Derry, on which account that house was spared when all the other Protestant habitations on that side of the Foyle was burned by the retreating army.

Andrew Gregson, Bartholemew Black, and Robert and Andrew Bailly, signed the Derry address to King William and Queen Mary, on the relief of the city in 1689.

Stanza xxxvii., *line* 3.—*M'Causland.*

When Lord Mountjoy arrived in Omagh with Colonel Lundy, and six companies of foot, on their march to Derry, he sent Captain Oliver M'Causland with a message to the threatened city, desiring two or three of the citizens to meet him at Raphoe. On receiving this message Captain Norman and Mr. John Moggridge, the town clerk, were sent to hear the proposals. Captain M'Causland, although he carried this message, soon proved that he did not regret that the answer to it was no surrender; and although it does not appear, as intimated in the text, that he was one of those who defended Derry within its walls, he attached himself and his company to the army of King William, and we find, that with Captains Thomas Ash, and Patrick Hamilton, he served with three companies of foot under the command of Colonel Michelburne, at the Siege of Sligo.

This family was of great antiquity and high respectability in Scotland The progenitor of the name was Anselan, son to O'Kean, King of the south part of Ulster. His son, Mac Anselan, or Mac Auslan, was driven out of Ireland by the Danes in 1016. And from Malcolm II., together with an honorable

coat of arms, he acquired the lands of Buchanan, from which many of their descendants took their name, and among them one who was an honour to them and to his country, the renowned George Buchanan, author of the History of Scotland, the Classical Translation of the Psalms, the writer of the Satire on Popery, called the Franciscan, and many other splendid latin poems.

He was born in the year 1506, was appointed to be Preceptor of James VI. in 1565, and soon afterwards became Lord Privy Seal, and one of the great officers of state. His activity in forwarding the Reformation gave him such a character among the reformers, that he was chosen by them to preside in one of their general assemblies, as moderator, notwithstanding his being a layman. He died in Edinburgh, on the 23rd of September, 1582. He poem De Sphæra was greatly admired, and of it, and his other latin poetry, Julius Scaliger has left the following opinion:—

> "Imperii fuerat Romani Scotia limes,
> Romani eloquii Scotia finis erit."

Sir Alexander M'Auselan, a knight of Lenox, distinguished himself highly at the battle of Baugè, in the year 1421; in the heat of that action the Scottish Knight meeting the Duke of Clarence, who was very conspicuous on account of a coronet which he wore studded with diamonds and fixed to his helmet, with couched spear M'Auselan rushed towards the prince, who met him with equal vigour, and struck him on the breast-plate with his spear, but it glanced off, and then his powerful adversary darted his spear through the left eye of the duke, and killed him on the spot. He then pulled off the coronet from the helmet, and putting it on the point of his spear, cried to his countrymen, that he had killed the English general, which so dismayed the opposite army that they made no further resistance, and they were routed with the loss of twenty-six officers, besides the Duke of Clarence and other persons of quality. Three thousand English soldiers were killed and two thousand taken prisoners, with very little loss to the Scots. This victory, as it gave a great check to the affairs of the English, operated proportionably in

raising the depressed spirit of the French, of which the Dauphin was so sensible that he created the Earl of Buchan, who commanded the Scottish army, his master of horse, and his Lieutenant General, Wigton, high constable of France, and rewarded all the other Caledonian officers of distinction according to their respective merits, particularly Sir Alexander M'Auselan, whom he bountifully rewarded, and for the preservation of the memory of his heroic achievement, added to his former coat of arms a second tressure round the field, flowered and counter flowered, with a fleur de lis of the second, and in a crest a hand coupee, holding a duke's coronet, with two laurel branches wreathed round it, which addition has been since retained by the family.

Malcolm Baron M'Auselan was one of the witnesses to a charter in the reign of King Alexander the Third, of Scotland. Macbeth Baron M'Auseland was a person of uncommon stature and strength, who lived in the reign of King Robert the Third. Alexander, the last Baron M'Auselan, having only one daughter, who married a gentleman named Campbell, she, after her husband's death, sold her interest in the estate which had descended to her to Sir Humphry Colhoun, of Luss.

The rest of the family lived chiefly in Lenox, but the greatest number and of best account of that name resided (in 1723) in the counties of Tyrone, Derry, and Down, in the north of Ireland. The ancestors of the principal men of these last were Andrew and John M'Auselan, sons of Baron M'Auselan, who went out of the parish of Luss into that kingdom in the latter part of the reign of King James the Sixth.

The eldest of these, Andrew, had a son called Alexander, upon whom he bestowed a good education, by which means, becoming a prudent, active gentleman, he obtained a commission in the civil wars in the reign of King Charles I. At the end of these wars, partly by debenture and partly by purchase, he acquired the estates of Rash and Ardstraw, in county of Tyrone. He had two sons, the eldest Oliver M'Auselan, of Rash, was one of the most sufficient gentlemen in these parts of Ireland. (He has been already mentioned as an officer in King William's army during the war of the revolution.) In 1698, he was high sheriff of the county of Tyrone, and influenced most of his own

name throughout the country to settle on and near his own estate, which at first scarcely amounting to four hundred pounds sterling of yearly rent, he increased in such a manner as to leave to his son a clear estate of fifteen hundred pounds per annum. He was twice married and left by both wives a numerous issue. His successor resided, in 1723, in Strabane, for which place he served as member of parliament, as his father did for many years, and his son in 1727.

Oliver's brother was called Andrew, having an estate the name which of was Ardochel, who with many others of good circumstances resided (in 1724) in the counties already mentioned.

The Rev. Oliver M'Causland, Rector of Tamlaght Finlagan, in the diocese of Derry, is the first lineal descendant and representative of this ancient and noble family. A deputation from the clan still resident in Scotland, waited on his grand-father upwards of a century ago, soliciting his going over to that country and reviving his claim to be the acknowledged head of the clan.

Stanza xxxvii., *line* 3.—*King.*

King was succeeded by his brother John, who became the third Lord Kingston. This young nobleman of eighteen years married Margaret, daughter of Florence O'Cahan, whose ancestor was chief captain of the country of Naght O'Cahan, now called the Barony of Kenaght, in the County of Londonderry, and who was made keeper of the Castle of Coleraine in the reign of King Henry the Eighth. A consequence of this marriage was the conversion of the young husband to the Church of Rome, which led to his being made gentleman of the bedchamber to James the Second. He followed his master's fortunes into France, after the battle of the Boyne, and was consequently outlawed, but returned to Ireland after his elder brother's death. He obtained a pardon from Queen Mary on the third of September, 1654; on the eleventh of May, 1697, he, having renounced the religion of Rome, took his seat in the House of Peers, and on the second of December in this year signed the declaration entered into by that house, for the defence of King William's person and government, and the succession

to the throne in the Protestant line, as settled by act of parliament. He died in London on the fifteenth of November, 1727, and was succeeded by his brother James.

Stanza xxxviii., *line 5.—Galtworth, Cathcart and Adair.*

James Galtworth was one of the triumphant defenders of Derry who signed the address, sent from the city by Governor Walker, to King William and Queen Mary on the relief of it. Thomas Adair was another of them.

The name of Cathcart, one of those who defended Enniskillen, and signed an address from that town in August, 1689, was inadvertently placed in this stanza in the place of that of Colonel Hamill, of Lifford, one of the most distinguished of the defenders of Derry; one who made great sacrifices in providing arms, ammunition and provisions, for the garrison, and was ruined afterwards, and died broken-hearted from the ingratitude with which he was treated by King William's ministers. A very interesting memoir of his sufferings were given to the writer of these notes, from a London magazine published about a century since; but the insertion of it would swell the size of the book, which has already exceeded the dimensions originally intended for it, and which the prospectus promised to consist of about 350 pages.

Stanza xxxv., *line 8.—Skinner.*

Robert Skinner was one of those whose names are recorded in Walker's Diary, as defenders of Derry, and signing the address from it.

Stanza xxxvii., *line 1.—Beresford.*

Sir Tristram Beresford, the third baronet of that name, commanded a regiment of foot, in 1689, which he raised at Coleraine—at which time he was a minor.

This noble family flourished for many centuries in the counties of Stafford, Warwick and Leicester.

John De Beresford was seized of the manor of that name in Staffordshire, on the 4th of October, 1087, the first year of the reign of King William Rufus.

Tristram, third son of Michael Beresford, Esq., of Oxford, in Kent, was born before the year 1754, and came into Ireland, as agent for the Irish Society, at the time they were making their plantation in the county of Coleraine, since called Londonderry. He settled at Coleraine, and from him the present Marquis of Waterford, and the Irish branch of this ancient house, are descended. For further information reference must be made to the history of our countries, in which they have since their settlement been steady and influential friends to the altar and the crown. The details in Archdall's edition of Lodge's Peerage, published in 1789, are very interesting.

Line 5.—Magill.

Sir John Magill, of Gill-hall, in the county of Down, baronet, brother-in-law of Sir Tristam Beresford, baronet, was attainted by King James's parliament, with Hugh Magill, Esq., of Down, Captain Hugh Magill, of Fermanagh, Hugh Magill, gentleman, of Wicklow, and James Magill, Esq., of the county of Down,

Line 7.—Cary.

Lieutenant Colonel Carey, of Dungiven, who, with the following gentlemen of his name, was attainted by King James's parliament, viz., Francis Cary, Esq., Captain Francis Cary, Lieutenant William Cary; all of Donegal or Londonderry.

This family is descended from the Carys of Clonelly, in Devonshire.

George Cary, of Red Castle, in the county of Donegal, married Jane, daughter of Michael Beresford, of Coleraine, Esq., by whom he had five sons and four daughters.

Francis Cary, of Red Castle, married Alice, sister of Captain Henry Vaughan.

Edward Cary, of Dungiven, died on the 4th of June, 1688.

Robert Cary, of White Castle, in the county of Donegal, died in 1681, and

Tristram Cary, a lieutenant in the army, were sons of the above-mentioned George Carey, of White Castle, and his wife, Jane Beresford.

Stanza xxxix., *line* 1.—*Cromie.*

James Cromie, a Scottish gentleman, with a Lieutenant Roche, the latter afterwards a captain in King William's army, were sent towards Derry with a letter from General Kirke to the garrison, in the latter end of the month of July, when the sufferings there by famine were beginning to be intolerable. Being unable to swim, he accompanied Roche no farther than to the place where the latter hid his clothes, and took to the water with the letter, secured as well as he could; then Cromie remained for a day or two expecting a boat, which Roche had promised to send to him in the course of the night. But the Irish guard discovered him, and obliged him to swear that he would give a discouraging account to the Derrymen of the relief which they expected.

In the mean time Roche returned to the fleet, after resting but one day in Derry. He then swam back to the spot where he had left his clothes, a distance of three miles, and found they had been taken away. The letters for the governor were tied in a bladder round his neck to protect them from the water. He ran, in a state of nakedness, for three miles, pursued by the enemy, and escaped from them only by taking shelter in a wood, where horsemen could not follow him, but where his sufferings were intense, from the lacerations of his body by briars and thorns.

Covered from head to foot with blood, he passed through the woods to the water side of Derry, where he unfortunately met with a party of dragoons, one of whom broke his jaw with a halbert, after which he plunged into the river; and though he was fired at several times, and was wounded in the arm, breast and shoulder, he preferred dying in the water than breaking the trust reposed in him.

When force was found ineffectual to stop him, his pursuers offered him a thousand pounds if he would deliver up to them the letters he carried; but this he refused to do, and not finding it practicable to proceed to the fleet, he swam back to Derry, and, by preconcerted signals, gave notice to General Kirke that he had delivered his letters, with an intimation of the length of time which the city might be expected to hold out.—*See Captain Roche's Petition to the English House of Commons.*

Stanza xxxix., *line* 5.—*Bennett, Davis, Pearse and Bell.*

Robert Bennett, Edward Davis, and Henry Pearse, were defenders of Derry, who survived the siege, and signed the address to the throne on the relief of the city in 1689.

Line 7.—*Schomberg.*

Count Schomberg, the son and successor of the renowned Duke of that name, was an active engineer officer in Derry during the siege, and he fought valiantly afterwards at the battle of the Boyne, where he commanded a regiment. Incensed at the death of his father he pursued the enemy after their defeat with great fury, driving them several miles beyond Duleek, the roads and adjoining fields being soon covered with their dead bodies, nor did he and the troop with him desist from the slaughter, till the Earl of Portland, by king William's express command, obliged them to return to the place where the infantry had halted, and remained under arms all night. He served afterwards with great credit at the Siege of Limerick.

Stanza xl., *lines* 1, 2 *&* 3.—*Denniston, Jenny, and Alcock.*

Robert Denniston, ancestor of the family of Cocksheath, in the County of Donegal, James Barrington, Christopher Jenny, and Adam Alcock, were defenders of Derry in 1689, who survived the siege, as also were Theophilus and James Manson, whose names may be found in Walker's Diary, page 37.

Line 5.—*Ponsonby.*

Colonel William Ponsonby, a distinguished defender of Derry in 1689, and one of four indignant officers who on the discovery of Lundy's treachery, sent him out of the city with a bundle of faggots on his back.

This ancient family derives its origin from Picardy, and accompanied William, Duke of Normandy in his expedition to England. They settled in the county of Cumberland, where they possessed a good estate, from which they took their English name of Ponsonby.

Sir John Ponsonby came to Ireland in 1649, leaving his paternal estate to the son of his first marriage, he being at that time a widower; and in 1789, the descendants of that gentleman were in possession of it.

The second son of the above-mentioned Sir John, by his second marriage, was the defender of Derry, to whose name this note has been appended. He was created Baron of Bessborough on the 21st of September, 1721, and his son Sir Brabazon, Viscount Duncannon, was created Earl of Bessborough on the 12th of June, 1749. Of the first lord this record is preserved in the preamble to the Bessborough title. "Labentem Hiberniæ regni rem in Londonderri ca obsidione pertinaciter sustentavit totamque ejus belli curriculum sustenta." Rot Canc viii., Geo. I. 1 A., p. f.

Stanza xli., *line* 2.—*Walker.*

The Rev. George Walker, D.D., Rector of Donoughmore in the county of Tyrone, and diocese of Armagh.

This great and good man was of a Yorkshire family, and his father, from whom he took his Christian name, was a clergyman in the diocese of Derry, when Dr. John Bramhall was promoted to that See from the Archdeaconry of Meath, on the 30th of August, 1633.

After his consecration in the castle of Dublin, that active prelate proceeded to his diocese, and on entering it, near Omagh, he alighted from his horse, and kneeling down on the road, with fervent devotion implored the divine assistance in the discharge of the arduous duty to which he had been called.

His first act was the making an enquiry of the old and venerable Dr. Walker into the state of his diocese, which he found to have been left by his predecessor, Bishop Downham, in a condition which required his utmost efforts to rectify it. He found, as he had in a regal visitation, on which he had been a short time before employed as one of the commissioners, and the most influential of them, the ecclesiastical revenues miserably wasted, the discipline dispersed, and the officiating clergy in a very unhappy state. The bishop's lands wasted by fee farms and long leases, and the incumbents obliged either to farm their tithes during incumbencies, or live in strife with the landlords.

All these evils he laboured with unremitted success to remove, and, such was his sense of the services of Dr. Walker, that the College living of Cappagh, coming by the promotion of the incumbent into the gift of the crown, he obtained it from the Lord Deputy for his old and faithful adviser, whom he

afterwards, when he was translated to the Primacy, promoted to the Chancellorship of the diocese of Armagh.

It appears by an entry in the books of the first fruits, in the Record Tower of Dublin Castle, that it was on the 26th of September, 1636, that he was instituted to the rectory of Cappagh, and upwards of twenty-four years intervened between that time and his promotion to the rectory of Kilmore, which forms the Chancellorship of the diocese of Armagh. His patron, Primate Bramhall, was a Yorkshire man, as he himself is stated to have been.

His only son, and his namesake, afterwards the renowned governor of Derry, was born in 1618, and educated in the College of Glasgow. Going into orders he was a short time afterwards, it appears from entries in his handwriting in the parish registry, the officiating curate of Dungannon, from which he was, on the 29th of March, 1662, promoted to the rectories of Donoughmore, and Errigal Keerogue, in the county of Tyrone. Here he resided for the remainder of his clerical life, and in the year before he was called, by the sad necessity of the times, to exchange the gown for the sword, in maintenance of civil and religious liberty, he had his church at Castle Caulfield substantially rebuilt, as appears by an inscription yet remaining over the door of it.

His wife was a lady of the ancient family of Finnebrogue, in the county of Down, Isabella Maxwell, who survived him, and by whom, as he states in the Vindication of his Diary, published in London in the winter of 1689, he had four sons, all, as himself had been, in the service of King William at that time.

Governor Walker's only sister, Anne, married William Maxwell, Esq. of Falkland, in the county of Monaghan, Esq., the fourth son of Dr. Robert Maxwell, bishop of Kilmore. Her husband was High Sheriff of that county in 1691, when he was murdered by some of his own tenants and followers, in revenge for the protection he had given to the Protestants in the course of the preceding war.

About the close of the year 1636, when the noblemen and gentlemen of Ulster, and those of Sligo, in the province of Connaught, alarmed at the preparation of war in progress of being

made by the members of the Church of Rome, they were associating themselves for mutual protection, one of them went to Mr. Walker, leaving him some instruction, and recommending him to secure the town of Dungannon, in the immediate neighbourhood of his residence. In consequence of this he raised a regiment of infantry, in which he had no difficulty, from the general alarm which then prevailed through the province. Gordon O'Neill, then resident in Derry, sent a Romish priest, to enquire of the rector of Donoughmore why he had raised this regiment. He replied, that so many of the Irish had then arrived in that part of the country, that the Protestants thought fit to put themselves in a posture of defence against the dangers to which they saw themselves exposed.

Immediately after this Walker rode to Derry, and settled a correspondence with the leading men in that city; and at the same time he sent two troops of dragoons, and some of his infantry, to occupy the town of Dungannon. He remained in his own house until the 17th of April, when he joined Colonel Hamil in an unsuccessful attempt to stop the Irish army, first at Lifford, and afterwards at the Long Causeway between that town and Derry. He was obliged that night to retreat towards Derry. When he arrived at the Bishop's Gate, through which his entrance to the city lay, he found it shut against him, and it was not without great difficulty and some violence on the sentry, that he and his regiment got admittance next morning.

For his services in defence of Derry reference must be made, as in the case of Baker, Michelburne, Murray and Cairnes, &c., to the History of the Siege. After which he proceeded through Scotland, with an address from the defenders of the city to King William and Queen Mary. On his arrival at Glasgow, where, as already recorded, he had received his academical education, he was received with the greatest distinction, and on the 23d of August was enrolled as a burgess and guild brother of the corporation.

He then proceeded to Edinburgh, where a body of Presbyterians waited on him at Dr. Hamilton's house, to enquire of him concerning their brethren in Ireland, of whom he gave them an affecting account. He was then presented with the freedom of

the city, part of the parchment on which the grant was recorded being written in letters of gold.

He then went on towards London, and while on his journey King William wrote a letter to him and his fellow Governer, Michelburne, signifying the just sense that great prince entertained of the great service they had rendered to the cause of true religion, by their unparallelled defence of Londonderry; and acknowledging that it then lay on his part to make such retribution to them, as commanders in chief, and to others who had signalized themselves by their loyalty, courage and patience at this time of trial; that all his subjects being encouraged by the example might be stirred up to the imitation of it in the like hazardous, but honorable enterprizes. He desired them to rely upon his royal favour towards themselves, and also, that in his name, they would assure the officers, soldiers, and inhabitants of Londonderry, that he would take fitting occasion to recompense their services and sufferings, so that neither they, nor any of his loving subjects, should ever have reason to repent them of so faithful a discharge of their duty. This letter was dated at Hampton Court, on the 16th of August, 1689, and signed, at King William's command, by the Earl of Shrewsbury.

On the approach of the veteran to London, he was met by Sir Robert Cotton, who had come out to Barnet to meet him, and took him with him into the city in his coach.

At the summer commencement, in this year, the University of Cambridge, King William being present, had honoured him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. On the 19th of September, the noble and talented Lady Russel, widow of the martyred William Lord Russel, wrote a letter to Archbishop Tillotson, telling him that King William, besides his royal bounty of five thousand pounds to Dr. Walker, whose modesty was equal to his merit, had made him Bishop of Derry, one of the best bishoprics in Ireland; that so, he might receive the reward of his great services, in the place where he had performed them. It is incredible, said this accomplished lady, who was an ornament to her sex, how much every body is pleased with what the king has done in this matter, and it is no small joy to me to see that God directs him to do so wisely. This language

is in the style of Charlotte Elizabeth at the present day ; one sentence of it contains solid matter for a long paragraph. On the 19th of November the English House of Commons gave a vote of thanks to this venerable patriot for his services at Londerry, and promptly complied with the king's letter, to grant him these five thousand pounds, which, as afterwards stated in the Irish House of Commons, effected little more for him than enabling him to discharge the debts he had incurred, in consequence of his heroic undertaking. His meed, and that of Michelburne, Murray, Cairnes ond Hamil, ought to be one of the forfeited estates for each of them. Who had a better claim to the estates of the Earls of Clancarty and Courtstown, Lord Lucan, Lord Gormanstown, Lord Clare and Lord Galmoy, than they had ; and historical fidelity is reluctantly compelled to record, that King William, of glorious memory, was as deficient in that invaluable faculty, as Charles II., who fattened his murdered father's enemies with the estates of his best friends.

On the 26th of February, 1690, the University of Oxford, following the example of Cambridge, conferred on Walker the degree of Doctor of Divinity. About this time the house of commons instituted an enquiry into the cause of the delays and misconduct in public affairs in Ireland. They insisted on seeing the minute books of the privy council, which had managed the affairs of this country, and not satisfied with them examined witnesses. Among these was Walker, of whom, as well as of many others, they enquired with peculiar accuracy into the conduct of Colonel Lundy, at that time a prisoner in the tower, out of which he ought not to have escaped without a public trial for high treason. The faithful governor had written a letter to London during the siege of Derry, giving an account of this unfortunate man, as to his treachery in the capacity of governor of the city. It was published in the course of the preceding year, among other documents, under the title of " A true account of the present state of Ireland," and presented to the Earl of Shrewsbury. It was written by a person, as stated in the title page, who had left Dublin with very considerable difficulty on the 8th of June, 1689. In that letter Walker alleged, that Lord Mountjoy had promised King James to make an instrument of the faithless Lundy, to ruin

the Protestants, and render them incapable of opposing any army which might march against them. That Lundy had said in Derry, that he would heartily fight against Lord Tyrconnel, but not against King James. That he quietly sat in Derry on the approach of the besieging army; sent several of the regiments raised for its defence away from it, and deluded Lord Kingston, who might have come from Sligo, and was ready to do so with an army to defend the city. That he had refused to send ammunition to Ballyshannon and Enniskillen, when he had plenty of it in Derry; and it was applied for from both places, which stood in great need of it; and that he would not allow forage to be brought into Derry, though the neighbouring districts abounded with hay and oats, and had made a voluntary offer of both for the service of the garrison. That he terrified many and sent them off to Scotland, by exaggerated representations of their danger, courting and inviting them to accept of protection, and to abandon the city. That when Colonel Sheldon had advanced with his horse, Lundy drew out seven thousand men from Derry, pretending he would defend the pass over the Finn, at Clady; but gave the Colonel a sign to pass over the river, saying to his army with a great oath, that he saw they would not fight; and, though they were very willing and zealous to engage, he then fled back to Derry, and shut the gates against thousands, pretending a scarcity of provisions, suffering them to perish with hunger, or fall a sacrifice to the rage of their enemies. That he had sent away Colonels Cunningham and Richards, with the English regiments under their command, on pretence of a want of provisions for them. And that his treacherous designs had been discovered by a lady, who was his relation, and unwarily let out the secret, Lundy having promised to make his escape with her to England.

Upon receiving testimonials to this effect from Walker, the House of Commons addressed the king, that the traitor should be tried by court martial; but by some means or other the request was not complied with.

The House of Commons at this time, on Walker's suggestion, addressed the king and queen to distribute ten thousand pounds among the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in Derry

during the siege; but, except a pension to the widow of Governor Baker, and another, with a gold chain, to the widow of Captain Browning, whose vessel had broken the boom across the Foyle on the day the city was relieved, we have no account of any compliance with this reasonable request.

The Irish Society gave Doctor Walker a splendid entertainment before he left London, at which the Lord Mayor presided; and after his return to Ireland, the University of Oxford sent him a diploma of Doctor of Divinity, in which were the following words: "Reverendus vir Georgius Walker, strenuus ipse ac invictus civitatis Derensis propugnator, atque eodem facto totius Hiberniæ, uti speramus, conservator ac vindex," &c.

On going with the Derry Address to King William and Queen Mary, he was advised to appear in the royal presence dressed as a general officer; but this he declined to do, observing, that at no time had he intended to divest himself of the clerical character, that his doing so for some months in Derry was forced upon him by sad necessity. He went forward dressed in his gown and cassock. Sir Godfrey Kneller, at the king's command, drew his picture, and copperplates of it were dispersed through the three kingdoms.

He did not return to Derry; and when he came back to Ireland, his only journey in it was under the protection of King William's army, with which he went from Carrickfergus to the Boyne, where he was killed with Duke Schomberg. King William, it is said, with his characteristic coldness of heart, observed on hearing of the hero's fate—"Fool that he was, what brought him here?" "Words," says Dalrymple, "which dishonoured the living, not the dead." In the existing state of the country, his safest post, even if that were an object to him, which it never had been, was with the army; and some allowance ought to have been made to the military propensities which he must have necessarily acquired in his heroic defence of Derry; but his best defence for having taken arms in the maintenance of the religion and liberties of his country, may be found from his own pen, in the Vindication of his Diary of the Siege of Derry, which was published for him at London in the winter of 1689, page 21; and with it this note, and this volume, may

appropriately conclude. "Mr. Walker thinks it to be an act of justice, which he owes to himself and to his profession, to explain the necessity he was under to take the government of Londonderry upon him, for he well knows it did engage him in some actions, that without such necessity, he could not justify, being obliged by his coat to be a man of peace. And some ancient canons are so severe upon clergymen taking arms, that they have been pronounced irregular upon doing so; but at the same time clergymen are allowed to be capable of the privileges of mankind, and of all creatures in the world, that they all may defend themselves, and there may be such necessity upon them, that it is their duty to do it. We do not want examples of the best sort to make this out, and if they failed, there is so much reason to back that practice, that he is a *felo de se* that neglects it.

"The old canonists, indeed, do look upon it as a great absurdity for clergymen to meddle with arms, or engage themselves in war; and Gratian is a little more particular, and states the case of a clergyman in a siege, and under those circumstances, that he cannot well avoid annoying his enemy.

"The judicial notions that christians retained in those days made them look on such a man as polluted; and, therefore, he had some penance enjoined upon him, or sometimes only recommended to him; though some proceed to that severity upon this very foundation, that such a person must forbear exercising his function for some time. All this is done to distinguish that sacred office from other professions, and to discourage those who are set apart and dedicated to the more pure service of the altar, from concerning themselves in any other employments; and, therefore, we find those laws, not only forbidding clergymen to turn soldiers, but also forbidding them to turn merchants or lawyers, &c.; and all this with the greatest reason, for God has a property in such persons, as he has also in places and times set apart for his worship, and they ought not to be put to any other use. But Grotius brings the matter to a short issue, and after allowing all this, speaks of this very law, that obliges a clergyman to that degree: 'Quæ, tamen lex, ut omnis ejus generis summæ necesitatis exceptione intelligendæ sunt;' that in cases of the greatest necessity it is not binding, and that all the

laws of that kind, are to be understood, with exceptions in cases of necessity, for in such cases he remains the same man still, and is discharged of all manner of guilt or impurity.

"Now Mr. Walker thinks his case has all the authority that the greatest necessity in the world can give to any action—the lives of thousands, besides his own, were at stake; his religion, that is dearer than all, and the English and Scotch equally dear to him, next door to an utter extirpation out of Ireland. Not to speak of the danger of others; how can any one imagine that there should be an obligation upon any man, that can exempt or excuse his unconcernedness in such a case?

"Mr. Walker confesses, that such performances would have better become persons whose profession it was to do them, and he would never have envied them the employment; but since the trouble came to his share, and God Almighty has blessed him with success in his undertaking, he hopes those who are inclined to blame him, will be the more willing to excuse him; and to make it easy to them, that it might not be too great a favour to him, he thought fit to shew the occasion of his first taking the government of Londonderry, or rather to shew the necessity that threw it upon him, which he is sorry he cannot justify without reproaching others."

Thrice honoured shade of Walker wise,
To Derry's cause so true,
Oh could you from the starry skies
Our sad condition view,
How would your wounded spirit feel
The dark day to behold,
When all our fathers won by steel,
Their sons betrayed for gold!!

APPENDIX.

"Inspicere, tanquam in speculum, in vitas omnium
Jubeo, atque ex aliis sumere exemplum tibi."
TER.

No. 1.—*Governor Grace of Athlone.*

"Happily for the Protestants of the districts of Longford, Westmeath and Roscommon, surrounding the central town of Athlone, it was in 1690 governed by Colonel Richard Grace; they were saved from massacre by the remains of the army of Lord Mountcashel, flying in terror and exasperation from Lisnaskea, where they had been routed, with unparalleled loss, by the Enniskilliners. He restrained them with much difficulty from molesting the protected and unprotected Protestants;—an act in strong contrast with those of General Douglas, who had, a short time before, commanded the English army before that town; and not only disregarded the protections which had been given to the Irish inhabitants, but suffered his army to oppress the Protestants who had come to it for safety.

"The Honorable Colonel Grace was the younger son of Robert Grace, of Moyelly Castle, Baron of Courtstown, in the Grace's country, now called Kilkenny county. He was a man, as classically stated in the inscription on his monument in St. Mary's Church, Athlone, who reflected on ancient birth the splendour of heroic character; and who, opening his way, by the efficiency of talents and virtues of the first order, to the confidence of princes, approved himself true, under every revolution of fortune, to the trust which was reposed in him, and mag-

nanimously faithful to the cause which was sanctified by the decision of his heart. He was a soldier of the class of Montrose and Dundee, a friend of the Earl of Strafford and the Duke of Ormonde. He conciliated the personal favour of King Charles I., and fought by his sovereign's side until the surrender of Oxford, in 1646, when further support of his royal master became useless and hopeless in England.

"He then transferred his unconquerable loyalty to Ireland, where the contest remained ardent and obstinate. On this new scene of action he distinguished himself at the head of very inferior forces, against the armies of the commonwealth, and gloried in being the leader of his party, who submitted to Cromwell with reluctance, on being utterly routed by Colonel Sankey, in 1652. His descendant, Sheffield Grace, Esq., has caused some copies to be made of a protrait of this distinguished soldier, which was originally engraved in Dublin, upwards of a century ago,—in which this distinguished man, worthy of a better cause than that in support of which he lived and died, is represented in armour, with a noble and benign countenance, and such as would lead Lavater or Spursheim to mark it as one that indicated valour and humanity.*

"The conditions upon which Colonel Grace submitted to the usurper's army, were such as bore testimony to his consequence as an adversary; and retiring from Ireland with twelve hundred devoted followers, he maintained an air of dignity in his defeat.

"In Spain, to which he first removed with his attached band, he displayed to the eyes of foreigners that chivalrous valour which had covered him with renown in his native home, and he was every where acknowledged to be the same Richard Grace who had struggled so long and so fearlessly against the formidable and fortunate Cromwell, whose sceptre commanded the homage of Europe.

"On the restoration of the monarchy, he accompanied the royal family to England, as chamberlain to the Duke of York; and when Ireland was again steeped in blood by the contest between James, the king, to whom he had sworn allegiance, and

* A copy of this portrait is given in this work, fronting the Battle of Aughrim, as one of the victorious Ginkell could not be obtained.

William, the elected sovereign of the nation, under the influence of his characteristic loyalty, he re-appeared on the battle-field, from which he had been nearly forty years absent; and replacing the helmet on his hoary head, he manifested all his juvenile ardour in warfare, and all that contempt of fortune and of life, as light in the balance with duty, which he had exhibited in the pride of his youth.

"In this war, as in that against the Republic, his high destiny appointed him to be among the last who yielded only with his life.

"While Governor Grace, firm on his own post as Governor Walker had been on Derry, survived, Athlone, which had been judiciously committed to his care, was impregnable, however powerfully assailed. When he fell, as he did, in the ruins of its citadel, a few days before the battle of Aughrim, it was immediately lost, and with it one of the last hopes of the unfortunate James. For valour and fidelity, says the writer of his epitaph, we may look to the example of Colonel Richard Grace —for success and fortune to the history of others. He was buried at Athlone on the 20th of June, 1691, and HONOR SITS ENTHRONED UPON HIS TOMB."

In the Sloggan, or war cry of "Grassagh a Boe,"* a material error has occurred inadvertently; the name of Booth was substituted for that of Rooth. The following article, taken from the Gentleman's Magazine for November, 1762, should have been appended as a note on the name of Shortall.

"Mr. Thomas Shortall, who died on the 25th of October, 1762, at Landreci, in French Flanders, was a native of Kilkenny, in Ireland, aged one hundred and four years, seven months and five days, having been born on the 27th of December, 1657. At the siege of Limerick, in 1691, he was a captain of an hundred men in Grace's regiment, *(as he had been at the Battle of Aughrim;)* and when part of the remains of the Irish army went in the same year to France, and were regimented, Shortall was put upon half pay. After his death there

* The Grassagh Aboe, or Slogan of the Graces, was translated from the Irish by Sheffield Grace, Esq. of Knole House in Sussex, and inscribed to the Countess of Ormonde and Ossory.

were found among his papers a schedule of his estate, on which were several fine seats. Of upwards of thirty thousand Irish, who went over to France, and upwards of an hundred thousand who had gone over since, he was thought to be the sole survivor."

Sir William Grace, Baronet, Sheffield Grace, Esq., and their brother, Captain Percy Grace, of the royal navy, are the representatives of his ancient and noble family, being the sons of Richard Grace, Esq., member of parliament for the borough of Baltimore, one of the most estimable gentlemen this country ever produced, who died at Southville, in the Queen's County, on the 8th of January, 1801, at the premature age of forty years, from a fatal accident which befel him, in assisting some labourers to cut down a tree on his demense.

"The whole parish of Tullaroan, in the county of Kilkenny, is inhabited by farmers of the name of Grace, the most respectable of whom occasionally holds his own plough.

(*Thomas Cromwell's Excursion through Ireland, vol.* iii. *page.* 99. Dublin. 1820.)

No. 2.—*Major the Honorable Richard Westenra, second son of the Right Honourable Lord Rossmore.*

"Oh, short's the day for kindness here,
And long the time for woe;
When those we love become most dear,
They're then most apt to go."
Graham.

This gentleman, who was the second son of the Right Hon. Lord Rossmore, and a worthy descendant of Sir Alexander Cairnes, died on the 7th of June, 1839, by which lamented event his family were deprived of a beloved relation, society of an active and honorable member, and the poor of a steady and considerate friend. Every act of his life accorded with the feelings of a heart overflowing with more of disinterested benevolence than the world appreciates. He ever returned good for evil; and with a mind thus formed for the culture of every thing that exalts mankind, as if unconscious of his own merits, he ever avoided distinction on the bright and emulous stage of political life; no community was

there more congenial with his feelings of peace and love, and harmony, than the *ancient fraternity of free and accepted masons*, whose several social virtues he ever cultivated, which being brought to light in the amiable tenor of his life, made him one of their brightest ornaments; and with sorrowing hearts he was borne to his long home by the most dintinguished of that order, where, as well as in society, he left a blank not to be filled up.

No. 3.— Sir Alexander Cairnes.

Sir Alexander Cairnes was born in the year 1665. It does not appear that he took any active part in the troubles of the Revolution. In the early part of the eventful year 1688, he seems to have taken a retired and religious turn. On the 26th of February, in that year, he drew up the following declaration, the original of which is in the autograph of the writer, and in possession of Paulus Æmilius Singer, Esq., of Dublin, a descendant of the renowned Cairnes, of Knockmany, by Cairnes Henderson, of Castletown, County Tyrone, Esq. It is a document well worthy of being preserved in the archives of a family, which has done and suffered so much as that of Cairnes, in maintenance of true religion in Ireland; and it is an unusual coincidence, that this Christian document has a parallel, in the preamble to the will of his renowned relative, Colonel David Cairnes, dated at Londonderry, on the 19th October, 1721, viz:

"O most dreadful God, for the passion of thy Son, I beseech thee, accept of thy poor prodigal son, prostrating himself at Thy door. I have fallen from Thee, by mine own iniquity, and am by nature, a son of death, and a thousand-fold more the Childe of Hell, by my wicked practises.

"But, of Thine infinite goodness, Thou hast promised mercy to me in Christ, if I will but turn to Thee with all my heart. Therefore, upon the call of Thy Gospel, I am now come in, and throwing down my weapons, submit myself to Thy mercy.

"And because Thou requirest, as the condition of my peace with Thee, that I should put away mine idols, and be at defiance

with all thine enemies, which I acknowledge I wickedly sided with against thee—I here, from the bottom of my heart, renounce them all, firmly covenanting with Thee, not to allow myself in any known sin, but conscientiously to use all the means that I know Thou hast prescribed, for the death and utter destruction of all my corruptions; and whereas, I had formerly, and inordinately, and idolatrously set out my affections upon the world, I doe here resign up my heart to Thee that madest it, humbly protesting, before Thy glorious Majesty, that it is the firm resolution of my heart, and I doe unfeignedly desire grace from Thee, that wherever Thou shalt call me to, I may practise this my resolution, through Thy assistance, to forsake all that is dear to me in this world, rather than turn from thee in the ways of sin. And that I will watch against all its temptations, whether of prosperity or adversity, least they should withdraw my heart from Thee—beseeching Thee also to help me against the tempations of Sathan, to whose wicked suggestions, I resolve, by Thy Grace, never to yield myself a servant; and because my own righteousness is but filthy rags, I renounce all confidence therein, and acknowledge that I am, of myself, a hopeless, helpless, and undone creature, without righteousness or strength. And, forasmuch as thou hast, of thy bottomless mercy, offered most graciously to me, wretched sinner, to be again my God, through Christ, if I would accept of Thee, I call Heaven and Earth to record this day, that I do solemnly avouch Thee for the Lord my God, and with all possible veneration, bowing the neck of my soul under the feet of Thy most sacred Majesty, I doe here take the Lord Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for my portion and chief good, and doe give up myself, body and soul, for Thy servant, promising and vowing to serve Thee, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of my life. And since Thou hast appointed the Lord Jesus Christ, the only means of coming unto Thee, I doe here upon the bended knees of my soul, accept of Him as the only new and living way by which sinners may have access to Thee, and doe here solemnly join myself in a marriage covenant to Him.

"Lord Jesus, I come to Thee, hungry and badly clothed; poor, and wicked, and miserable, and blind, and naked, a most

loathsome, polluted wretch ; a guilty, condemned malefactor, unworthy for ever to wash the feet of the servants of my Lord, much more to be solemnly married to the King of glory, but seeing such is thine unparalleled love, I doe here, with all my power, accept thee, and doe take Thee for my head and husband, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, for all times and conditions, to love, to honour, and to obey Thee before all others, and this to the death.

" I embrace Thee in all Thine offices. I renounce my own worthiness, and do herein avouch Thee to be the Lord, my righteousness. I renounce mine own will, and take Thy will for my law, and since Thou hast told me I must suffer if I will reign, I do here covenant with Thee to take my lot as it falls with Thee, and by Thy grace assisting, to run all hazards with Thee, verily supposing that neither life nor death shall part between Thee and me ; and because Thou has been pleased to give me Thy holy law as the rule of my life, and the way which I should walk to Thy Kingdom, I do here willingly put my neck under Thy yoke, and my shoulder to thy burthen, and subscribing to all Thy laws, as holy, just, and good, I solemnly take them as the rules of my words, and thoughts. and actions, promising, that, though my flesh contradict and rebel, yet I will endeavour to order and govern my whole life, according to Thy directions, and will not allow myself in the neglect of any thing that I know to be my duty—only, because, through the frailty of my flesh, I am subject to many failings, I am bold humbly to protest, that no allowed miscarriage, or contrary to this declaration made, shall cause me to forget, or make void this covenant for soe thou hast said.

" Now, Almighty God, searcher of hearts, Thou knowest that I make this covenant with thee this day, without any known guile or reservation, beseeching Thee, that if Thou would discover it to me, and help me to do aright. And now, glory be to Thee, O God, the Father, whom I shall be bold, from this day forward, to look upon as my God and Father, that ever Thou shouldest have found out such a way for the recovery of undone sinners. Glory be to Thee, O God, the Son, who hast loved me, and washed me from my sins, in thine own blood, and

art now become my Saviour and Redeemer. Glory be to Thee, O God, the Holy Ghost, who by Thine Almighty power, has turned about my heart from sin to God. O, dreadful Jehovah, Lord God Omnipotent Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Thou art now become my Covenant Friend, and I, through Thine infinite grace, am become Thy Covenant Servant.—Amen; so be it; and the Covenant which I have made on Earth, be it certified in Heaven. Signed and Sealed this 26th of February, 1688.—(*See page* 370.)

"ALEXANDER CAIRNES."

FINIS.

DUBLIN: PRINTED BY P. D. HARDY, CECILIA-STREET.